

An
INTIMATE
FAMILY
HISTORY

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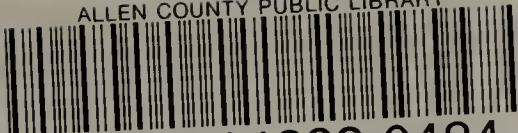
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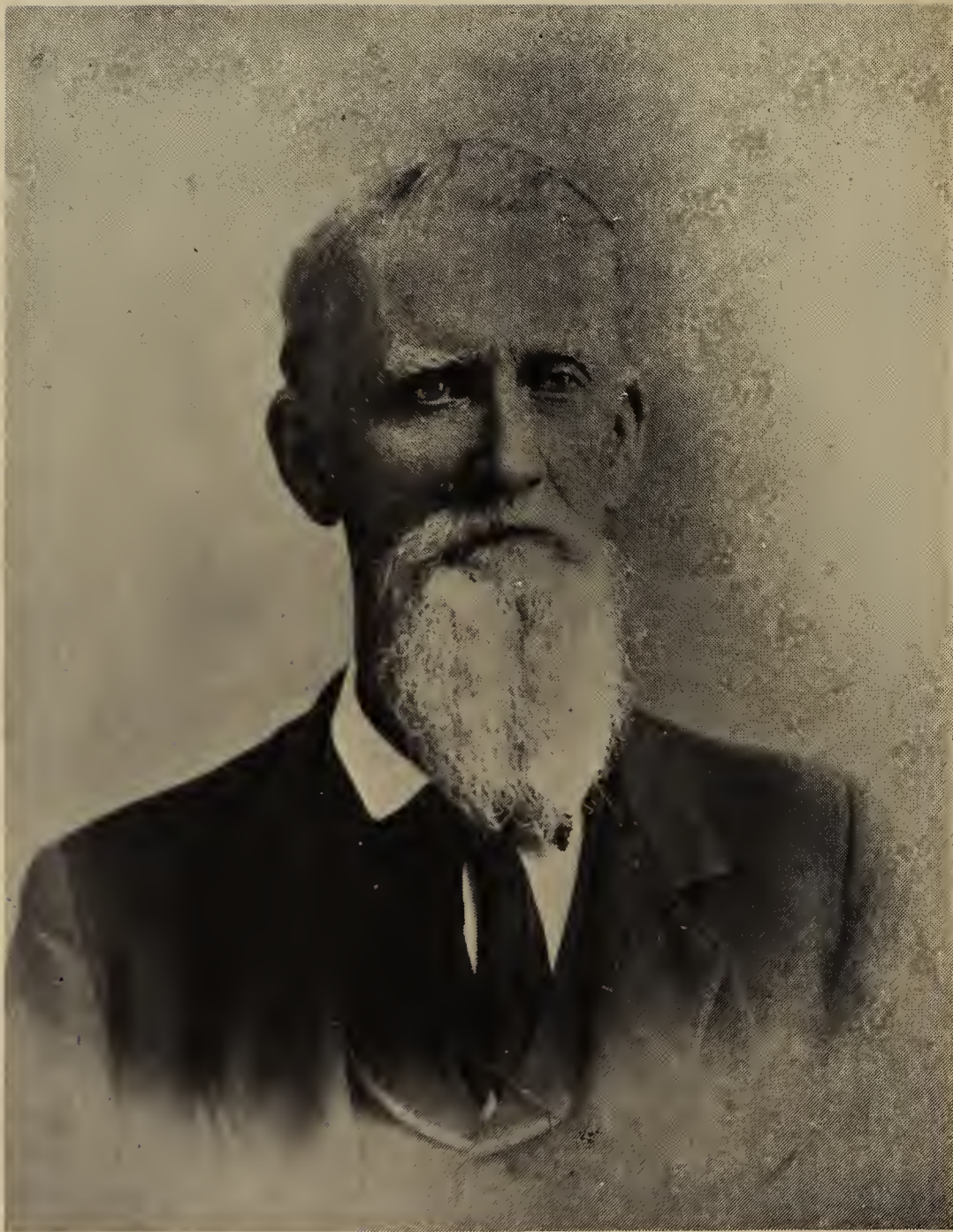


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RICHARD WYATT BONNER
Without whose invaluable contributions this book
could not have been written

HUTCHINGS
BONNER
WYATT

An Intimate Family History

BY
RICHARD HENRY HUTCHINGS



Privately Printed
Utica, N.Y.
1937

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No. 61.....

Signed *Richard H. Hutchings*

✓
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To
Richard Henry IV
Elizabeth
David

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PREFACE

THIS little book has been prepared in fulfillment of an obligation assumed in my youth, and though its completion has been long delayed by the demands of a busy professional career, an outline of essential facts has been on hand for more than forty years.

For the generation which preceded my own, life was lived more leisurely than now. There were fewer distractions; the telephone, the rural mail deliveries, the flamboyant newspapers with their screaming headlines were unknown, as was the radio with its hourly news broadcasts. News traveled slowly, people had the time and leisure to cultivate friendships, to pay visits to relatives and friends. The evenings were spent in conversation and the art of being entertaining was esteemed and cultivated. Hospitality was a cardinal virtue and though it was sometimes barbaric in its lavishness, as witness Drucilla's seven kinds of dessert at dinner, nevertheless it indicates the interest the people had in social gatherings.

Their houses were large, well-trained servants numerous, cooks were only changed when decrepitude made it necessary and one or two understudies were available who had been in training for years. The social system of the planter class was in terms of "we". They were gregarious in their tastes and dearly loved picnics, barbecues and dances, any excuse in fact to get the crowd together, and nothing was easier.

At the dances every man present was expected to share his attentions among the ladies, paying especial attention to a guest from a distance, to ask the host for an introduction if that had not been attended to, and invite her to dance. To have danced more than twice in an evening with one girl, even if engaged to her, was considered rudeness to others and it subjected the offenders to criticism. It was the duty of every one to enhance the pleasure of all others present in

every way possible. Any disposition to monopolize the company of one, or for couples to leave the room except during an intermission, was considered bad taste. At barbecues and picnics, it was equally expected of every man to circulate among the group, to say at least a few words of greeting to every one he knew, giving particular courteous attention to the dowagers and matrons, and be introduced to newcomers. This obligation having been fulfilled, the young man was free to spend the time with the people of his own age.

Friendship and courtesy and a sincere desire to make himself agreeable to others was the spirit which animated every youth, it having been instilled into him by the precept and example of his elders.

Events of today were not crowded out of mind by those of tomorrow but were discussed and related for a long time. When family groups met around the fireside for an evening, the conversation naturally drifted to subjects of common interest. After the news of the day had been related, the newest fashions criticized by the ladies, even as now, and the men had talked of horses, crops and the price of cotton, anecdotes concerning earlier days and of fathers and grandfathers were often related and were kept alive. James Bonner's practical jokes were related and laughed over for years. Traditions followed the actual memory of the events as the witnesses passed away, but none of the interest was lost.

Because I was the last survivor, in the male line, of Robert Hutchings, the older members took pains to relate to me the history of the family and adjured me to marry well and maintain the name from extinction and to carry on the worthy traditions of the past.

Even at that time the idea of a book came to me. In no other way, I reasoned, could an accurate and comprehensive account of the names and doings of the members of the older generations be saved from oblivion. Such a narrative should, above all else, be accurate. Dates are always hard to remember and in this respect my notes were frequently vague, sometimes contradictory, so it was thought necessary to examine

the "musty tomes" that have reposed for generations in county court houses and state libraries.

I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude and debt to my niece, Cornelia H. Steed, for her interested assistance and industry in this part of the work. As my volunteer secretary, she has by correspondence and personal contacts secured the data for the genealogies of the later generations and filled in many gaps by reference to original sources.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the interest of many members of the families who have supplied data from family bibles and other original sources. I would gladly acknowledge each individual contribution were it practical to do so.

As for the records pertaining to Virginia, they have been checked by two professional genealogists and what is here related is all that is available. Loss by accidental fire and the ruthless destruction of public property by invading armies of two wars wrought havoc with many of the colonial records. Others were lost or discarded, it is thought, by removal to new court houses or for lack of storage space in over-crowded older ones.

In a narrative such as this some repetitions will necessarily occur. I have tried to eliminate them as far as practicable but could not altogether. Some of them occur in quoted letters and extracts from articles printed in newspapers; others are more casual references where situations seemed to require it for clearness or continuity.

In the notes supplied from various sources there were not a few contradictory dates and statements. In making a choice of which to accept, I have sometimes been in a quandary. If errors are found it is hoped the author's shortcomings will be viewed with charity.

It has been difficult, too, to plan the sequence of the sketches. The one followed is broadly by generations, but to keep the families in understandable order, exceptions to the plan have occurred.

If some of the readers are disappointed not to find the book embellished with armorial bearings and coats-of-arms,

they must make the best of it. Ours is an American family and all such trappings were formally renounced when the Republic was established.

It is proper and commendable for one to be interested in his own origin and in the family stock from which he is descended, but after three hundred years in America, no one can display a coat-of-arms and claim it to be his for the simple reason that the designs were modified from generation to generation by the quarterings, indicating the intermarriages. Enterprising dealers will supply copies of them taken from old monuments or paintings pertaining to someone having the same name but as to connection with American families of today, they are all spurious.

Such as it is the little book is offered as the best that can be prepared at this time. If it will be read with interest and preserved for the children and their children, the author's labors will have been worthwhile.

R. H. H.

Utica, N.Y., 1937.

To My Grandchildren:

Time soon effaces what has gone before and the past cannot be remembered for long unless there be a written record, which is called history. You are required to devote a portion of your time in school to this subject for knowledge of your own country, its origin and the events and men who influenced its destiny are essential for culture. This you know, or are learning, but of your own family you know less.

From the circumstance that you were born and are growing up, as your fathers did, far from the homes of your paternal ancestors, you have had little contact with your fathers' people. My purpose in writing this narrative is to enable you and your cousins near and far removed, to have this information in a durable record.

Most genealogies are little more than a tabulation of names and dates; this one will be more than that, it will introduce actual men and women; it will tell where and when they lived; their personal characteristics, and afford you glimpses of the background of the times in which they lived. In attempting to do this, I shall write down many trivialities and some down-right gossip. No apologies are offered for the gossip for this little book is a family affair—just among ourselves, *sub rosa* as it were—and outsiders are not supposed to read it. As for the trivialities, life is made up to a large extent of little things. The consideration of the little things that men do, often helps us to appraise their characters and personalities better than the few great deeds which are less intimate and personal. I want you to have the feeling, when the book has been read, that you know them almost as well as if you had lived among them.

Your progenitors have been honest, law-abiding and self-reliant citizens; each has carried his own burden and helped others less competent and all have rendered contributions to the public welfare. They lived in harmony at home and with

their neighbors and, when the end came, they died respected and esteemed. You could ask no better heritage.

Heredity is an opportunity, not blind fate. Each individual of good family stock is endowed at birth with many potentialities for good, for mediocrity and for evil; far more than can in a lifetime be developed or even cultivated. Which of them he exploits and which are permitted to lie dormant is his own responsibility and that of his parents. From a piece of good steel may be made a fine and delicate instrument of precision or just a common tool; but unlike the passive steel it is for you to determine, within the range of your talents, what your future shall be and what sort of men and women you will become.

God grant to each of you and the generations yet to come, the will and fortitude so to order your ambitions and your daily lives that you may hand down the name as clean and untarnished as when it was given to you to bear.

RICHARD HENRY HUTCHINGS (II)

INTRODUCTION

LOOKED at from any angle you will, the pioneer is a pathetic figure full of contradictions. His motives, if he could formulate them, would express a desire for economic security; to gain which he places himself in a situation which is in the highest degree one of physical insecurity. He rarely lives long enough to enjoy the fruits of his labors. He exchanges the conveniences of community life for the wilderness. Besides being a pathetic figure and perhaps for that reason or possibly for yet another reason which encompasses both, the pioneer is a queer fellow. He is unsettled, restless, adventuresome, brave, improvident; he lacks the home-making instinct and is a rover, not a settler.

The pioneers came into upper Georgia long before the Revolution; some came up the rivers from the coast after Savannah was founded; others drifted down from the Carolinas and perhaps some from Virginia. The country was then owned by the Indians but the latter appear to have tolerated their presence. In favorable locations along the rivers, a few patches of land were planted to tobacco to trade for rice from Carolina and for weapons and ammunition. Others were peddlers among the Indians, securing furs in exchange for what the Indians would buy. There were probably a thousand or more of these nomads in the upper part of the Colony in 1773, when Governor Bullock secured by treaty with the Indians, the so-called "Ceded Lands" lying north of the Broad and between the Savannah and Ogeechee rivers and declared them open to settlement. The response was slow. Some of those who had patches planted took out claims and a few others moved in. As a class, they were illiterate and had no interest in or knowledge of the quarrel brewing between the Colonies and the Crown. They had no occasion to buy stamps. Perhaps none of them had ever tasted tea and

taxes meant nothing in their simple lives. When the war broke out, their sympathies were divided and upon the invitation of Gov. Wright many of them enlisted with the British and became Tories. Not all, however; the history of the Indian massacres of settlers along the Broad and Savannah rivers, instigated by the British at Augusta, shows that in that region, the latest to be settled, some were patriots.

Upon the termination of the war, the punishment of the Tories was devastating; they were hanged or murdered on sight; their property destroyed or seized with no recourse to law. They were outlaws, pariahs. Their only chance of life was to put distance between themselves and their former abodes. The result was that when the tide of immigration set into Georgia from the older colonies after the surrender at Yorktown, a different class was represented. These men were settlers who brought their families and came with the avowed determination to build homes and become citizens of the new state. The homes were built, as were churches and schools, and organized government was established with courts and public officials. The dark curtain of the Revolution had risen to disclose a new and fairer picture. A picture destined to grow fairer and richer for eighty years of extraordinary accomplishment until the black curtain of the Civil War descended to blot it out again.

A picture it was of a civilization unique in the annals of American history and doubtless one out of line with that of the Melting Pot of the industrial states to the north, for there was little or no immigration from European countries at this time—perhaps it was not wanted. The culture of Georgia was intensely English, as much English as was that of Virginia from which it was derived. Cotton was the king of trade and the aristocrats who drew their patents from him were the planters. Slaves had first been brought to the colonies soon after the settlement of Jamestown by the Dutch and later by the New England ship captains and the traffic went on with Africa for more than a hundred years. In the north it was never profitable; the negro was not by temperament suited

to do work in shops and mills nor was he suited to the northern climate.

The agricultural south suited him admirably, the work was manual, uncomplicated, routine; plowing, planting, cultivating, picking, was the story of cotton, which covered a season from February to December. And it was then believed there could never be too much of it; the ships of the world were moored in her harbors awaiting the arrival of the bales.

During this period of eighty years, the prosperity of the South grew by leaps and bounds and with it came leisure for culture and cultural leadership. It produced poets, authors, thinkers and leaders in civic affairs; its influence in Washington for a time overshadowed the balance of the country. Of the first twelve presidents, nine were Southerners. After 1853, the rift began to widen; the two sections found their interests not only not harmonious but growing more antagonistic year by year. The North, envious, it has been said, of the wealth and prestige of the South, attributed the difference to negro labor and permitted organized activities of abolitionists, not caring to remember the colleges and art galleries endowed with Salem slave-ship money. There are always large numbers of people who are not content to mind their own business, but must attempt to reform their neighbors willy-nilly. It was this New England clique which in press and pulpit, started a campaign of misrepresentation and vilification against the South, unleashing a horror of which they had never dreamed. A million lives directly and indirectly were sacrificed and a national debt incurred, not to mention the millions of dollars expended subsequently in pensions, that would have paid the value of the slaves many times over. According to the laws of the United States supported by decisions of the Supreme Court, the slaves were property as much as was real estate. The XIII amendment was an *ex post facto* measure, not effective until December 18, 1865, when slaves had already been freed, unless they were still held in the State of Delaware.

This propaganda was no different from that circulated and accepted as true in this country during the World War, of

the German atrocities which made one's blood run cold. These tales were partly mass hysteria but in a large part manufactured deliberately for the purpose of fanning the spirit of resentment against the enemy, stimulating the zeal of the American people and its purpose was to sell Liberty bonds. Informed people, having recovered their sanity, recognize that the Germans were no more atrocious than the French and British. The propagandists made monkeys of us for their own purposes. The abolitionists did the same for the northern people.

The Southerners were haughty and intolerant and little disposed to consider the institution of slavery a pertinent topic to be discussed except among themselves. It was a question that might have, with calm deliberation, been settled amicably by statesmen but the agitation was begun and carried too far by fanatical preachers, professional agitators and rabid newspapers and so got off to a bad start. When attempts were made in the eleventh hour to avert the pending catastrophe too much passion had been aroused on both sides for a settlement to be possible.

After four years of conflict the resources of the South were completely exhausted. Its paper currency gradually depreciated almost to the vanishing point. The stores were practically empty, no manufactured goods were obtainable, only what was produced on the farms could be had. The people made their own clothing, shoes and hats. Its wealth was concentrated in cotton which was piling up in the warehouses with no market, because the ports were blockaded, and the price of cotton in New York reached a dollar a pound in 1864. Had it not been destroyed by the invaders in wanton revenge, its sale would have enabled Georgia to have recuperated her resources. Private property is supposed to be spared in war but it was not. The result was that when the war was over the poverty of families that had once been wealthy was pitiful. Another generation was to pass before prosperity returned and a new era had dawned. And so the Old South is now only a memory to be recalled in song and story but never again to be known.

CHAPTER I

THE JOURNEY

ONE of the historic highways of America leads from Richmond, Virginia, by way of Petersburg southward through the Carolinas. It followed in the old days, the left bank of the Roanoke river to where the latter makes a deep horseshoe bend before continuing eastward to empty its waters into Albemarl Sound. At the convexity of the bend was, in colonial times, a crossing called Fort's Ferry. The town of Halifax was then, as now, on the right bank not far below the North Carolina border. It is a few miles above where the old ferry then was and the road did not touch it but continued along the west bank of the Roanoke, south to Tarboro and on to Wilmington, the seaport on the east coast, and ended at Charleston, South Carolina. It is indicated upon the earliest maps of that region.

This road was, and for unnumbered years had been, an Indian path or trail. Moccasined feet had kept it worn smooth bringing furs and products of the forest to be bartered at Jamestown. It was marked by the hoofprints of horses when the traders and trappers pushed their way south through virgin forests to the Indian villages in the Carolinas. It was first marked by wheel tracks when the colonists from the James river settled in southern Virginia and North Carolina and it then became a rough backwoods road.

Along it traveled the Marquis de Lafayette in 1777 from Charleston where he landed from France on his way to offer his services to the Continental Congress sitting in Philadelphia. The journey, accomplished on horseback, occupied a full month. Lord Cornwallis marched over it with his motley army of British, Hessians and Tories from the Carolinas, on his way from Wilmington to Petersburg in May 1781 with

the avowed determination to subdue Virginia and compel its submission to King George.

In later years this road, now somewhat altered, was deeply rutted by wagon trains carrying ammunition and supplies to Richmond for the army of Virginia. It echoed to the tread of cavalry and marching men singing and cheering on their way to Richmond and Bull Run. Along it trickled the scattered remnants of that noble army after Appomattox.

If one looked for it upon a modern highway map it would be in vain. The upbuilding of the country, the growth of cities where there were in colonial days only hamlets or no settlements at all, the substitution of bridges for fords and ferries, brought about changes in some parts and abandonment of sections no longer convenient. More than all, the remarkable development of hard surfaced highways in recent years brought about new alignments to secure more direct routes or easier grades.

On this road might have been seen in the autumn of 1783 a caravan consisting of twelve or more covered wagons, each drawn by four to six mules or oxen. On horseback and on foot a numerous company of men and boys, white and black, accompanied it. They were dressed in frontier costumes consisting of buckskin breeches, coonskin caps and leather jackets. The boots, worn by the men, had been made at home and though durable and comfortable for marching, they possessed nothing of the style of footwear of today. The men and older boys each carried a gun on his shoulder, many of them had hunting knives in their belts and a few carried the crude single-shot pistols with flint locks, which were the best weapons that had been devised at that time.

In the wagons were the furniture⁷ and household equipment and supplies of food for the eight or ten families who made up the party, each family having a wagon to itself and in it rode the women and smaller children. One wagon contained domestic animals; hogs, chickens and geese which

were destined to be the progenitors of well-stocked barnyards in the distant South. Another wagon contained the grain for the animals and some, in special bags, to be planted for the next year's crops—corn, oats, wheat, rye and tobacco seed. In the rear of the train and under the care of negroes, were driven the livestock, indispensable for supplying milk, and if necessity arose, beef and mutton for the subsistence of the travelers.

The strong wagons, large and roomy, had been especially built of hickory and oak by rural wheelwrights and carpenters for this journey. Each wagon had a canvas top supported by stout white oak splints or hoops covered with canvas tightly stretched and well coated with beeswax to render it proof against the showers and rain likely to be encountered along the road at that season of the year.

The prosperous and well settled region of Dinwiddie County and its county seat, Petersburg, had been but little affected by the hardships of war until near the end of the Revolution. The inhabitants had contributed their share for the support of the patriot armies operating in the states to the north and their sons had gone out upon the call of Governor Jefferson to serve under Washington and Lafayette, but the cataclysm of war had not touched them directly.

The granaries and smokehouses were well filled and the farms were stocked with horses and cattle. The people went about their daily tasks as they had always done and, except for the absence of so many of the young men, they had had but little realization of the conflict that had waged for more than seven years in the colonies to the north and in the Carolinas.

On May 20, 1781, Lord Cornwallis arrived in Petersburg, having completed his arduous march from Wilmington, North Carolina, to join forces with the British General Phillips for the conquest of Virginia. Phillips had been sent by General Clinton, then in New York, with reinforcements

for the Virginia campaign and had recently landed in Chesapeake Bay. Cornwallis had suffered hardships at the hands of General Greene and his army arrived in Virginia in need of supplies for his commissary, in need of horses and wagons for his baggage trains, and his soldiers and Tory hangers-on were hungry for loot. No American army, strong enough to offer serious opposition, was at hand and the taking was easy. Not only was the country stripped of supplies for the army but the soldiers plundered and robbed on their own account until the inhabitants had nothing movable left that any of the marauders wanted. Not content with what could be found along the route of march, Tarleton's cavalry raided the country for miles around, penetrating as far as Bedford and Amelia. Houses and churches were burned, hundreds of negroes were kidnapped to be sold in the Barbados and the country was laid waste.

Soon Cornwallis moved on to burn Richmond and continue his depredations along the James river but his troubles now began to multiply. Lafayette's small army, not strong enough to meet the British in battle adopted guerrilla tactics and harassed them at every opportunity. The weather was now warm and malarial fever became troublesome to the invaders and caused many deaths, among them that of General Phillips. Cornwallis determined to rest and recuperate his army and entrenched himself at Yorktown to await supplies and reinforcements by water. Here he was trapped and forced to surrender to General Washington, who had hurried from near New York with a substantial army to reinforce Lafayette. This event, which occurred on October 19th of the year 1781, ended the war so far as Virginia was concerned and American independence was eventually achieved.

Already rumors had been heard of the rich virgin lands of upper Georgia which were being planted to a limited extent along the Savannah and Broad rivers and where tobacco of superior quality was grown and for which a market was

available at Augusta where the product was shipped by flat boats to Savannah and exported.

History repeats itself. In times of war the people are tense and anxious, all enterprise is directed towards supporting the conflict and during the Revolution evil news and rumors had exceeded the good. The war had been long and tedious and up to the last campaign there was little prospect of its early or satisfactory conclusion. When war ends with victory there is a rebound, a period of restlessness even of recklessness follows, the people are ready and eager for new experiences and adventures. To many of the Virginians who had lost in the last months most of what they owned, the thought of making a fresh start in a new country made a strong appeal.

Another discouraging factor for the people was the heavy taxation to which they were subjected at that time in the Old Dominion.

The following is extracted from a letter written at the time by a minister in Virginia to his uncle in Scotland. It refers to the difficulties under which the people in Virginia were living at the end of the Revolution. Among other things, he said—"Their taxes seem to be increasing and lie very heavy upon men of property. Besides the land tax, everything they have is taxed *ad valorem*. Every negro slave from 16 years onward is taxed 20 shillings annually, and 10 shillings for children from the moment they are born. The agues and fevers raged terribly and appeared to me like a general plague. There were no less than seven seized with it in the house where I lived."*

Soldiers returning home from serving under Greene in the Carolina campaign confirmed the rumors concerning Georgia and told of the richness of the soil and the excellent grade of tobacco they had seen growing along the Savannah river. They told also of an extensive area between the Savannah and Ogeechee rivers which had been ceded by the Indians

*From the Magazine of History and Biography, Vol. 23.

just before the outbreak of the Revolution and which still awaited settlement.

For the Virginians, tobacco was the staple market crop; they were familiar with its cultivation and marketing. When they heard of the wonderful new lands of Georgia, the red clay soil where tobacco was grown at good profit, of the mild climate where every cultivated plant known to them would flourish and farms could be had for little more than the trouble of staking them out, the fever to emigrate spread through eastern Virginia and North Carolina.

Such had been the experiences and such were the feelings of the travelers in the covered wagon train. Let us accompany them on their way and become acquainted with some of the members.

At its head and on a sturdy thickset horse, rode a young man of thirty years, Captain Richard Bonner. His grey-blue eyes constantly scanned the road ahead testing its safety and condition for he was the guide and responsible for the success of the expedition. In the previous year he had passed over this road from Dinwiddie County, Virginia to Richmond County, Georgia, and made himself familiar with the route for the express purpose of guiding the party on its emigration.

At his side rode an older man, tall, bearded and with broad shoulders and rugged features, his father, Colonel Henry Bonner, who was the leader and moving spirit of the adventure. In the wagons were Richard's mother, Anne Cate Bonner and his wife of less than a year, Frances, his brothers and sisters and their families. Of the twelve children of Colonel Henry Bonner, all who had survived but one accompanied him; the youngest was James, who at that time was an infant. One child had been left behind, Mary had shortly before this time been married to Edward Lee, who was the proprietor of the tavern in Petersburg and as they were in prosperous circumstances they decided to stay where they were and reluctantly bade farewell to the members of her family whom they

never expected to see again, and as a matter-of-fact, never did see again.

His emigration was characterized by the fore-thought and care which made Henry a leader among his associates. It was he who had had Richard go on ahead the year before to see the country and report upon the prospects and conditions in the new land and the latter had accomplished the journey on horseback being gone the greater part of a year. He bought or took up claims to the land that was wanted in western Richmond County and made all preparations that were possible to be made in advance. On his return his report was so favorable that the decision to move was made and in the fall of 1783, when the crops were gathered and disposed of, everything that was not easily portable was sold and with household furniture of every kind loaded in the great wagons, and with cattle driven behind, this patriarch started forth to hew out new homes in the wilderness. Of the furniture brought on this journey, there now remains so far as I know but one relic, a black walnut candle-stand of colonial pattern, which is in my possession. Three months were spent on the way for the traveling was slow. In rainy weather the roads became impassable and a halt was necessary until they dried. There were few bridges, the rivers were crossed on flat bottomed ferry boats, pushed by the men with long poles. A long time was necessary for the outfit to get across. The smaller streams were forded but if the water was high, there was nothing to do but wait for the flood to subside. The men took advantage of these waits to go out hunting or fishing to procure food to augment their supplies. They slept in inns along the way when possible, but more frequently their beds were in the great wagons with the horses picketed around and the dogs keeping guard.

What a sturdy race they were, those travelers! What hardships they must have cheerfully undertaken! The men could have endured it better for they had been soldiers of the Revo-

lution and well knew what hardship and fatigue meant, but the women must have been martyrs. They did not lack for company, however, for the fever to emigrate was strong and the road was well traveled. Cousin Richard Wyatt Bonner gave me a fine description of the emigrants which he heard from Aunt Luraney who, herself, was in the party and I can do no better than quote his own words.

"Georgia was sparsely settled, up to the close of the Revolution and Indians held the greater part of the state. The opinion was abroad in the older states that Georgia was the "Promised Land", a perfect Eldorado, the soil rich, the woods filled with game and the streams alive with fish,—the picture was not over-drawn. These reports kindled in the hearts of the Virginians and North Carolinians a longing desire to make their homes in that wonderful land; whole neighborhoods caught the infection and in the fall of those years the road for miles and miles was crowded with the wagons and teams of the emigrants—men, women and children running, skipping, laughing and hurrying to the Elysian Fields. The long haired cur and the boy with his long single barrelled shot gun, called Queen Ann, were conspicuous in the procession. The later formed counties of Wilkes, Columbia, Richmond, Burke and Warren were the ones into which this wonderful tide was poured and its results can be traced in the generations of splendid women and noble men which have succeeded."

The wagon train followed the ancient road, it passed along the left bank of the Roanoke. The travelers marveled at the beauty of the Great Falls, the water, at that time, clear and sparkling from the mountains and untouched forest lands to the west. The crossing at Fort's Ferry occupied a long while; the flat-bottomed boat could take but one wagon and some of the animals and men on a trip and many trips were necessary before the train was re-organized on the west bank and continued on its way. The road led to Tarboro, a small settlement on the Tar river, where another crossing was necessary.

To this point the road had been well traveled and was in good condition. It was only two years since Cornwallis had marched over it on his way to Petersburg and he had, of necessity, repaired it and strengthened the bridges for the passage

of his artillery and baggage trains but the floods of two years had wrought some damage in places. In swampy localities the road was paved with logs laid side by side across the roadway, a type of road construction called corduroy. The wagon wheels went over it well enough but the animals were in danger of stepping into holes between the logs or where one had been broken and progress along these stretches was cautious and slow for a wrenched shoulder or a broken leg would have entailed serious consequences for the success of the expedition.

At Tarboro, it was necessary for the party to leave this road and follow what was hardly more than a trail toward the west to a small settlement which afterwards was named Raleigh and became the capital of the state and still further west until they arrived at another well-known military road of the Revolutionary period, called the Green Path. It extended from Guilford Court House near the Virginia border along the Cape Fear river and followed the river on to Wilmington. About midway between Guilford Court House and Wilmington had been in 1780-81 an important British supply depot at a place called Cross Creek. It is the site of the present city of Fayetteville, North Carolina.

At this point it was necessary for the party to change the direction of travel from south to almost due west along a well traveled road to Cheraw Hills (Cheraw, South Carolina) and on to Camden but here it turned to the north toward Ninety Six and Cow Pens, where important engagements had taken place between the British and Colonials. It no longer served our party which left it and continued on its way to the west.

On a map of the Carolinas by Faden published in London in 1787 no road at all is indicated leading from Camden towards the Savannah river. The route followed by our party from there on must have been a primitive trail marked by the wheel tracks of preceding emigrants. This region, without

roads or settlements, is indicated on the map as "Low Sand Hills" and "Pine Lands" and was evidently regarded by the map maker as a wilderness.

Since we know that the family settled in the western part of Richmond County its destination must have been Augusta although Aunt Luraney, our authority, was silent on this point. Fort Augusta had been occupied by the British throughout the period of the war and was one of the last fortified posts in the Carolinas to be surrendered. It and Fort Moore on the opposite bank had been centers of trade and also had extensive dealings with surrounding Indian tribes, some of whom had been allies of the British. Whatever roads and trails they followed to the west could only have taken them to Augusta.

Fort Augusta had been established since 1735, three years after Savannah was founded and the settlement around it of frontier traders was an important tobacco market. There is no doubt that the party crossed the river into the "Promised Land" at Augusta about Christmas time in the year 1783.

It was not their intention to settle near Augusta. Richard had selected the location which was a journey of about a week further west. The roads were now mere trails only broken through the wilderness for a year or two and there were many obstructions. Richmond County was one of the first to be laid out, a large county which extended from the Savannah river on the east to the Ogeechee on the west. It was here, in the western part of Richmond County, that homes were established—at first rude houses of logs which served for a few years until land could be cleared and crops planted for their immediate needs. It was here that the first child was born to the family in their new home, Drucilla, on May 1, 1784, just four months after they reached their destination.

It is not known when Henry moved from this farm except that it was about the time Hancock County was first settled. We find him living in the northern part of that county in its

earliest days. He was Justice of the Peace in 1809. His plantation was on Shoulderbone Creek about ten miles from Sparta. One of his earliest acts was to build a church: Bonner's Methodist Episcopal Church was on a road leading from the Harris Mill-Mt. Zion road up the eastern side of Shoulderbone Creek near Jernigan's bridge. This road has been abandoned for many years and there is now no way of reaching the site of the old church and cemetery except by walking a distance of about two miles through woods and across fields. It was a flourishing church for a long time and was doubtless well known to the elder Bishop Pierce. There is now little trace of where it stood. There was also in that vicinity, Bonner's school presumably built by him for there is no reason to believe he ever taught school. He died in the year 1822 at the age of 98 years. His remains doubtless lie in the church cemetery near his former home. Tradition says he died as the result of a fractured hip, occasioned by an accidental fall while at the home of his son, Pleasant, who lived in the Rockville district of Putnam County not many miles from the Bonner homestead.

CHAPTER II

THE BONNER FAMILY

THE Bonner family originated in America, according to the family tradition for which Richard Wyatt Bonner is the authority, when three Bonner brothers arrived in Jamestown early in the 17th century. Their names were James, Richard and Robert. They acquired land on the banks of the James river where they established a home. Within a year or two, Robert was drowned in the river while rowing a boat with a large sack of salt in it when a sudden storm arose and when the boat was in mid-stream. The remaining brothers lived in that vicinity and raised families and it is notable that the Christian names of James and Richard have continued in the Bonner family in every generation. There is a record that Richard Bonner came to Jamestown in March, 1636. Ringrose* informs us that William Bonner of Banbury, Oxfordshire, was a cousin of the notorious Bishop Bonner, who was a powerful figure in the reign of Queen Mary. William was engaged for years after the Bishop's death in a litigation over the settlement of the latter's estate and was finally successful in securing the share which he claimed. This suit which originated in 1584 was not settled until 1590.

Rev. Anthony Bonner was a brother of this William. He had a son Anthony, whose son Anthony was born in Quinton in Gloucestershire; having married Marion Vaughn of that county, three children were born; Richard, 1615, Thomas, 1617, and Ellen, 1624.

It is recorded at the time of the hearing on the probate of the will of Thomas Coombe, a cousin, that Thomas had no children; Ellen married Hon. Edw. Wells and Richard was abroad.

*Jerome A. Ringrose, Ph.D. of London has investigated the origin of the Bonners in Virginia and compiled a brochure for Mr. R. T. Bonner of Aurora, North Carolina.

Richard Bonner, born in Quinton in 1615 had long been absent from the home of the Bonners at the time of the death of his wealthy cousin for his sailing from the port of London and his taking the oath of allegiance is recorded. He sailed in the "Friendshipe", arriving in Jamestown, Va., in March, 1636.

I have found no record of the arrival of James and Robert. Ringrose mentions the brother Thomas, but he does not say that he emigrated. The three Bonners who lived on the James river may have been cousins, arriving at different times. Traditions handed down from the distant past are notoriously inaccurate as to details and often so as to Christian names, as I have found frequently in compiling this narrative. One would not be justified, however, in discarding a reminiscence so circumstantial as the incident of the death of Robert, particularly when it can be established that Richard did come to Virginia about the time remembered.

The traditions of the Bonners in Virginia were obtained from an old lady, Aunt Luraney, a daughter of Henry, and one of the emigrants in the wagon train of 1783. She lived to an advanced age and until the last she was possessed of a remarkable memory. She knew the names and many of the dates, at least approximately, and facts of the family going beyond the marriage of her own parents to the traditions for several generations earlier. She lived in Hancock County but used to make occasional visits to Clinton, stopping at the home of Charles Hutchings, who wrote down much of the information which she was fond of relating concerning the old days, long before her time. We have on record such a visit in the year of 1834. Richard Wyatt Bonner, who was then a young man living in Clinton, and frequently at the house of Charles Hutchings, knew her well and remembered much that she had told. He, too, lived to an advanced age and conveyed to the writer in conversation and in writing much that is included in this history. The following is derived from this source:

John Bonner, the earliest ancestor of whom she had knowledge, lived at Martin Brandon, Virginia, and was born in 1699 or 1700. This has been verified from the records of Surrey County, and his father was also named John. His mother's name is not known. He married, in 1722, Jane Cook, daughter of William Cook and the only child, of whom we know, was Henry.

Henry Bonner, the son of John and Jane (Cook) Bonner, was born in Virginia in 1724. He married Nancy Cate, born in Virginia in 1730. She was the only child of Richard and Sarah (Wyatt) Cate.

According to the traditions of the family, repeated by Henry and Nancy Cate, Sarah Wyatt was a direct descendant of the Rev. Hawt Wyatt who came to Jamestown with his brother, Sir Francis Wyatt, at the time the latter became Governor of the Colony in 1621. Aunt Luraney only stated that she was a daughter of Edward Wyatt. At my request, Miss Minnie Mickley, who was then Historian General of the D. A. R. and a competent genealogist, traced the connection and was able to confirm the tradition with reasonable certainty.

On an imposing brass monument on the wall of Boxley Church near Maidstone in Kent County, England, which I saw in 1929, is recorded the history of the Wyatt family. On it are these words: "... George Wiat left also Hawte Wiat who was vicar of the parish, and hath issue living in Virginia." The spelling of the name was changed by Sir Francis to Wyatt, but it was not accepted by other branches of the family and will be found as Wiat, Wiatt, Wyat and Wyatt. The original spelling is followed on the monument which was erected in 1702.

Hawte was born in 1594, entered Queen's College, Oxford, at the age of 17 and was ordained a minister of the Church of England. He was the first ordained minister in Jamestown, 1621 to 1626 when he returned to England. His wife Elizabeth died the same year in October and was buried at Boxley.

She left two sons George and Edward. The "issue living in Virginia" could only have been these sons, who "emigrated to Virginia under the auspices of their Uncle Sir Francis", according to an account to be found in William and Mary Quarterly, Vol. 3.

Edward married Jane Conquest and among other children had Conquest and Edward. Edward the younger son married Margaret Cocke, a widow whose first husband was Buchanan. Edward lived in Prince George County and was a Justice of the Peace and died in 1725 leaving two sons, Edward and Francis, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah. Sarah became the wife of Richard Cate and had but one child who survived, Ann, who married Henry Bonner. There is a tradition that Ann Cate owned a curiously fashioned gold ring, derived from her mother, which she gave to one of her daughters with the injunction that it should pass from mother to daughter forever. All trace of it is now lost and it has become the family mystery. I have often heard it spoken of but no one could tell me any more than what is here written. An account of the English family will be found in the appendix.

The children of Henry and Nancy (Cate) Bonner were:

RICHARD, born in Dinwiddie County in 1754. Married in Petersburg in 1783, Frances, the daughter of Henry and Priscilla (Jones) Mitchell. The house in which she was born was still standing in Petersburg in 1850, when my father stopping in Petersburg learned about it and stated that it was in good condition, having been recently repaired.

LUCRETIA; of whom nothing is remembered. She probably died in infancy.

JONES, married first Elizabeth Malone; and second, a widow, Sarah Hill, nee Parham.

JAMIMA, married Joel Edward Rives, son of William Rives, a Quaker. Mr. Andrew P. Rives, a descendant, supplied the following human-interest story regarding the marriage:

William Rives a merchant, had furnished flour to the Virginia militia during the war. As he was of a thrifty disposition, a trait common to Quaker merchants, he went in person to Richmond to press his claim for payment. When he arrived there he found that the official with whom he must transact his business was Henry Bonner, an old-time friend and he was invited to put up at his house. William had brought with him his strapping young son, six feet three inches tall, Joel Edward, for company on the journey. While the elders were checking through their invoices and arranging for payment, which occupied several days, a romance was developing between Joel and Jamima, which culminated shortly afterwards in their marriage.

WYATT, married Nancy Parham. There were no children. He was esteemed for his piety, and died a few years after his marriage. The Parham family was a prominent one both in Hancock and Baldwin Counties in the early days.

HENRY BONNER, JR., who married Polly Vaughan, moved to Illinois when it was a territory. His wife was of a Quaker family opposed to slavery, and by her influence he left the South for the then Northwest to avoid holding slaves. He came to Georgia on a visit from Illinois about 1830. As there was no other means of transportation, he rode all the way on a sorrel horse with four white feet, and a blaze on his forehead. Henry had a large family of children but their names are not remembered. In the hard fought battle of Buena Vista, between General Zachary Taylor and the Mexican forces, a soldier in an Illinois regiment by the name of Bonner was killed. He may have been a son or grandson of this Henry.

JOHN, married Elizabeth Mabry. He seemed to have had no children. He was a preacher, a man of commanding appearance with a large broad forehead and hair like white merino wool. He was well known throughout Georgia in his day.

MARY, married Edward Lee, the proprietor of the tavern in Petersburg.

LURANEY, married Hartwell Jones in Georgia. Her's was a run-away match. Her father could see nothing in young Hartwell Jones to admire and refused to consent to the marriage. Opposition only made them more determined. She collected a small bundle of indispensable wearing apparel and when all were asleep in the house she slipped off to the edge of the woods to meet her lover, who was there on a spirited horse. She climbed on a stump, sprang up behind him and they cantered away, much elated at the ruse perpetrated on her unsuspecting parent. Hartwell Jones was an overbearing, cruel man, never succeeded in business, was always poor. Their life together was anything but happy. Poor "Aunt Raney", as she was called, had a hard lot.

On one occasion he came home intoxicated and struck her on the back such a fierce blow with his crutch while she was busy with her domestic affairs, that she was lame for the remainder of her life and walked in a half bent position during her declining years. She was a woman with spirit, however, and tradition tells us that on the next occasion that he came home intoxicated and had fallen asleep, she tied him hand and foot securely and waited until he awakened, and with a horse whip from the barn she administered to him such a beating as to instill in him a greater respect for her than he had ever known before.

Annie Catchings said of her: "Aunt Raney visited her great nieces and nephews in her old age, they were wealthy and never failed to supply her wants, and sent her home rejoicing. I was a small child, but wished to contribute something to her happiness, so my father told me to get what I pleased. I remember once giving her a nice large black silk apron, which she seemed to appreciate."

NANCY, married Thomas Parham and they later moved from Georgia to Tennessee. When a widow, in 1834, she came to Georgia on a visit to her relatives, Charles and Richard Hutchings, and James Bonner. From her home in Frank-

lin, near Williamson, Tennessee, she rode all the way, some four hundred miles or more, on a little thick-bodied pony called "Fly". She was a stout little woman with keen, sparkling eyes and a determined spirit.

ROBERT, married Elizabeth Heeth. His son Thomas married Jacobine Rives, his cousin. It is said that Robert also had a daughter, who eloped with and married a man named Roberts. The objection to this marriage was based on the fact that this Roberts family was descended from a pirate. It is also said that the couple settled in or near Augusta and afterwards became wealthy.

JAMES, born in 1781, married first, Nancy (Parham) Bonner, the widow of his brother Wyatt, mentioned above. She died a few years later.

CHAPTER III

THE HUTCHINGS FAMILY OF VIRGINIA

THE Hutchings family was a large one in Southern England. The original emigrant to America is said to have been Robert who arrived in Jamestown in 1618 in the ship "Neptune", he was described as a mariner. He was given a grant of land to repay the expense of his own transportation. He was awarded other lands for the transportation of John Rutherford who came in the "Warwick" in 1621 and the transportation of John Weaver who arrived in the "John and Francis" in 1623. He evidently advanced the money for the fare of these immigrants and was reimbursed by the Colony. In 1625, he patented 100 acres in Warrasquoke plantation, now Isle of Wight County, described as just below Blunt Point on the James river.

As was the case with the Bonners, there is a gap in the record for nearly a hundred years. A few scattered references are available which may be of interest: Richard Hutchings received a grant of 226 acres of land in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, in 1682. (Isle of Wight Land Grants. Book 7, p. 155.) There is mention of a boat commanded by Capt. Hutchings on the James river in 1705, and Robert Hutchings, of whom we know, acquired land in Dinwiddie County in 1762. The old court house records have to a large extent disappeared and only scattered references are found until after the Revolution. There are records in Norfolk of a prominent family of this name, Col. John Hutchings and his son, John, and others. There was a family by the name of Hutchings in Pittselvania County, a Capt. Thomas and a Capt. Charles, but none of the above can be connected with the Dinwiddie County family. They probably were cousins; but the Christian names in Norfolk do not correspond, for the men were John,

George, Jesse, Nathaniel, Moses, names not found in Dinwiddie or Prince George, from which county Dinwiddie was cut off in 1752. In Pittsylvania County the Christian names are more alike and the two families must have been closely related.

There is another family of this name, members of which are scattered from New England westward, through New York and on to Chicago. The name is spelled with the g. Their progenitor came to Boston in 1820 and they, of course, are not of the family living fifty years earlier in Dinwiddie County. In the latter county, the names are not numerous but Robert, Boswell, Charles and Richard are regularly mentioned in tax returns and the name of Rachel appears with them. It seems evident that Boswell, Robert, Rachel and the elder Charles, who died in Dinwiddie County in 1786, were of the same family, that Robert was the father of Charles the younger and the elder Charles was either his grandfather or uncle.

It was the custom in Virginia at that period for the eldest son to be named for his paternal grandfather, a useful clue but exceptions occurred. Rachel's name does not appear on tax returns after 1799, but Boswell lived until 1804. He frequently served on juries and was a man of substantial property. He had a namesake in Georgia as will be seen later.

Charles Hutchings was born in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, about 1750. His father was Robert Hutchings and his mother's name is not known. He enlisted in Mecklinburg Militia in the war of the Revolution. The following certificate appears in the Archives Division, State Library, Richmond, as to service in the Revolution under the caption, Bounty Warrant Papers:

"This is to certify that Charles Hutchings was a soldier of the Virginia State Troops . . . enlisted November 17, 1781 and served during the war and is now discharged this 22 day of April 1783.

[Signed] A. D. Crump."

The following entry can be found in the Journal of the Committee of Safety:

"State House, Richmond Virginia, Council Chambers, July 17, 1783 (No. 1381) Charles Hutchings land warrent for military service—

"I do certify that Charles Hutchings is entitled to the proportion of land allowed a private of the State Line who enlisted for the war and was discharged by order of the Government.

[Signed] Benjamin Harrison."

"A warrent for 200 acres issued to James Kay assignee of Charles Hutchings, July 17, 1783."

The family traditions inform us that Charles was married in Virginia to a widow, Martha Green, whose family name was Jones. This is confirmed by a record of the marriage in Brunswick County on October 13, 1779 of Charles Hutchings and Polly Green. His eldest son was born in Dinwiddie County the following year and a second son two years later.

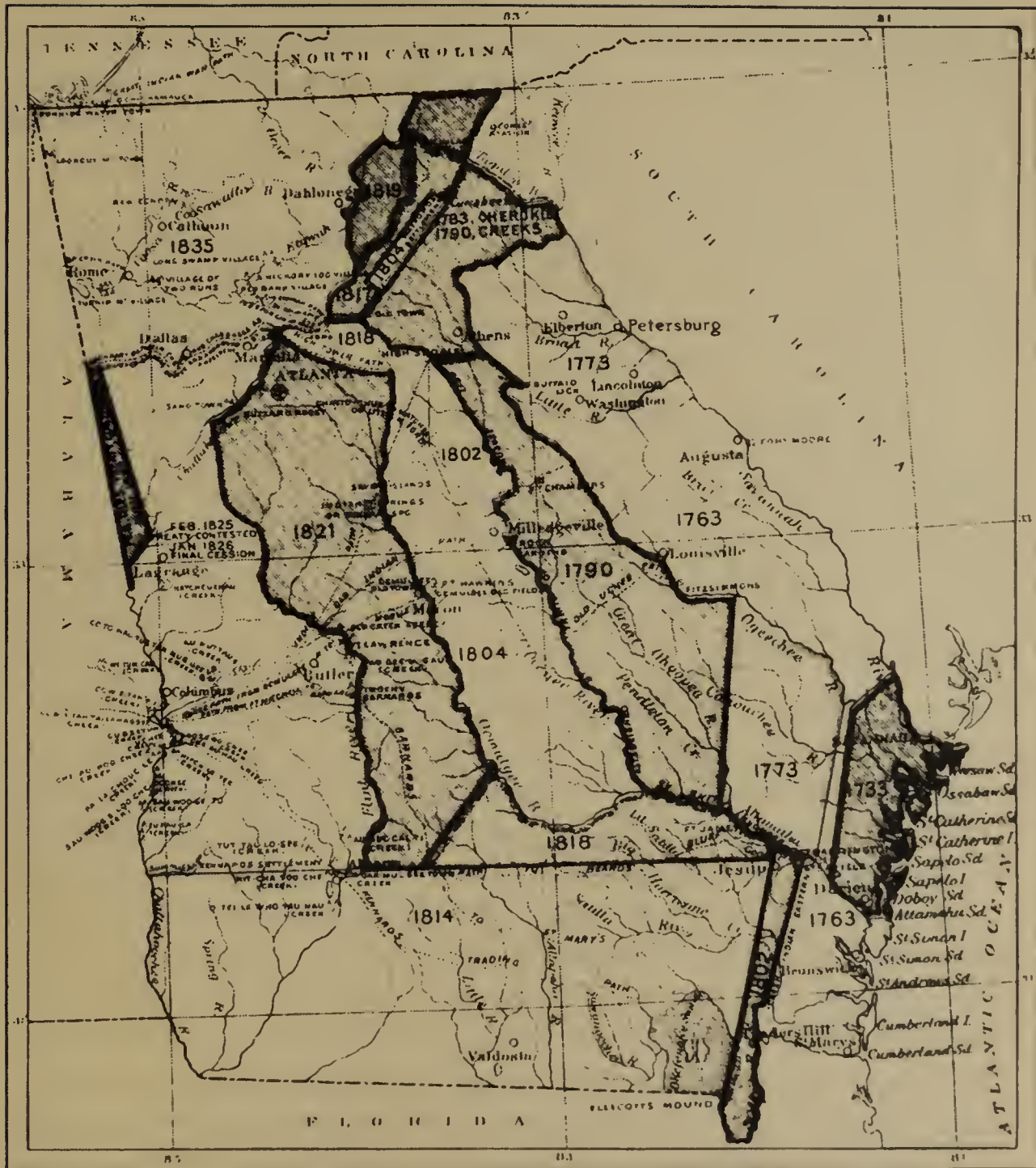
In 1783 after settling his affairs and receiving and disposing of his allotment of land awarded the Revolutionary soldiers, he moved to Georgia with his wife and family and purchased a place of 210 acres in Wilkes County in that portion which later became Elbert County. It is easy to locate the approximate site of this farm for it is described as being located on the south bank of the Savannah river. There is only one place in that vicinity where there is a south bank of the river for it runs nearly south and the banks, of course, are east and west. But at one point about 6 miles below the mouth of the Broad river, the Savannah makes a sharp turn to the east for several miles before continuing its southward course.

He was living here when Oliver secured license to establish his public warehouse which was the beginning of Petersburg. Charles soon received appointment as official inspector at one of the two warehouses of the town and later was an exporter of tobacco on his own account and was agent for a London

firm of importers. This development in his business may have taken place in January, 1791, for at that time he made disposition of his farm, houses, negroes and stock to one Thomas Scales when he needed capital for his business. The transaction is recorded in Deed Book A Elbert County Court House. The following year we know that he witnessed a legal transaction in Petersburg but after that no trace of him can be found so we must return to the few family traditions which were recalled. According to that source of information, he died young leaving a widow and two sons already mentioned, that his widow, who was considerably younger than he, again married, this time to a man named Foson and went with him to South Georgia. This is wholly confirmed by a written statement made by Annie Catchings to the effect that in 1852 her husband Elbert was in Albany, Georgia, and vicinity when he became acquainted with a man named Foson, who, when he inquired of his origin, informed him that he was a son of Martha Hutchings Foson, who had been born in Virginia and before coming to that section had lived in Elbert County. He impressed Elbert as being a substantial citizen and property owner.

The boys, Robert, about thirteen, and Edward, eleven, did not accompany their mother when she remarried and moved away but remained in eastern Georgia. From what was remembered of Robert's remarks concerning a family by the name of Hitchcock, to whom he was related, it is believed that it was with this family that Robert and Edward lived until they became of age. From all that is known, it appears that Charles died in Petersburg prior to 1795 at the age of about forty-five years.

If one should look for Petersburg, Georgia, today it could not be found, its site is now only a place of ghosts and memories, but an account of it should be preserved for its interest to us as the home of the first Hutchings to immigrate into Georgia. Fortunately a description of it is given in a book now



Map showing original Indian villages, cessions and grants with now familiar cities located for the convenience of the reader

long out of print. It was made a town in 1786, according to Chas. C. Jones, Jr., Savannah, in his "Dead Towns of Georgia", who wrote of it as follows:

"For the convenience of the early settlers of Eastern-Middle Georgia, Dionysius Oliver was, on the 3rd of February, 1786, authorized by the Legislature to erect a warehouse on his land, lying in the fork between the Savannah and Broad rivers, for the inspection and storage of tobacco. With the location of this warehouse dates the commencement of the town of Petersburg.

"The cultivation of tobacco was then enlisting the attention of many planters. In the lower counties of the state the production of silk had ceased to be remunerative, and the tillage and manipulation of indigo had not yielded the profits anticipated.

"Cotton was little grown. Many of the early inhabitants of the present counties of Elbert, Lincoln, Wilkes and Oglethorpe, came from Virginia and brought with them not only a love for the weed, but a high appreciation of tobacco as an article of prime commercial value. The virgin lands of this region were found well adapted to its cultivation: and, as a consequence, this plant grew rapidly into general favor and proved the staple commodity or market crop of the farmers. As the existing laws of the State forbade its exportation without previous inspection and payment of specified fees, it became necessary to establish public warehouses at convenient points where the inspection and storage of this article could be had. No hogshead or cask of tobacco could be shipped which did not bear the stamp of some 'lawful inspector.' These inspectors were required to give bond for the faithful performance of their duties, and it was obligatory upon them to attend continuously at their respective warehouses from the first of October to the first of August in each year. It was their duty to carefully inspect, weigh, receipt for, and stamp each hogshead delivered at the warehouse. The hogshead or cask was 'not to exceed forty-nine inches in length, and thirty-one inches in the raising head.' Its weight, when packed, was to be not less than nine hundred and fifty pounds nett. It was not customary in those primitive days to transport these hogsheads upon wagons. Vehicles of all sorts were scarce. The hogshead or cask being made strong and tight, and having been stoutly coopered, was furnished with a temporary axle and shaft, to which a horse was attached. By this means was it trundled to market or to the public warehouse . . .

"Petersburg soon assumed the proportions of a respectable village. It was regularly laid off in town lots, with convenient streets intersecting each other at right angles.

"The tobacco warehouse and shops were located as near the point formed by the confluence of the rivers as the nature of the ground and the liability to overflow would permit. The residences were situated above, and occupied lots, each about three-quarters of an acre in extent . . .

"Speaking of Petersburg in 1800, Mr. George Sibbald says: 'In point of situation and commercial consequence it is second only to Augusta. It is a handsome, well-built Town, and presents to the view of the astonished traveler a Town which has risen out of the woods in a few years as if by enchantment: It has two warehouses for the inspection of tobacco.'

"So long as the cultivation of tobacco engrossed the attention of the planters in the circumjacent region, Petersburg continued to be a place of considerable commercial importance. In the zenith of its prosperity it contained a distributing post-office, a market place, a town-hall, several churches, and not less than forty stores and warehouses. Its population then has been estimated at between seven and eight hundred souls. During the early part of the present century its trade was greater than that of Augusta . . .

"So soon, however, as the cotton plant began to assert its ascendancy, the fortunes of the town commenced to wane. Requiring no inspection, and capable of easy shipment from any convenient point, the cotton bales were sent to various bluffs along the river for transmission to the coast; and thus it came to pass that with the discontinuance of the tobacco culture Petersburg dwindled away and died. Sickness, and the attractions of new and fertile fields in Alabama hastened its ruin:—and now sunken wells and mounds of fallen chimneys are all that attest the former existence of the town."*

The new arrivals from Virginia and North Carolina settled in what now is the area comprising the counties of Elbert, Columbia, Wilkes, Hancock and Burke. This region of rich land lying between the foothills of the Blue Ridge

*Many emigrants from Virginia lived there for a time at the height of its prosperity. Among other prominent residents of Petersburg was Dr. William Wyatt Bibb, a native of Virginia who moved at an early age to Elbert county, Georgia, and later represented it in the legislature. When only twenty-five years old he was elected to the United States Congress. Later on he was appointed Governor of the territory of Alabama, and was its first elected Governor when it became a state in 1819. Bibb county, Georgia, is named for him.

Mountains on the north, and the sandy plains to the south, comprised a belt where tobacco could be grown to the best advantage. In those early days nothing was known about modern methods of cultivating the soil; commercial fertilizers were unknown in the colonies and tobacco is a plant which quickly exhausts the fertility of the soil. The easiest thing which a tobacco grower could do when his soil was exhausted so that it no longer produced profitably, was to move to a new location, and the movement was constantly to the west. In this region a high civilization quickly was created. Many of the settlers were men of education and culture. Churches and schools were established wherever settlements were made. At Madison, in Morgan county, a seminary for girls was started at an early date, and enjoyed a reputation which continued until after the Civil War, for its graduates became teachers for other schools later established. The culture of the people in these counties was a striking contrast to that of the inhabitants of the areas to the north and to the south of this belt. To the north the land was too hilly and broken for the agriculture of those days. To the south lay the region known as the piney woods. With the introduction of modern methods of cultivation much of this sandy land has since been made productive but at that time it was poor and unproductive. For this reason the more progressive and ambitious people were to be found moving by easy stages toward the western border of the state into the counties of Hancock, Baldwin and Jones as the country became available for settlement.

CHAPTER IV

THE EDWARD HUTCHINGS FAMILY

EDWARD HUTCHINGS was born in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, in 1782. He was an infant when his parents, Charles and Martha, moved to Wilkes County, Georgia, and he lived on the farm and later in Petersburg until his father's death when he was about ten years of age, and until his mother remarried and left him and his brother in the care of a guardian. When a young man, he went to Hancock County probably to engage in cotton growing as the other Virginians were doing.

On December 15, 1808, he married Sally Logue of Hancock County. His home was near Beulah Church, a few miles from Sparta between Linton and Devereaux. He was interested in church activities and was one of the charter members of the Washington Baptist Domestic Mission Society, organized at Beulah Church, December 14, 1832. His plantation in that neighborhood is still owned in the family. He was a substantial citizen who took part in public affairs and was a prominent member of the church.

The children of Edw. Hutchings, all born in Hancock, were:

M. BOSWELL, born in 1809; married Eliza Ann Garland, April 24, 1831. Their children:

FRANCES, who married a Mr. Buford. No children.

WILLIAM died in the war. Unmarried.

CHARLES married Susie Roberts on October 20, 1874. He died in 1911. Their children:

CLARA who married Preston Hitchcock and lived at Linton. She died in 1917, leaving six children:

WILLIE married Addie Lee Johnson. They have two children and live at Palatka, Florida.

PEARL married Tom Watson Ennis. They live at Canal Point, Florida.

CHARLES married Mabel Huff and lives at Canal Point, Florida.

NANNIE LOU married Freeman Hodges. They have six children and live at Canal Point, Florida.

M. BOSWELL (Cont.)

CHARLES (Cont.)

CLARA (Cont.)

MARY married Charles Roy Webb. They have three children and live in Massachusetts.

RUTH married Warren Pope. They have three children and live in Massachusetts.

GEORGIA died in infancy.

E. GILMORE married Mattie Belle Veal of Deepstep, Washington County, and lives there. Children:

OTELIA is teaching school at Davisboro.

ANNA B.

THENA

E. GILMORE, JR.

ALONZA

ANNA LUCETTA married Wallace Butts. She died leaving one son.

BESSIE married Carlos Johnson. Their children:

MYRA

BLANCHE married a Mr. Smith.

Both girls live in Wilkinson County and their widowed mother lives with them.

WILLIE BELLE married Charles Wood McCullough of McIntyre. Their children:

AUDREY married Ralph Hammock. They live in Moultrie, Ga. Two children:

CECIL married a Virginia girl. He was a Naval Officer. One child.

SUSIE HAYNES married Clara's widower, Preston Hitchcock, and lives at Linton. They have three children: Katherine, another girl and a boy.

SEABORN married Laura Hodges. They have two daughters.

ERNEST, unmarried.

VIVIAN died at the age of 17.

WINSTON married James Layfield of near Milledgeville. Their children:

ADA married John Babb. Lived in Milledgeville until recent years, then moved to St. Augustine, Florida, where she still lives. She had four children:

LUCILE married Julian Cox of Milledgeville, and lives at Tampa, Florida.

LILLIAN married a man of St. Augustine and lives there.

JARDINE (boy) (twin) is married and lives in St. Augustine.

GERALDINE (girl) (twin).

SUSIE is unmarried.

MARY ELLA (called "Doll") married George Whatley of Milledgeville. They have four children: Loderick, Mary and two others. After Mr. Whatley's death, she moved to St. Augustine, where she later married a Mr. Strickland, and she still lives there.

EMMIE is unmarried and lives in Milledgeville.

PIERCE (girl) was named for Bishop Pierce. She married a Mr. Mendez, a wealthy Cuban cigar manufacturer and lives in St. Augustine. No children.

ERIE is married and lives in Atlanta. No children.

ELMORE is married and lived in Augusta. No children.

M. BOSWELL (Cont.)

WINSTON (Cont.)

B. LITTLE is unmarried and lives at Hardwick.

GROVER (girl) was named for President Grover Cleveland. Is unmarried and lives at Atlanta.

MARY ANN married James Roberson. She died about 1880. No children.

SEABORN BOSWELL married Carrie Elizabeth Gilmore. Always lived in Hancock County. His children:

BEULAH ANNIE married Thomas Lorenzo Brown. She taught school before her marriage and until recent years and now lives near Devereaux. No children.

ERNEST HUGHES married Clara Inez Hall.

ALWYNE OLESNOR married Fannie Underwood. He graduated from Sparta High School and attended Mercer University. He served in the World War. Three small children: Elsie, Alwyne Olesnor, Jr., and Benjamin.

LUCETTA married Charles Jenkins. Died, leaving three small children:

DELLA married Charles Roberts and still lives near Devereux, a widow. Six children:

FAIRIE married Ira Croons and now lives in Atlanta. No children.

HUDSON married Willie Mae Mims of Wrightsville and lives there.

EVA married Zackie Renfroe and lives in Sandersville.

RAY married Venice Chambers. They live near Devereux.

GUY married Grace Jackson of Riddleville. Lives now in Milledgeville.

LUCETTA is unmarried. Lives in Sandersville.

ROLAND died a young man, unmarried.

CHARLES married Mamie Chambers. Lives in Sandersville. His children:

WILLIE HUGH married Zena Tanner of near Sandersville. They live in Sandersville and have one child, Hugh.

MABEL lives in Atlanta.

CHARLES B., JR., unmarried.

HARDY

SARA married and lives in Sandersville.

NELL married and lives in Atlanta.

EMMA BELLE is unmarried and lives in Atlanta.

GEORGE married Willie Gilmore, a sister of Seaborn's wife. They had the following children:

WILLIAM BOSWELL, a dentist, died in young manhood.

JAMES KEY married Pauline Sheppard of Washington County. He was a minister and served the pastorate of several churches in Georgia. He was at the First Baptist Church at Monticello, Florida, for twelve years. He is now at a Baptist Church in Jacksonville.

CARRIE BELLE married Thomas W. Brantley. Died a few years ago, after having lived near Devereaux all her married life. She had one child, Edna, who married Carleton Widener and they lived near Devereux.

M. BOSWELL (Cont.)

GEORGE (Cont.)

SARAH taught school a number of years and then married Woodfin Wise of Henry County. They now live in Atlanta and have four children: Marjorie, Jack, Billie and Jane.

HERBERT married a Macon girl and lives there.

EDGAR is unmarried and lives in Columbia, South Carolina.

THOMAS married Mary Stanton on June 6, 1836. He died in early manhood, being killed by a tree falling on his house.

SEABORN married a Mrs. McLeod.

WILLIAM died young.

JAMES M. married Gillie Muse. His children:

CRAWFORD died unmarried.

JOHN married Carrie Champion. Has always lived in Milledgeville. One child:

BINION is married and lives in Alabama.

ANNA married Robert Atchison. Their children:

LENA married a Mr. Harper and lives at White Plains, Greene County.

DENA married John Evans. She is now a widow and lives at Milledgeville.

JAMES

ROBERT LEE married a Miss Downs.

EVIE married a Mr. Downs.

MOODY lives in Milledgeville.

ANN

ELLEN

James and Seaborn lived together at the homestead when young men. Jim at times walked in his sleep, so it was said. He was fond of baking sweet potatoes on the hearth of winter evenings and eating them before going to bed. Seaborn was a practical joker and delighted to play jokes on his brother. One evening Jim lay down to rest while the potatoes were baking and fell sound asleep. Seaborn was tempted by the opportunity and ate the potatoes. He touched up Jim's face and lips with ashes and soot without awakening him. In the morning Jim remembered his potatoes and looked for them and when they were not found where he left them, he in-

quired of his brother what had become of them. Seaborn replied: "Why do you ask me, look at yourself in the mirror". After inspecting his face, Jim was surprised but accepted the suggestion that he had eaten them in his sleep and let the subject drop.

The sisters, Ann and Ellen, never married; both lived to an advanced age. Ann spent a part of her time in Macon every year and I knew her as Cousin Ann. She was a kindly woman and was liked by all her relatives.

Ellen lived in her later years in Milledgeville, in a house near the old Governor's Mansion. She lived there when I attended school in Milledgeville. She was fond of flowers and had great success raising them.

Seaborn Boswell, grandson of Edward H., was the best known of this family. He was a prominent citizen of Hancock County and of Georgia. His father having died when he was young, it was necessary for him to make his own way and he was practically self-educated. He was energetic and a very indulgent father but required work of his children as well as of hired labor. He was noted for his honesty and integrity. He walked very fast, even in old age. On one occasion, a man asked him how he walked so fast and he replied: "You pick up your feet; they will go back down themselves." He had absolutely no patience with laziness.

When only a boy of 15, he entered the Civil War and served throughout without being wounded. For several years before his death he was the lone Confederate veteran at Memorial Day exercises in Sparta. He was a member of the staff of the Commander of the Georgia Confederate Veterans, and had been given all the honors that could be bestowed upon him by his fellow veterans and by the local chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. He was a typical gentleman of the old South, a consistent member of the Methodist Church, always loyal to every good cause and was affectionately called by his neighbors and friends "Uncle Seab." At



SEABORN BOSWELL AND CARRIE HUTCHINGS

the time of his death, the local newspaper said of him: "His word was his bond, and we can say without fear of contradiction that he was one of the finest citizens that Hancock ever produced. He was small of stature, but every inch a man. He had the admiration and respect of all who knew him."

The date of his death was March 23, 1936. He was survived by his widow, who is living at the homestead. Their three children: Beulah Annie, Ernest Hughes and Alwyne Olesnor.

Seaborn was a family man. He was devoted to his wife and children. The following sketch, written by his son shortly after his death, illustrates this trait of his character:

In Memory of My Father,
SEABORN B. HUTCHINGS

1706886

"At two-thirty on Monday afternoon, March 23rd, 1936, one of the best friends a man ever had was called away. As far back as remembrance goes, 'Dad' was there; always there to speak a word of encouragement and inspiration, or even one of reproof when necessary. In his actions, he furnished an example of honesty, integrity, and fairness which in its very simplicity was well worth emulation.

"His relationship with his family was one of kind and loving companionship. His wisdom and sound advice were always at hand when needed, but he never forced an opinion on anyone. He had the confidence of those who knew and loved him because of his understanding nature. He was always a close comrade with whom any experience might be shared. He was devoted to his family and never seemed happier than when they were all near him. He could be depended upon at all times by family and friends alike. He was a competent business man as well as one whose word was as good as his bond.

"All who knew 'Dad' will miss him, but he left with us some valuable knowledge which made his life a happy and useful one. For he had learned that success comes from perseverance and the pleasure of working, the value of time, the dignity of simplicity, the power of kindness and the worth of character. May we whom he loved, profit by his example."

Ernest Hughes, the second child of Seaborn B., was born in Hancock County, July 23, 1886. After completing his educa-

tion at the Sparta High School, he attended the Georgia Medical College in Augusta where he graduated in May, 1913. He began the practice of his profession at Linton where he remained until 1922, going from there to Cornelia, Georgia, but he remained here only one year. At that time an opportunity for establishing himself in practice in Sparta occurred and he removed there where he has since lived. He enjoys a large practice, which occupies his entire time as he is also county physician. He has specialized in surgery and enjoys a fine reputation in that branch of medicine. He is a member of the city council and has been prominent in local affairs in Sparta and in Hancock County. He married on June 19, 1912, Clara Inez Hall, the daughter of Jesse Loring and Laura (Veal) Hall of Washington County. They have three children: Francis Elizabeth, who is now the wife of Louis Cheatham; Martha Inez, who is a successful teacher in the Sparta High School; and Lloyd Hughes, who is a high school student.

CHAPTER V

THE BONNERS OF HANCOCK COUNTY

RICHARD BONNER, eldest son of Henry Bonner, was in the Revolutionary Army and was understood to have been a commissioned officer for he was ever afterwards called "Captain Dick" by all who knew him.

There being no railroads or other public means of hauling goods from Augusta and Savannah to merchants in the different towns and villages of the state, he made use of the wagons, still strong and serviceable, which had brought the family from Virginia, and established an express service between Middle Georgia and the two principal cities. There is among my relics a heavy walking stick made from the tongue of one of those wagons. His large wagons and strong, large horses with bells upon the lead horses attracted much attention from the people upon the highways and he became widely known throughout the state. It was a profitable calling, but his kindness of heart and extreme liberality, always giving and helping others, kept him from accumulating a good fortune.

Liberality was the predominant trait of the Bonner family. "He would literally divide his last cent or provisions with anyone who called upon him for assistance, and looked the future full in the face, with a quiet smile upon his own, however low the 'meal in the barrel' was. Men of this stamp never die rich in dollars but they make the world poorer when they pass away. His daughter, Drucilla, who married Robert Hutchings, must have drunk deeply of his spirit for these same traits richly endowed her mind and heart and made her lovely in every relation of life."*

It was Richard's custom to travel with his wagon teams on the journey to and from Savannah and Augusta and Middle

*Quoted from a letter written by Richard Wyatt Bonner.

Georgia, sometimes riding his horse and at other times, when the weather was rainy, on the seat of the leading wagon. He had a dog which had shown remarkable intelligence and was always to be found in the company of the teams usually trotting under the leading wagon. On one occasion at a ford of a creek, the streams at that time being rarely bridged, trouble was encountered; the water was high and real danger attended the fording of this stream, although if a certain route was followed exactly the crossing could be made in safety. Richard stood on the bank directing the crossing of the negro drivers of the wagons. As the day had turned off warm he threw aside his coat on a log on the side of the stream. Finally, when the last wagon had been directed into the creek, he hastily snatched up his coat and sprang into the rear of the wagon as it entered the water.

Not until the next stopping place was reached, when the men and teams were to be fed, did he resume his coat, and discovered that his wallet containing a large sum of money was missing. They were now several miles from the creek. Instead of going back himself to look for the purse, he decided to send his dog. He took from the pocket of the coat a handkerchief, which he gave to the dog to smell and with a wave of his arm directed him to go down the road over which they had come and "fetch it". The dog set off on his errand and soon disappeared down the road.

After what seemed to be a long time he came in sight running swiftly and carrying safely in his mouth the missing wallet. As the dog's hair was soaked in water it was evident that he had swum the stream and had found the wallet near the log from which the coat had been hastily snatched when Richard got aboard the last wagon. The wallet was dry, the money all there.

His disposition being friendly, he made many acquaintances on his journey and gathered a large stock of anecdotes, songs and stories with which he entertained his friends and guests

so that his arrival was greeted as an event in the remote households where he was accustomed to stop over night. His negro drivers and helpers camped along the roadside or slept in the wagons and usually prepared their food at open fires built along the roads. Many times he, too, was obliged to spend the night when passing through sparsely settled regions, and carried with him skillets and other cooking vessels which were reserved for his own use.

For many years the only established means of transportation of goods and supplies to and from the outside world was by means of this wagon train. It was able to make only a few trips to each city in a year. He carried the tobacco or whatever produce was to be sold, and personally bargained for and purchased the goods that were wanted in exchange and carefully delivered the packages to each customer. On these occasions he was often called upon to use his own judgment as the stocks of goods in the stores were often not just what had been ordered and in those cases he had to select what he thought would serve best as a substitute. It must have been that the people of Middle Georgia in that day were accustomed to such transactions and must have been easily satisfied for it is related that a complaint was seldom heard. The customers accepted what he brought to them gratefully and without criticism.

The method of trading in those days was by barter, for there was little money in circulation and that only in the larger towns. The cost of goods fluctuated both of what he had to sell and what he intended to buy. Sometimes a good bargain could be struck and at other times only one more meagre. His customers understood about these things, however, and trusted his judgment without question.

His death which occurred on January 7, 1813, was tragic. He had gone from home in the evening on some errand and did not return. Early in the morning he was found dead in the road not far from his home, one foot still hanging from the

stirrup and his horse standing by his body. He had evidently died instantly from a heart attack and the faithful horse had stopped when his master fell.

His estate was administered by his brother, Pleasant. Some of his effects were disposed of by auction and Robert Hutchings bought there a horse, a large Bible and other articles. His widow made her home, after Richard's death, with Robert and Drucilla Hutchings at The Fort until she died on February 13, 1839. Her tombstone stands in the family graveyard there.

The children of Richard and Frances (Mitchell) Bonner

1. DRUCILLA, born 1784; married Robert Hutchings in 1801.
2. ALEXANDER
3. PLEASANT married Elizabeth Mathis on May 14, 1818.
4. THOMAS MITCHELL married Levinia Rives of Hancock County on December 1, 1828.
2nd—Married Martha A. Gregory of Putnam County on January 12, 1840.
5. TABITHA
6. NANCY CATE married Edward Eubanks.
7. RICHARD, JR.

ALEXANDER BONNER. Practically nothing is known of Alexander Bonner, who lived in Hancock County. He died in 1815 when he was about 30 years of age, leaving a large estate which was administered by Pleasant Bonner, his brother. He appears to have been unmarried.

PLEASANT BONNER was born in Georgia about 1788. He married Elizabeth M. Mathis, May 4, 1818. He was living at the time in Hancock County and was a man of prominence and was said to have been wealthy. When Putnam County was organized he moved there and had a plantation in the Rockville district. He died in Putnam County in 1831 without leaving a will. The administrator who settled up his affairs was Henry Hunter, who was required to give a bond of

twelve thousand dollars, which indicates that the Bonner estate was considerable.* The settlement of his estate is recorded in both Putnam and Hancock Counties, which indicates that he owned property in both.

The children of Pleasant and Elizabeth (Mathis) Bonner were Harriett and Mary Frances; the former was twice married and had no children. Mary Frances was born April 4, 1820. She married in 1839, Reuben Jordan, born in 1814 and died in 1885. Their children: Henry Bonner Jordan, born in 1839, married Salina Fish in 1861, and their children who survived were: Alexander Hunter Jordan, born in 1863, married first in 1887, Hattie White, who died in 1902; their children: Ruth, who married Earl E. Garlick; Nevin, who married Margaret Moore; Henry Hunter, who married Cora Pound, and George, who married Anna Dyer.

Alexander Hunter Jordan married second Zadie Ezell; their children: Elizabeth, who married Edward Almond; Paul, unmarried, and Nan, who married George Legge.

The second son of Henry and Salina (Fish) Jordan was Charles Henry, who was born in 1871. He married Elizabeth White and one child was born, Leland K. She died in 1901. Charles married second, Carrie Barnes. Their children: Hattie Kate (deceased), Homer, Charles S., May, and Henry Bonner (deceased).

Rebecca, born in 1874, married Charles L. Henderson. Their children: Joyce, Robert, Mary, and Charles L., Jr.

Irene, the youngest child of Henry and Salina (Fish) Jordan, was born in 1875. She married J. M. Johnson. Their children: James M., Jr., Dorothy and Jordan.

NANCY CATE, the sixth child of Richard and Francis, was born June 16, 1796, in Hancock County. She married Edward Eubanks on October 13, 1819, who was born September 9, 1790. They moved to Alabama and acquired a plantation at Enon Ridge where they afterwards resided. That

*It is recorded in Return Book D p. 56 in the Court House in Eatonton.

was about the time that Alabama was admitted to the Union as a state. Because of the distance, not much was known of this family by the younger generation. I have a copy of a letter written to "Aunt Nancy" at Enon Ridge by my father in 1859, which refers to other letters having passed between them. The appended chart gives the names and some information about her descendants.

NANCY CATE BONNER married Edward Eubanks. Their children:

EMILY S., born Aug. 19, 1820, married Mr. Allen on Sept. 14, 1837. They had one son, Robert Allen.

MARTHA BONNER, born Dec. 9, 1822, married John Harrison in 1845, and had:

FANNIE

HENRY

CHARLES

GEORGIA TALLULAH, born 1857, died March 20, 1899. Married Edmon Barnett Dismukes, born 1858, and died at Birmingham, Ala., July 9, 1931. Their children:

ALICE, died in infancy.

ALMA, died in infancy.

THOMAS, died in infancy.

BARNEY EDWARD, died 1908.

FRANKIE (a girl), married Dec. 3, 1910 to Robert Augustus Wilson, and had:

ROBERT AUGUSTUS, JR.

KENNETH EDMON

WALTON DISMUKES

EULA (a twin), married in 1911 to Taylor Cartwright of Montgomery, Ala., and had:

KATHARINE and EVELYN.

LULA (a twin), married in 1912 to J. Wyche Davis, and had:

MARGARET

J. WYCHE, JR.

DORA MARGARET, married Dec. 16, 1924 to James Blaine Wilson, born in North Carolina, and had:

JAMES BLAINE, JR.

CHARLES, born 1824, married——, died in Memphis, Tenn. They had two daughters. Grandchildren moved to Texas.

FRANCES BONNER, born 1827, married John Edgar.

AUGUSTUS F., born 1830.

REBECCA ANN, born 1832, married on Dec. 19, 1854, William B. Reed. They had:

WILLIAM PETER

DRUCILLA JANE, married and had a daughter who married Dr. Sheppard of Bluffton, Ga.

NANCY ELLA

NANCY CATE (Cont.)

REBECCA ANN (Cont.)

EDWARD THOMAS, married Lula Maury, now living in Bluffton, Ga. Their children:

HENRY MAURY, deceased.

MARVIN

ELLA, married July 2, 1923 to Emory Hill McKinnon, and had:

ELLEN

NORMAN

EMORY HILL, JR., resides in Atlanta.

CURTIS WILLIAM

EDWARD THOMAS, JR., married in 1927 to Addie Ruth Everett and has one son, Donald.

EDWARD THOMAS, born 1834, died——; buried at Enon Ridge, Ala., unmarried; served in the Confederacy.

NANCY CATE, born 1837 in Upson County, Ga., married first Sept. 20, 1860, in Barbour County, Ala., George W. Ruskin of Georgia (son of Joel F. and Elizabeth Brooks Ruskin), born March 30, 1835. Died in service of Confederacy at Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 1, 1862. One child:

MARY ALICE, born 1861, died Aug. 14, 1927, at Memphis, Tenn.; married May, 1893 Aaron Wesley Wilkins, born in Colliersville, Tenn., Died Nov., 1900, in Marshall County, Miss. Their children:

STIRA ESTELLE, born at Colliersville, Tenn. Married Walter Lee Griffin on Oct. 2, 1915, at Memphis, Tenn., and had:

DOROTHY ESTELLE, born at Memphis, Tenn.

ALICE EUGENIA, born at Memphis, Tenn.

JOYLEE

GEORGE WESLEY, born in Marshall County, Miss. Married June 3, 1924, at Memphis, Tenn., to Mary Katherine McCluny. Their children:

ALICE KATHLEEN, born at Memphis, Tenn.

ROSE BARTON, born at Memphis, Tenn.

ELIZABETH SUE, born at Memphis, Tenn.

NANCY CATE married second, John Washington Halley, born Sept. 30, 1836, married Oct. 12, 1865, and lived in Enon Ridge Alabama; moved to Colliersville, Tenn., in 1873, where both are buried in Magnolia Cemetery. Their children:

MARTHA VIRGINIA, born in Barbour County, Ala.

ROBERT FRANKLIN, born in Bullock County, Ala.

FRANCES DRUCILLA, born in Bullock County, Ala.

KATE EUGENIA, born in Bullock County, Ala. Married Nov. 3, 1909, to Dr. Arthur Gage Hudson (son of James Mangham Hudson and Mary Estelle Williams Hudson). Their children:

HALLEY, student in college in 1930.

ARTHUR, JR., student in college in 1930.

JAMES BONNER was born in Virginia towards the close of the Revolutionary War in the year 1781. At that time Cornwallis was advancing northward from the Carolinas where he had conducted a campaign and was marching

against opposition towards Petersburg. On the night that James was born the sound of cannon in the distance could be distinctly heard at the homestead where the near relatives were attending upon his birth. He was an infant when the family migrated to Georgia.

He was married to Nancy, the widow of his brother Wyatt. She did not live many years and left no children. James married Frances Haynes in 1815, his second marriage. His home at that time was in eastern Baldwin County, Georgia, and Milledgeville was the nearest town where he was accustomed to go to transact business. In many respects his character resembled that of his older brother, Richard, whom he accompanied for a number of years as companion and assistant in charge of the wagons of what would now be called the Bonner Express Company. Richard gave him the nickname "Cudjo" which clung to him throughout his youth. Many anecdotes are related of his genial good nature, his love of fun and jokes and his extraordinary generosity which was a characteristic of the Bonners. It was not unusual when a poor neighbor by reason of sickness or other unavoidable cause was behind with his crops, for James to take his men and teams and plant or cultivate the neighbor's fields, and for such service he would never accept remuneration. It is said that he would literally give to a beggar the coat from his back, if the man seemed to need it more than he. He never inquired how deserving the suppliant was. He seemed to have prided himself that his benevolence asked no questions. As a result of this he was doubtless defrauded by undeserving beggars, but even when warned he paid no heed. Hardly less notable than his generosity were his love of fun, his talent for recounting anecdotes and his delight in practical jokes. He played practical jokes upon his friends, neighbors, his servants and even his own wife and children in his younger days.

In his bedroom near the foot of his bed there was a loose board in the wainscoting, unsuspected by the housekeeper,

which he could reach with his toe and in the darkness of the night he would sometimes press upon this loose board which gave out a groaning sound. His wife would awaken in great alarm, not entirely free from superstition, she would make a light and he would join her in searching the room, when, of course, nothing was ever found. Giving up in despair of finding the source of the noise, they would retire to bed only to have it repeated. On some occasions his wife would awaken the negroes and have them come with torches and search under the house, but it was many years before the secret was discovered.

In the days when James was a young man Milledgeville was the capital of the state, the center of the political and social life. The presence of the Governor, the state officials and prominent lawyers, established at the capital a social and intellectual circle that would have done credit to one of the seaport cities. It was particularly when the legislature was in session that the life and gaiety of the town reached its highest pitch. The sons and daughters of the officials and of the wealthy families in Milledgeville and Midway, where Oglethorpe College was located, as well as planters in Baldwin and neighboring counties made up the elite circle, augmented by the presence of members of the families of the legislators. The doors of the hospitable mansions were thrown open for entertainment, and dancing and revelry were prolonged far into the night. Wines and stronger waters passed freely among the gentlemen and were as much a matter-of-course as ice cream and cake are today.

The prevailing fashion for men in those days was a tall bell-shaped beaver hat, a high stock and white ruffled shirt bosom, a fancy or embroidered vest deeply cut, and a bright blue swallow-tailed coat often faced with yellow and with two rows of brass buttons down the front. The coat was tightly buttoned around the waist and long tails, which reached nearly to the ground, contained on each side an enormous pocket.

On one occasion James Bonner was returning late one night from such a gathering with a party of youngsters like himself, all of whom had imbibed freely. On the way to the hotel where he had his room he pretended to be overcome with intoxication and after ineffectual efforts on the part of his companions to assist him, most of whom were more in need of assistance than he, he finally sank down helpless on the sidewalk not far from a pile of stones, where the sidewalk was being repaired, and declared he could go no further. "Leave me here", he said, "to die alone."

After consultation among themselves it was decided to go on to the hotel and return with assistants enough to bear him to his rooms and to bed as a gentleman under such circumstances should be treated. So they left him alone and returned presently with a lantern, for the streets in those days were unlighted, and with help, and they bore him, not without much perspiring and stopping to rest along the way, to the hotel. Arriving there his friends dropped him on the floor with such a resounding thud that they investigated his coat tails and removed from his pockets nearly a half bushel of cobble stones.

At one time he had a young Irishman in his employ who, too, was given to practical jokes. Between them they contrived a costume made up of black sheep skins to which was added coon and other skins available and which fitted the Irishman well enough. James then sent word throughout the neighborhood that he had received a gorilla direct from Africa and invited all of them to attend on a certain day when it would be exhibited. The neighbors for miles around came in wagons and on horseback and crowded the little outbuilding where the exhibition took place, almost to suffocation. The animal crouched in the darkest corner of the room behind a counter or barrier that had been built to retain him, rattling a huge chain and giving out yelps and growls and occasionally making springs at the more venturesome. James meanwhile

harangued the crowd, recounting the animal's fierce habits and warned the party not to approach too near. The show finally broke up when the gorilla sprang over the barrier and chased the people out in a panic.

His practical jokes were not always merely for fun. Though he enjoyed teasing his friends, he also sometimes used a joke for a practical end. One of the amusing stories illustrating this point was how he rid himself of an overseer who was incompetent, but a worthy sort of man and whom he did not wish to dismiss and there was possibly a contract between them for a stated period. Riding home in the evening from town, James' attention was attracted to an old grave which had long stood by the roadside, surrounded by a picket fence, and the brilliant idea came to him of a way to bring about the departure of the overseer whose name was Melville.

Upon arriving home he took the overseer to one side and told him that as he was riding that evening by the neglected grave he saw a white form arise and beckon to him but, as the hour was late and he was alone, he spurred his horse and rode by, but he intended returning that night to hear the communication which he felt sure the ghost had for him, and he would be glad to have Melville accompany him. The overseer demurred and raised many objections but they were all finally overcome and at the appointed hour, which was nearly midnight, the pair started out for the grave walking, as the distance was only a mile. James in the meantime had sent one of his negroes on ahead with instructions to lie concealed behind the palings and when commanded he was to stand up and wave his arms covered with a sheet, which was not to be displayed too soon. Two other negroes had been posted out of sight along the road who were told to lie hidden until someone passed them running and they should then silently give chase, but not catch up with him.

The hour was well chosen, there was no moon and the light of the stars was just sufficient to render visible objects

weird and indistinct. As the two approached the end of their short journey, their voices were lowered almost to a whisper—"You know, Melville", said James, "that I am not what might be called a strong man, my heart troubles me at times and though I have never mentioned it, I am subject to attacks of fainting, and if I should receive a shock tonight one is likely to come on me. That is the reason I wanted you to accompany me, for I know you would not leave me if I were unconscious." "No", whispered Melville, "I will never leave you, Mr. Bonner, and if you should faint I will carry you home in safety. Let me walk just behind you here so that I can catch you if you fall", and though his voice did not sound just as near as it had been, they pressed on to the foot of the knoll on which the palings stood. Then James called out in a loud voice: *John Barrows, arise!* There was a rustling of dry leaves, and a tall spectral figure arose, apparently from the grave, and seemed to be clothed in white. Mr. Bonner fell at once to the ground, and Melville, without waiting to raise his fallen master, put out at the top of his speed for home. As he passed the two negroes hidden by the roadside, they each in turn gave chase, and though he could not see his pursuers, their footsteps could be distinctly heard close behind him and so hard were they pressing him when he reached his own house he dared not stop and finally took refuge in the house of a neighbor half a mile farther on. At breakfast time next morning, Melville appeared at the back door hat in hand, to say that the climate of middle Georgia did not seem to agree with his health, and he would be obliged to Mr. Bonner if he would consent to have him leave at once, as he was planning to move to another county.

James never accumulated a fortune. He was not one of the kind to hoard, his nature was to give, and while such men lay up for themselves riches in Heaven, they need have little concern for the "rust that corrupts, or thieves that break through and steal". He was not, however, poor. He owned a

good estate in Baldwin County and sufficient negroes to make it profitable. He educated his children in the way that was customary in those days and in that community, and provided for his family against want. His death, which occurred in 1841, resulted from an illness brought on by exposure to a cold rain storm while riding home from Milledgeville.

His children, all of whom were born in Baldwin County, were six in number:

OLIVER PERRY, born October 7, 1816, married first, Sarah Turk; their children were: James Oliver, John Richard and Fannie. His second marriage was to Mary Buchanan, widow of Joshua Godard. Their one daughter was Leone.

RICHARD WYATT, born October 30, 1819.

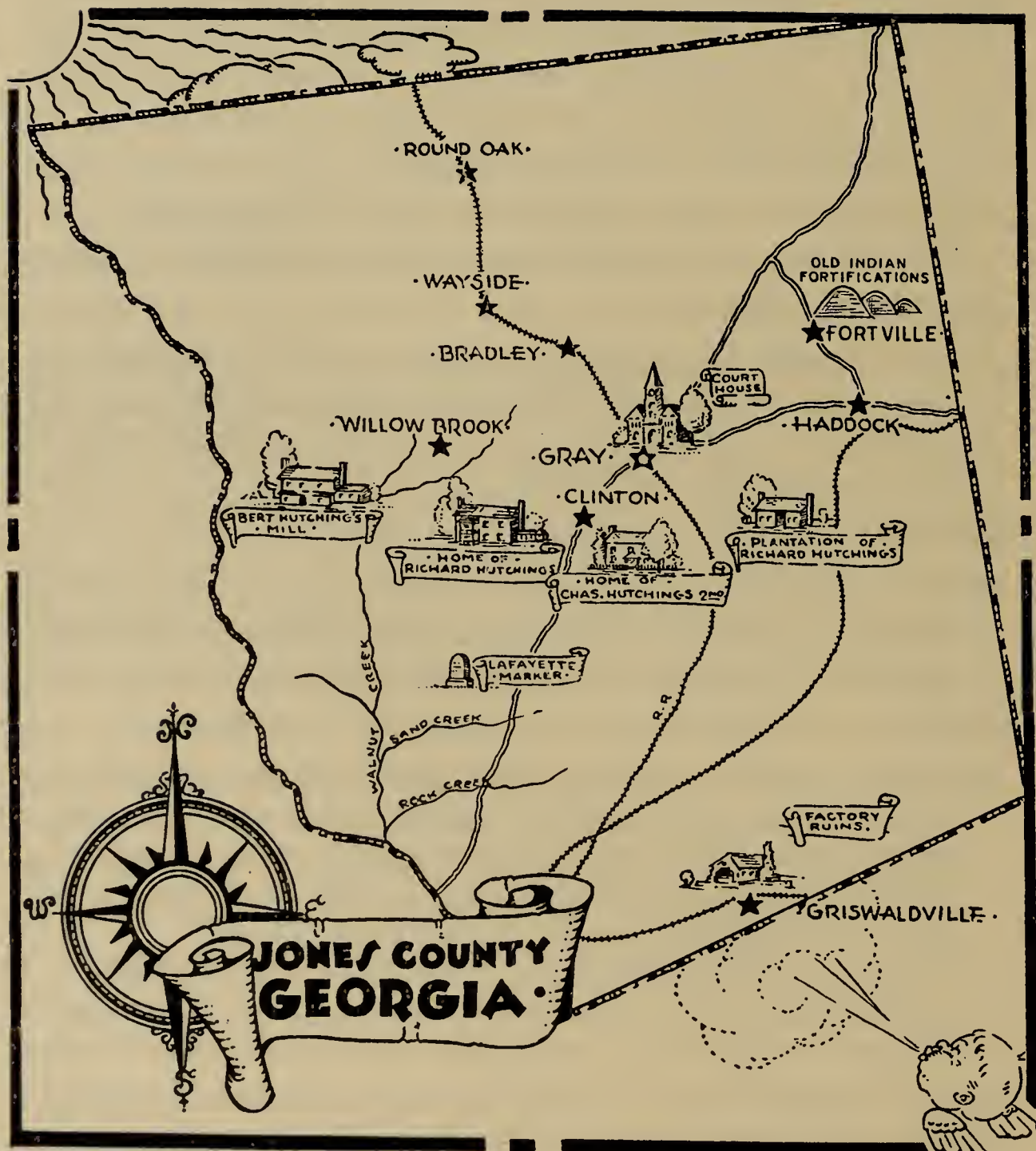
NANCY CATE, born September 10, 1821, married James Gray Andrews of Milledgeville, Georgia. Their children were Charles and James. Nancy Cate Bonner died in Lee County, Georgia, 1866.

CHARLES EATON, born May 27, 1827. He never married.

WILLIAM PEYTON, born January 25, 1831, married September 5, 1855, to Martha Duncan. Their children were: Howard, Sidney, Bryant and Emmett Peyton, the latter was the only one who survived. Martha Duncan, an orphan, was adopted by a wealthy uncle. She was considered an heiress, of Columbus, Georgia.

William Peyton was a successful cotton planter. He was noted for the horses he kept and for the stylish turn-outs and always had a negro boy for driver and body guard. He died August 31, 1903.

JOHN WESLEY, born November 17, 1834, married first, Kate M. Webb, on September 3, 1861. Their children were: Claude and Willard. Married second Fannie Lane, a school teacher. No issue.



PICTORIAL MAP OF JONES COUNTY

Locating many points of interest to the reader and for which we are indebted to Wyatt Bonner. It was just north of Fortville that Robert Hutchings settled with his family about the time the county was organized and before the town of Clinton was established. "The Fort" remained in the hands of the family for more than sixty years.

CHAPTER VI

THE FAMILY OF ROBERT HUTCHINGS

WE next hear of Charles' elder son, Robert, in Hancock County where he was married to Drucilla Bonner in 1801, on September 3rd. According to an entry in his family Bible, Robert Hutchings was born in Dinwiddie county, Virginia, August 27, 1780. As he had become of age just one week before the date of his marriage, it is probable that he received his share of his father's estate on his twenty-first birthday.

In his early manhood, Robert witnessed an epoch-making event, one destined completely to alter the conditions of life in the Southern states. It was the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1793. Litigation over the patent rights and other causes delayed its general adoption throughout the state for five or six years, but in the last years of the century the farmers had begun to realize its significance to them and to the future of agriculture in the state and to adapt their farms to the production of cotton.

Up to that time tobacco was the principal market crop. Cotton was not raised except in small quantities and was used particularly for making clothing and the bedding for the families. In order to be used or sold cotton lint had to be separated from the seed, a slow and tedious process and one that could only be done by hand until 1793. On winter evenings the family, including the house servants, sat in a large circle about the hearth, upon which the log fire was burning, and in front of which was placed a large splint basket of raw cotton, and another to hold the lint, and all worked at the task. With all this effort and all these workers a crop of two to five hundred pounds was as much as any planter expected to produce.

With the advent of the cotton gin, the situation of the planters changed for the better. Gins were operated by horsepower, and could in an hour or two separate more lint cotton than the entire family could do in a year. Now it was no longer necessary to move, and large cotton plantations replaced the tobacco fields of earlier years, for the planters found that by plowing the seed surplus into the soil it supplied the nourishment needed for the new crop and the land increased with cultivation, in productiveness and value. This practice of fertilizing the land with seed continued until commercial fertilizers were introduced and later until it was found that the cotton seed contained an oil which is almost as valuable as the lint.

With the beginning of the cotton plantations and their cultivation by negro slaves, the golden age of wealth and culture in Middle Georgia was inaugurated which continued until the Civil War. Soon large homesteads were erected which became noted for their hospitality and culture.

Robert continued to live in Hancock county until Jones county was settled and he moved there in 1808 and took a plantation at a place about four miles from the county seat, which has always been known as "The Fort". The settlement nearby was afterwards called Fortville, but his own place was always spoken of as The Fort. This name was derived from the fact that there were Indian mounds on the property which were thought by the early settlers to indicate some pre-historic fortress. It was here that he established his store which, together with his farm, he operated for many years.

He was a man whose position on all questions was known to all, as he was a plain-spoken person ready at all times to give his views and opinions and to back them up — was a fearless man of great bravery, and possessed a fine judgment and good business sense. He never catered to the favor of the public and appeared to care little for the opinion of others, perhaps it was on account of this independence of

character that he was well thought of and highly respected.

In 1813-14 he was tax collector of the county, and in 1818 he was elected the fourth Sheriff of Jones county, and served for several years. In 1824, '25 and '26, he was a member of the Legislature, representing Jones county until he refused to be elected again.

It is of interest to know that in those early times when men were clearing the land, building homes and roads and establishing local government and few of them had interest in book learning, that Robert was an original subscriber to a twelve-volume encyclopedia. The set now in possession of Wyatt Bonner, is a good example of book-making, it is bound in full polished leather and has an engraved title page as follows: "American Edition of the British Encyclopedia or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, comprising an accurate and popular view of the present improved state of Human Knowledge." By William Nicholson, Philadelphia, Penna, 1818.

The volumes evidently were issued one at a time for in Vol. No. 12 is printed a complete list of the names and addresses of the subscribers. Among several in Jones County is the name of Robert Hutchings.

The following account of Robert Hutchings was written by Richard Wyatt Bonner, who, as a young man, often visited at his uncle's home at The Fort:

"He left his impress on his children, some of them inheriting his frank and fearless manner, while some of them were of a more retiring disposition and not so stern probably, through the teachings of his wife, Drucilla, who was a woman of great sense and force of character. He accumulated quite a fortune for the times and country which he lived in, and provided well for his family. Those were the days of lavish hospitality and Squire Hutchings' home was noted for its open doors and hearty welcome. His children received a fair education for that day when the 'old field school' flourished and pedagogue and his hickory rod ruled with a strictness and severity not known in these days, and more is the pity. He did not strive to accumulate a large fortune, but provided his family with comforts and conveniences. He was about five feet, eleven inches high, with a

strong, well-knit and developed frame. About three years before he died he had a stroke of paralysis and was a paralytic until his death. He could walk very little, but took great pleasure in getting in his buggy, accompanied by a negro named Tom, to open the gates and wait on him. He spent much of the time in riding around visiting his children and friends. It is told of him that every morning Tom would hitch his favorite horse to the buggy and bring it to the front gate, so that if he should decide to go anywhere, it would be ready. This was done, but often not used. At noon the horse would be driven back to the barn, fed and watered, and after dinner brought again to the front door, where it would stand all afternoon. At supper time the horse would be taken back to the stables for the night. The next day the same procedure was followed, and this went on for years.

"His house stood on an elevation which was evidently an old fort erected by the Indians, or more probably by the pre-historic race who once occupied that country. Nearby is still the outlines of a mound erected by these same people. When the white man first moved into this section, this mound stood up bold and high, and was an object of great curiosity. In recent years the plow has changed its appearance greatly. He died in November, '47, and was buried in the family burial ground just in the rear of his house. The spot is surrounded by a solid stone wall, and has several marble monuments. Fortville is located on a beautiful high sandy table land which was quite productive and easily cultivated. It was and is an ideal place for a country home. For many years after the death of Robert Hutchings, the homestead was owned by his daughter, Mrs. Leroy Singleton, and part of it is now owned by his grand-daughter, Mrs. John M. Pitts.

"Robert Hutchings was a Royal Arch Mason. He had about thirty negro slaves, was a kind master who took good care of them, feeding and clothing them well, never abusing them, neither would he allow it to be done by anyone else, and his slaves looked upon him as a friend and indulgent master. Robert Hutchings was a fine specimen of the Southern gentleman in the good old antebellum days, when the south was the garden spot of the world and the people lived in peace and plenty."

In manner he was out-spoken, though not given to criticism, but so strong was his influence in the family, and so highly regarded by them all, everything was done as he would like it best. An anecdote will illustrate this. At dinner there was always a special plate of corn bread which he liked baked

thin. This was placed on the table near his right hand. It was too large to be taken on the dinner plate, and when he raised the edge to break it across, he could tell by the way it broke whether it suited him or not. It occasionally happened that it was not just right. When this occurred he would leave the piece on the serving plate. The sharp-eyed waitress would not fail to notice this, and would silently take away the dish and go hurrying across the yard to the kitchen to inform the cook: "Mars Robert won't touch this bread." It would not take many minutes to bake another hoe-cake, and it would be unobtrusively placed upon the table at his elbow, and the meal would go on without comment on the part of anyone. We may be sure that the second one was right.

His homestead, at the time he occupied it has been described by Richard Wyatt Bonner and Annie D. Catchings, who in their youth spent much time there, as follows:

"The 'Big house', as it was called by the negroes, was two stories in height with wings one story in height on either side. Across the front was a wide veranda with white columns extending up above the second story windows, supporting the roof which joined to the roof of the house itself. The wings contained on one side the dining room and pantries connected with it; the wing on the opposite side of the house contained bed rooms. The reception rooms occupied the main building on the ground floor, with other bed rooms upstairs. The drive-way extended to the road and was bordered by large cypress shade trees, which were covered with ivy.

In the rear of the house and detached from it was the kitchen and store rooms; farther away was the loom house where both cotton and woolen cloth was woven to supply the needs of the family and the negroes. Still further back were the stables and paddocks, and nearby them were two long rows of one and two-room cabins occupied by the negroes. Near to the dwelling were the cabins occupied by the house servants, who enjoyed a social position among their fellows greatly superior to the field hands, as the working negroes were commonly called. Each negro family occupied its designated house. Each house had its own attic, reached by a ladder-like set of steps where the children went up to sleep at night. Provisions were issued to each family by the overseer and each did its own cooking at its

fireplace and they enjoyed a family life and lived as comfortably as the poor whites, and were better provided for than was often the case with the latter."

The following is taken from a sketch, written by Mr. S. H. Griswold, an early resident of Jones county, which was published in a newspaper at the time. He was well acquainted with Robert though he died when Mr. Griswold was a young man.

"Mr. Bob (Robert) Hutchings owned a good plantation joining this place (meaning the old Chambers and Finney plantation at Fortville) and his house stood near the crossroads, he had a large two story white house, with large sycamore trees in the front yard, these trees were covered with ivy and the place was quite attractive. Mr. Hutchings I think kept a store here. He had a large family, Charles, Rufus, Elbert and Richard, all of whom were well known and men of prominence in the county, his daughters were Mesdames Brown, Singleton, Winship and Lowe, all of whom had families and their children and grandchildren were and are amongst your county's best and foremost citizens.

"This house still stands, Mrs. Singleton, who was Ellen Hutchings married Daniels first and after his death married Judge Singleton, got the old place after Mr. Hutchings' death. She and Judge Singleton lived there a long while and here they entertained their friends in royal style."

The ruins of this old dwelling are still standing on the roadside about three miles from Haddock station. It is now, after having stood for nearly a hundred and thirty years, in a dilapidated condition, having been occupied for years by poor whites and negroes. The front veranda and the wings are gone, but it can be seen to have been in its day a well constructed and comfortable house. The road has been changed and is now close to the front of the house; nothing remains of the out-buildings, the avenue of trees is gone, and the whole appearance of the surroundings is changed from that described by Richard Bonner, Annie Catchings and others who knew it well in ante-bellum days and spent much time there.

Towards his sons Robert's manner was often stern and they stood rather in awe of him, but it is said that he never pun-

ished them, he left that duty to Drucilla; it would be: "Wife, call these children in and make them behave." He was temperate in habits, but his sideboard was stocked with the best liquors obtainable from which callers were invited to help themselves. In his later years he took a toddy every day before meals, and had his servant girl, Pamela, prepare it. He never did it himself. She had to mix and stir the peach brandy, sugar and water together until every grain of sugar was dissolved, and get it exactly right before he would accept it. She became very proficient in doing this. The sideboard in the dining room contained decanters of wine and brandy, but no one ever drank to excess. Wine and brandy were made on the place.

After the death of Drucilla, Robert married his second wife on March 24, 1840. She was a widow at that time, forty years of age who, because of her wealth and the fine appearance she made in public, was commonly referred to as the "Golden Widow". She had been twice married and from each husband inherited a considerable fortune.

Her maiden name was Martha Hitchcock. At the age of 15, she married John Trawick of Hancock County, who died within two or three years and his large estate was divided between his widow and one infant son, Frank. At the age of 19 she was married to Colonel Benjamin I. Harper, who was a good deal older than she and had been in command of a militia regiment in the war of 1812. Colonel Harper evidently had a high opinion of her character and capacity for business for in his will he appointed her sole executrix and directed that she should act "without giving any security or making any returns to the Court of Ordinary". His large estate consisting, besides personal property, of two equipped plantations was to be kept intact until his wife remarried or his son became of age when it was to be equally divided.

At the time of her marriage, she had living with her one child, a boy named Benjamin Ingram Harper, aged 15 who

came with her to The Fort, and no other children were born to her. When she came to The Fort to live, she brought with her the choicest pieces of her household furniture, silver, crockery and linen, which doubtless displaced in the house some of the more substantial, but less elegant, furnishings that it had contained during the lifetime of Drucilla. She also brought a number of negroes and added them to those already owned by Robert. He restored all this to her in his will as follows: " . . . and I further give to her (my wife, aforesaid), all property she brought to me by our intermarriage."

Martha was a kindly woman, very popular with the neighbors and highly thought of by her new relatives, and made Robert a splendid wife. She was particularly fond of her step-son Richard, who at the time of her marriage was about twenty-three years old.

In the winter of 1869-70, she came to Macon to visit our family then residing on Plum Street. Alice remembers her as an old lady (she was then about 70 years old), slender and taller than my mother, and rather frail. She was always dressed in black or gray silk and indoors wore a white lace cap. She had not visited in Clinton because the long journey by private conveyance over the rough roads of that day was too much for her strength. When she could come by train, she took early advantage of the opportunity. She remarked in Alice's hearing that she had loved our father as though he had been her own son and had made the visit especially to see the "grandson" who was named for him.

She died not long afterwards and was buried in the Hitchcock burying ground at the homestead about five miles from Linton in the direction of Sparta. She had made her home with her brother who was widely known in that part of the state and was affectionately referred to by his acquaintances as "Uncle Jimmie" Hitchcock.

Elbert was greatly attached to his mother, Drucilla, and upon her death felt her loss so keenly that he afterwards did

not care to return to the homestead where everything reminded him of her. When especially invited he would find an excuse to remain away but would send Annie in his place. On one occasion a few years before his father's death, he did drive there from Clinton in a shiny, new top buggy. The old gentleman was much pleased with it; he walked around it several times looking at it from all angles and finally stepped into it and tried the seat. Nothing more was said on the subject until after dinner when Elbert signified his intention of returning home. Robert in his direct way said: "Bert, leave the buggy there in the barn and take Hilliard home with you." Elbert understood from this command that his father was offering to give him the negro boy Hilliard in exchange for the buggy, an offer which he could not afford to refuse. Hilliard was well liked by the family. He was a young negro who had always been employed among the horses; one of the kind who "had a way with animals", and Elbert was well pleased to own him. So the buggy remained at The Fort and Hilliard for years was Elbert's coachman.

Another eccentric disposition on the part of Robert of one of his favorite negroes was the case of Pamela, the housemaid. Pamela was such a capable maid and so well liked by all the family that Robert evidently was in a quandary when he came to make his will, as to which of his children should own her. He settled it by giving her to his oldest child in these words: "I give and bequeath to my son Charles Hutchings . . . and a girl by the name of Pamela, in consideration that he, my son aforesaid, pays to my estate the appraised value of said girl."

Her appraised value proved to be \$550. which Charles paid into the estate. It may be of interest to compare Pamela's value with a few other valuations of his property. His treasured buggy which stood in front of the gate all day in case he should wish to use it, the one he acquired a few years before from Elbert by trading the negro boy Hilliard, sold for

\$30.50; his walnut dining room table, \$4.50, twelve chairs, \$5.06 $\frac{1}{4}$ the lot; the sideboard of hospitable memory, \$5.00. All of his property not bequeathed to his children by name he directed to be sold at auction and the proceeds divided equally among them. The auction was attended only by relatives and a few friends and there was little or no competition in the bidding. The prices were all ridiculously low.

Robert's death occurred on November 27, 1847 and his tombstone is still standing in the family graveyard on The Fort property.

DRUCILLA BONNER HUTCHINGS grew up in Hancock county, Georgia, at the homestead. She went to the nearby country school and learned all that could be taught her there. That she was domestic in her taste and thrifty is evident from a story which is remembered of her encounter with a witch.

Drucilla, when 12 years old, had for her very own a flock of geese in which she took great pride. One day when she was out in the yard feeding them, a shriveled old woman came to the fence who said to her: "Drucilla, give me some of your geese". Drucilla answered: "No, Granny, I cannot spare them, I am saving them to make feather beds and pillows." At this the old woman became angry and shaking her walking stick at the little girl, said: "Very well, Miss, you are so hard-hearted, you shall not have them either", and with that she hobbled away into the forest and was not seen again. Drucilla went on feeding her geese, but she felt afraid, and that night was careful to see that they were safely in the enclosure where they usually stayed. But the next morning when she went out to look after her flock, to her dismay she found them every one lying dead on the ground. Then she knew that the old woman must have been a witch, for she had heard of them, but had never seen one before.

This is the only occasion remembered where Drucilla was not charitable and was unwilling to share what she had with others for in her later years her hospitality and charity were unbounded. Possibly this incident accentuated that trait of character, for she was a Bonner and hospitality and charity were predominant traits with all of them.

She was 17 years of age when she married Robert Hutchings and they lived in Hancock County until 1808, when Jones County was opened for settlement. She went with her husband and three children, Charles, Matilda and Emily to The Fort and lived there and in Clinton for the remainder of her life. The people who knew her always spoke of her hospitality and her charity. She always kept at hand large stocks of food that could be quickly prepared in case Robert brought people in for dinner or to spend the night. She had an enormous iron pot in which rice was boiled on special occasions. Its dimensions are not known but it was put to use on Sundays, one or two each month, when services were held in the nearby church. Church days were the occasion when friends and neighbors met and when the service was over they stopped outside for friendly visits and exchange of news. As another service was conducted by the minister in the afternoon it would be necessary for those who lived at a distance of several miles to bring lunch with them, but not when Drucilla was about. All whom she knew and any of their guests who accompanied them were invited to her house for dinner. It was not unusual to have as many as 30 invited in at one time. When the weather was fine and a large congregation was expected to attend the service, improvised picnic tables and benches (long boards laid upon wooden horses) were set up under the trees in the front yard.

After a long and sonorous grace by the minister in which "Sister Drucilla" was especially commended and recommended to the Almighty for His choicest favors now and hereafter, the guests could relax and be themselves.

The negroes dressed in their Sunday clothes and wearing white aprons passed huge platters of meat and fowl, sweet potatoes baked in the ashes of kitchen fireplaces, hot biscuits, pones of corn bread, whatever vegetables were in season and, from the iron pot, great bowls of rice to be eaten with gravy, and lastly, several desserts.

Only water was served at the table as was the custom everywhere for dinner; but the men knew or quickly learned from each other the way to the dining room. They knew the sideboard was well stocked and Uncle Nace would be there to dispense liquid hospitality in the name of his master, who must remain with or near the minister and keep his attention distracted and, as much as possible, his back turned toward the house entrance. So the men wandered casually about in twos and threes not stopping inside for long at a time and keeping their voices subdued for it was Sunday, remember, and the minister was present. Upon being seated at the table, however, and grace said, the repression was no longer called for and the story tellers and wits had their innings.

As for the rice, it took the place of the white potato of today which was not grown until later and then only in a small way as a garden vegetable. The Irish potato would not keep well in that climate. Sweet potatoes could be kept the year round. They were stored in pits dug in the field to protect them from frost and came out in the spring as good or better than when put away in the fall. Cooked as they were by baking, their sweetness was somewhat cloying and something else was needed to go with them. Rice admirably filled this place, it was cooked dry, as the Chinese cook it, was taken upon the plate and eaten with a fork.

Rice was grown on the Georgia and South Carolina coast, was plentiful and cheap and was a staple article of diet for whites and blacks. Bread was not often seen except in the larger towns where there were bakeries. Biscuits took its place and they were served piping hot, split in half and the butter

put inside. The acme of biscuits was the beaten biscuit usually served for breakfast. The music of the rolling pin wielded by the hefty arm of the negro cook was the welcome signal that breakfast was under way and that it was time to arise.

Drucilla in her maturity was a little below medium height, plump but not large. She resembled the Bonners in that she had blue eyes and a fair complexion and her hair was light brown. In manner, she was vivacious and friendly and enjoyed company, particularly entertaining in her own home. She possessed a knowledge of "yerbs", roots and home remedies handed down from her mother and grandmother, and kept medicines on hand which she administered to her own children and the negroes on the place, was often called to the bedside of sick neighbors, and both whites and negroes came to seek her aid. Doctors were not numerous in Georgia in those days, they may have lived a long way off and besides they could do no better for colic and sore throat than Drucilla. They depended in the old times, largely upon bleeding the patient or giving calomel which may have done good or harm. Many simple people were afraid of them and preferred to be taken care of by the women. If her remedies did no good at least they did no harm and after all Nature is the great healer; so she enjoyed a wide reputation for her ministrations and they were freely given with no recompense but gratitude. Her catnip tea given copiously and hot soothed many an infant with teething colic and her blood-root tonic was esteemed for pale, wan women—of course it would do them good, consider the name and besides, it had the true blood color, as anyone with two eyes could see.

Her death occurred on February 18, 1839, after a brief illness of erysipelas and she was buried in the family graveyard at The Fort. The children of Robert and Drucilla were:

1. CHARLES HUTCHINGS: Born Nov. 2nd in 1802. Married Elizabeth Ann Smithwick, born 1815. They were married in 1842. Their children were: Emily and Drucilla.

2. MATILDA: Born March 7th, 1805, married first, Philip Catchings. Children born to them were: Cordelia, Robert, Elbert. After Philip Catchings' death, she married Warren Lowe, and by this marriage Patience Drucilla was born.
3. EMILY: Born Nov. 5th, 1807, married Joseph Winship in 1826. Their children were: Emeline, Mary, Robert, George, Maria, Sallie, Nellie and Alice (called Allie).
4. ELBERT: Born Dec. 23rd, 1809, married first Martha Comer, by whom he had one daughter only, Annie Drucilla (1834). Afterwards he married Sarah Johnson. No children. Annie Drucilla Hutchings, married Elbert Catchings in 1853.
5. ELLEN: Born March 5th, 1812, married first William Daniel. One son was born of this marriage, William Daniel, Jr., who died when a young man. Her second husband was Leroy Singleton, and their children were Cordelia and Virginia.
6. LUCETTA: Born July 6th, 1814, married David Pinkney Brown in 1836. Their children were: Ellen, Martha, Perrin, Richard, Laura, William, Charles, Lou, and Henry or Hal.
7. RICHARD HENRY: Born November 9, 1817, married Cornelia Greaves in 1853. Their children were Sarah Matilda, Robert, Alice, Annie, Charles and Richard.
8. ROBERT RUFUS: Born Sept. 17, 1821, married Rebecca King. Their children were: Ella, Ada, Tahlula, Minnie and Robert.

CHAPTER VII

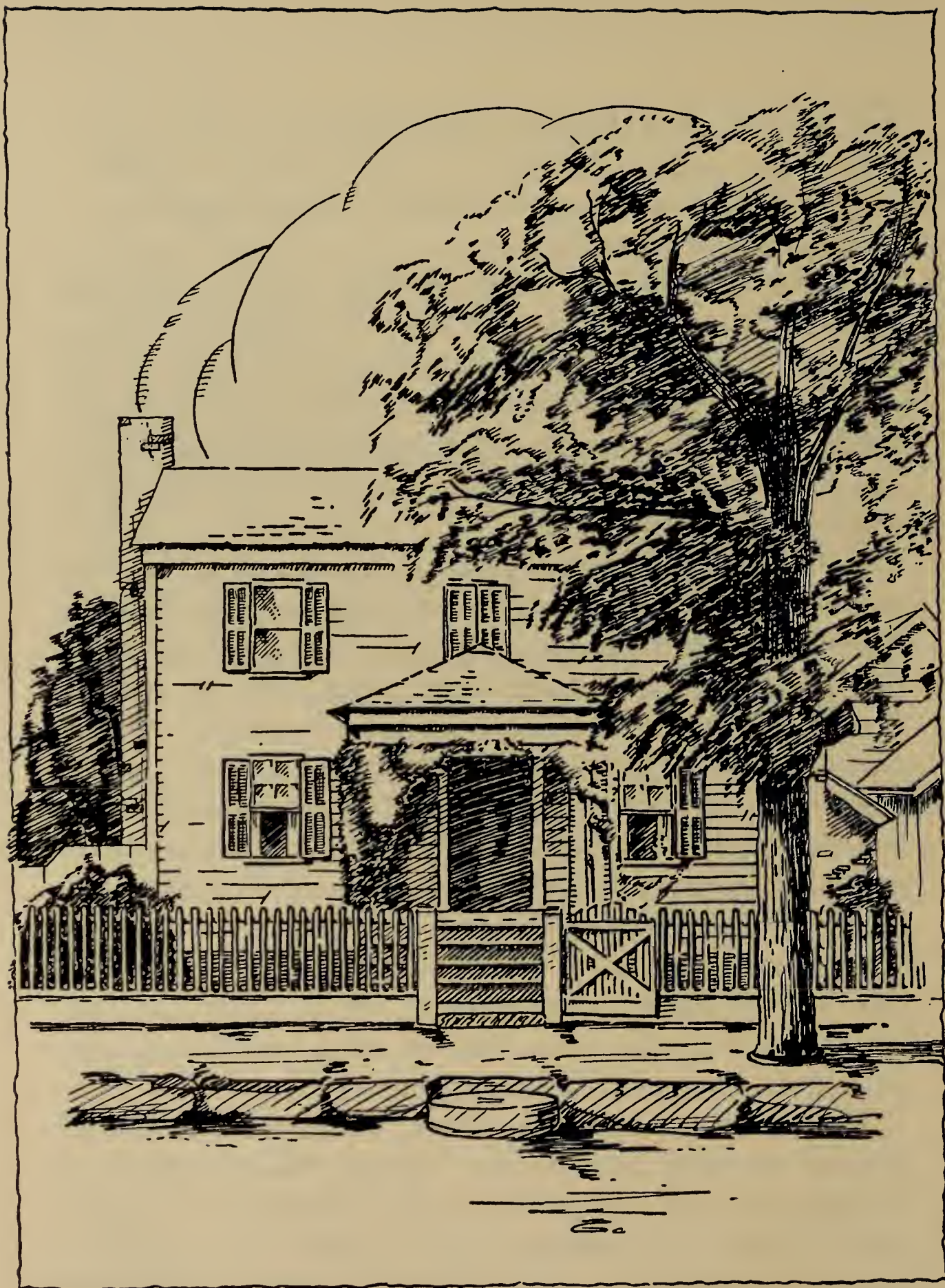
THE CHILDREN OF ROBERT HUTCHINGS

CHARLES HUTCHINGS, the eldest son of Robert and Drucilla Hutchings, was born in Hancock County, Georgia, November 2nd, 1802. He moved to The Fort in Jones County, with his parents in the year 1808. It is not known where he attended school, but his later career is evidence that he secured a practical education which was probably gained in local schools.

He was elected to the Legislature and served in the state Senate, 1841-49. He was appointed Clerk of the Superior Court in 1832 and filled that office for six years. He married Eliza Ann Smithwick, born December 3, 1815, in Martin County, North Carolina on November 15, 1842. Of this marriage two children were born, Emily and Drucilla.

As for his residence, we know that his father purchased a building lot in Clinton which from its location can be identified as the place where Charles lived and in later years was the home of Henry Greaves. Though referred to as the home of Charles, it is more likely that it was built by Robert about 1812 and occupied by him when he was in public life and was transferred to Charles at the time of the latter's marriage, when Robert had retired to his plantation.

He was of a sociable disposition, had many friends and enjoyed attending social events. Though always inclined to be large and stout, which became more noticeable as he grew older, he was, when younger, said to have been a graceful dancer, a pastime he often indulged in. One day Richard Bonner, who was expert with the violin, was fiddling a lively tune while alone in his room; perhaps it was "Dust Down the Road", or "Turkey in the Straw", when Charles, passing by was attracted by the lively strains of the music. Walking



THE CHARLES HUTCHINGS HOUSE
later occupied by Henry Greaves and now the home
of his grandson, Reubin Stewart.

into the room alone, he greeted the player with a low bow and began keeping step with the music. The performer entered into the spirit of the occasion and quickened the tempo, which was responded to by the dancer for a while, but he soon became tired, he danced to the door and with another low bow disappeared without a word having passed between them.

Calm, dignified and self-possessed, he had a fine vein of humor, free from rancor or bitterness, which he displayed for the amusement of his friends. In his personal habits he was temperate in all things. He was distinguished for his high sense of honor and truth; was addicted to no vices. He was an advocate of peaceful adjustments of differences between parties and so well was this known and respected that he was often called upon to act as an arbitrator to settle disputes of his neighbors, a duty to which he gave time and careful thought and his opinions were received as though they had been delivered by a judge in court. He was a Royal Arch Mason; a man of strong religious convictions. On one occasion a short time before he died he found that it was with great difficulty that he could kneel and rise on account of his corpulency, and he asked one of his friends if his prayers would be as acceptable if offered up in any other than in kneeling posture. He had a good voice and was fond of singing. He indulged in it principally in religious services.

Though he dressed in clothing of the finest quality, he made no display of his dress. However, Richard Wyatt Bonner has recorded, in reference to Charles and his younger brother, Richard: "These two were very fashionable young men and put on lots of style, which caused cousin John Winship to speak of them as 'The Glass of Fashion', and added that it was the height of his ambition to imitate their dress and bearing." This probably related to his youthful years, for his daughter's memory is that on one occasion she entered a room where he was counting a quantity of

silver money. It looked like a large sum to the child. Her father cautioned her not to tell her schoolmates of his possession of the money, lest they might think she was boasting, and besides, he did not want people generally to think that he had much money.

He opened a store in Clinton in partnership with Joseph Winship which came to be one of the largest and best known establishments of its kind in Middle Georgia. It was located on the public square and faced the entrance to the Court House and carried a large stock of merchandise needed by the planters and their families. Goods were usually sold on credit and all accounts were due and payable on New Year's day. To customers of established credit they loaned money when it was called for, as there were no banks at that time. A beaver hat sold for \$12.00; fine cambric was sold for \$1.00 per yard; cigars were priced at 25c per dozen; castor oil and paragoric could be had when needed. A fine snuff box could be bought there for \$4.00; powder and shot were kept in quantities. The housewife could purchase nutmegs, candle molds, and fine silk for handkerchiefs, which was priced at \$1.25 per yard. At Christmas time oranges and nuts could be had, as well as imported brandy, wines and whiskey. Glass decanters and wine glasses were also called for at that season and were on hand.

At the front of the store was a loading-platform and the entrance was by a few steps at either end of it. On the platform were chairs and the place was a favorite rendezvous, indeed it might be looked upon as a men's club. Mr. S. H. Griswold, in one of his amusing letters to the Jones County News has said:

"Among my earliest recollections of Clinton was that of seeing the men sitting and playing backgammon in front of Charles Hutchings' store. Mr. Hutchings was a great lover of this game and was a master in the art and science of playing it. Dr. Barron, although a much younger man, was a foeman worthy of his steel and played a

great deal with him. This was a game that required much skill and thought, and was very interesting to the onlookers, who were many. Shed and Hull Slatter were two elderly gentlemen who lived in New Orleans and spent a part of their summers in Clinton visiting their sisters, Mesdames Parrish and Lowther. They were great lovers of backgammon and would play for hours in front of Hutchings' store. They were intelligent gentlemen, great and entertaining talkers. They were men of means and owned considerable property in their city. They dressed in white linen or duck, and the pants were cut very full and large. They wore a full-bosom, white lawn shirt with ruffles down the front, a white Panama hat and low shoes with silver buckles. Each carried a gold headed cane and a gold snuff box. They talked loud and well, and emphasized their points by bringing down with force the end of their canes on the floor. But no topic was so interesting that they would not stop now and then to take a pinch of snuff from their gold snuff boxes. They would play backgammon for hours, rattling the dice and moving the men, but they did not fail to suspend the game at proper intervals to go across the street to the bar for a mint julep. They were sociable, polite and generous, and usually invited the crowd to join them."

Charles' wife was never a strong and robust woman, and when her two small daughters were about six and eight years of age, her health began to fail. The cause of her death is not definitely known, but from what can be gleaned from the memories of the past it seems likely that she died of tuberculosis. Her death occurred on December 23rd, 1853. Charles was disconsolate. Their married life had been congenial and happy and they were constant companions as long as she was able to be up and then he spent much time sitting by her bedside. She is buried in the family cemetery at The Fort, and her grave is marked with a monument bearing this epitaph:

"Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they shall see God."

Joseph Winship, his brother-in-law, of Atlanta, came to Clinton shortly afterwards and was distressed by the attitude of Charles. The latter wandered about aimlessly. He found it impossible to interest himself in his former occupation. He

could not remain contented in the store as had been his habit formerly. Joseph said to him: "Charles, come with me and go to Atlanta and stay for a while, you are lonely here by yourself, everything keeps you constantly reminded of Eliza, the change will do you good." He decided that he would accept that friendly suggestion, and they went to the Winship home in Atlanta where everything was done to distract his thoughts and to make him comfortable and contented. He responded to the new environment, he felt better and his former speech and manner seemed to return, at least in part. He then decided it was necessary for him to return home. He had not complained at all of feeling ill, and on the morning that he had planned to return home he drove to the railroad station in company with his brother-in-law in the latter's carriage. They arrived a little early and sat together in the waiting room. Suddenly, without warning, Charles collapsed in his seat and slid to the floor. Help was secured, he was lifted back into the waiting carriage and taken to the Winship home. All that medical skill could provide was furnished but without avail. He did not regain consciousness, but died quietly in a few hours, on February 21, 1854. His body was removed to the family cemetery near The Fort where he was laid in a grave by the side of his wife who had been dead just two months.

In appreciation of his upright life, the inscription placed upon his tombstone reads: "The Memory of the Just is Blessed."

DRUCILLA HUTCHINGS CHILES was born in Clinton, Georgia, September 4, 1847. She and her sister, Emily, daughters of Charles and Eliza Ann Hutchings, were left orphans at an early age. Their Uncle Richard, as their guardian under the will of Charles, took them into his own home and they were brought up with Sally and Alice, who were a little younger. Amelia (their nurse) came with them. On account

of Eliza Ann's health Amelia had had charge of the little girls almost since their birth; she regarded them almost as if they were her own children. She made all of their clothes and spent her entire time caring for them under Cornelia's direction.

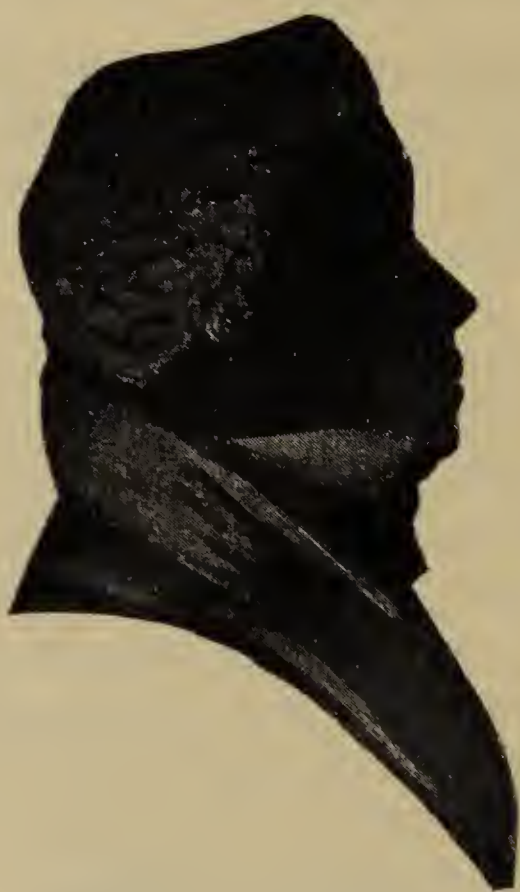
When the time came for the sisters to continue their education away from Clinton, they were sent to Madison Seminary, a boarding school for girls at Madison, Georgia. Amelia accompanied them in the carriage on the journey which occupied a full day, and remained there to see that they were made comfortable and until they began to feel at home. She then returned in the carriage with Mumford, the coachman. When the term was over, she returned for them, packed their trunks and bags and returned with them in the carriage to Clinton and this was repeated each term.

After completing the course and graduating at Madison, the girls entered Wesleyan Female College at Macon and continued there until it was suspended during the war.

Except for the war, each of the girls would have had a considerable fortune. Aside from the real estate, their property consisted at that time of cotton which was stored in the warehouse in Clinton and was burned when Sherman's army passed through, their live stock and farm animals were confiscated and everything of value was carried away. Afterwards they were obliged to live upon their reduced income.

Drucilla was known for her wit and love of fun. She made friends easily and was extremely popular with the young people of Clinton with whom she associated. She was considered a very beautiful girl and had many admirers among the young men of the county. A letter written by Mrs. R. V. Hardeman concerning this period has reference to her. It is as follows:

"We went out into the country to Griswoldville to attend the wedding of Lucia (Griswold) and Charles (Conn). Dru and I were both attendants. They had all dresses made up for us out there on the



CHARLES HUTCHINGS



EMILY



DRUCILLA

place. As I remember them they were white—some sort of material like lawn or organdie, with little lace pantalettes, and hoop skirts. We carried garden flowers which had just been picked from their gardens. Dru looked very sweet in her white dress.”

During the war in a skirmish near Clinton, it may have been between Wheeler's Cavalry and Stoneman's Brigade, a Confederate Captain Baker was wounded and brought to the home of Richard Hutchings, there being no hospitals in that part of the state at the time. He remained there for several months during which he slowly recovered. Drucilla helped to nurse him and they became good friends, taking walks together and later riding horseback when his strength permitted. It is thought by the family that her interest in him was something more than just friendly, but it turned out not to be so, and when the captain recovered and was able to travel he returned to his home in Kentucky. She was probably already engaged to Samuel Louther Chiles, who was with the army in Virginia. He had been taken prisoner and was detained in prison for nine months. Upon his return home he renewed his courtship of Drucilla successfully and they were married on October 10, 1866.

Samuel was the eldest son of Joseph Chiles, who had come to Jones County from North Carolina and married Sarah Adeline Shorter, my mother's eldest sister.

The young couple lived, in later years, at the old Hutchings house in Clinton (the Parrish house). The picture shown of her here was taken shortly after her marriage and discloses that she had dark hair and was somewhat plump although she never got to be a large woman. Four children were born to them and they continued to live in this house until the children had grown up. The names of the children:

SAMUEL L. CHILES, JR., married Sankie Quin of Quitman, Georgia. Their children were Sankie Louise, who married E. U. Holder of Tifton, Georgia; and Samuel L., III, a student at Mercer University. Samuel died in 1925 and his wife followed him in death in 1935.

EMILY, who married R. C. Postell of Macon, Georgia. They had one son, who married Beatrice Hutchinson.

ANNIE DRUCILLA, who married William E. James of James, Georgia, and their children: W. E. James, Jr., who married Sara Means; Annie Drucilla; and Louise, who married W. H. Thames.

LOUISE, who is the wife of D. Nisbet Harvey, a banker of Monticello, Georgia. Their children: Emily Louise, who married Emmett Powell; Drucilla; and Mary Esther.

After a short illness, Drucilla died on April 3, 1921, at the age of 74 years at the home of her daughter, Louise, in Monticello.

"It is difficult", said one newspaper of Mrs. Chiles at the time of her death, "to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of so noble a woman, one whose every-day life was embellished by the charming and lovable attributes of her sex."

Lois J. Stewart wrote of her: "Her hands were quick to minister to the sick, and many a tray of delicious food prepared by her found its way to a bedside. Born to a large inheritance there was never a word of repining when it was swept away by misfortune—only a bright determination to go forward and bear her share of life's responsibilities as became a womanly woman."

Of EMILY HUTCHINGS JOHNSON, the following tribute was written by Lois Johnson Stewart:

"To look into the future sixty years is beyond even the wisest, but such a glance backward is accorded to even the simplest, if she but live a few years in excess of half a century and ten. That is my privilege tonight.

"I see a gate set in the corner of a grassy yard with a diagonal walk sloping gently upward to a low spreading house with a porch going two ways. It was a city house, Macon, and that is one reason my tender memory was impressed indelibly. The day was sunny and the rooms in the house bright and orderly. I had arrived with a loose tooth, which I fearfully clung to, on this memorable visit.

" 'Let your Aunt Emily pull that tooth, Lois, and I will bring you some candy,' promised Uncle Frank, her husband.

"She adored to pull little, first teeth by using a string looped around. It was funny! And that night I had the biggest roll of gay stick candy I ever owned.

"There was much 'stirring about' in the kitchen and dining room, and in a little while dinner was announced.

"Dusk came near, and children play in the street; there is a well in the street by the corner, and an artistic weeping willow close-by and an iron post with a diamond-shaped lamp on top. A man with a short ladder hurries up the street, places it against the post, goes up, and wonders! a light to walk by! And so my first memory of the home of one of the most unusual and finest characters in every-day life I have ever known, goes down on paper. How I wish I might portray her as I knew her through the next forty and more years.

"Girlhood visits to her home on Madison street in Macon were the high-lights of my existence. She was a whole house-party in herself; witty, wise, industrious, loyal to her family, to all high ideals, and to God. Most of my visits to her before the 'teen' age, were made in company with Emmie Chiles, her name-sake niece. Such wonderful times we had. 'Little Women' and other good books from the Public Library we read together. Aunt Emmie bought calico and helped us to make a dress apiece, just to teach us how to sew. Little niceties of speech and manner were taught us. Loving counsel in regard to physical welfare was given. Our Christmas stockings bulged just right, and the bonfires we went to see were gorgeous!

"The very center of her being was 'Honey,' her husband, recently a young Captain in the Confederate army; a quiet, serious person all through the beautiful life they spent together. She never failed to meet him at the door with a kiss of welcome, nor to dismiss him in like manner when he went back to work. Sometimes he would not laugh at her sallies, and she would say, 'I know Frank *wanted* to laugh because his nose wiggled!'

"Everything about her was comfortable and comforting. There was never a bit of spiteful gossip from her lips, and always some kindly excuse for the erring, a painful regret for the deed misdone, and yet she never compromised with wrong, her feet being set in the straight and narrow path. I have never known anybody to be as careful about the truth, more refined in nature, nor more punctilious in matters of justice. As a girl she grew up wealthy. However, when misfortune came in the sixties, and material gold vanished, she never once, in my presence, referred to what she 'used to have.' Just to know that anyone was 'kin' to her by blood was to send out an all-enveloping

love to him from her. It was a tender joke with all of us, this love for her 'kinnery' as she quaintly expressed it. Almost on a par with her love for her folks was her attachment for old Clinton, where she was reared. She never refused an opportunity to go there. My brother, Holmes, used to say, 'When Aunt Emmie is on her way to Heaven, she will want to go via Clinton.'

"My most treasured memories of her are centered around the last fifteen years or so of her life, when she became a close neighbor and we leaned on each other in our sorrows and shared our joys.

Cornelia H. Steed, after reading the sketch, contributed the following addenda:

"It seems to me that one of her strongest characteristics was her unique sense of humor, which was so peculiarly her own. No one else had anything like it, unless it was her sister, Cousin Dru, and even she could not approach Cousin Emily's originality.

"I remember her telling about her 'pair of cooks' that she employed when they lived in Sibley, a new saw-mill town, where trained servants were not to be had. After trying out several 'corn-field negroes', she finally employed a negro man and his wife, called Lulu and Richard. She said they came together to apply and wanted to work together. When she asked Lulu if she knew how to make waffles, her reply was, 'No'em, I kant, but Richard, *he* kin.'" And when she asked Richard if he could make a cake, he said: 'No'em, I kant, but Lulu *she* kin.' And so it went, all through the questioning. She saw that they were not to be separated, so she hired them both to do her cooking and work about the place. After a little while they came to her and told her they were going to leave. 'Why, what's the matter, Lulu? 'Why are you going Richard?' she asked in surprise, though they had been more trouble to her than help, 'We jist got ter ker-wit, Mis' Johnson, we jist got ter ker-wit.'

"She would tell it with her contagious humor, using all the intonations in mocking these negroes, and make us almost split our sides with laughter. We made her repeat the story over and over again, just to enjoy a good laugh and she enjoyed telling it.

"I used to hear Mamma say that Cousin Emily was so much in love with Cousin Frank that, before they married, when the family was refugeeing before Sherman's raid, and all the family were riding in the carriage to South Georgia, followed by a wagon carrying trunks and supplies, Cousin Emily of a sudden, halted the driver, Mumford, in order to get out and run back to the wagon and get Cousin Frank's

photograph out of her trunk, for fear the trunks might be seized, and she carried it in her bosom the rest of the way.

"She was married to Capt. Francis Solomon Johnson, in February, 1865, at my grandfather's home in Clinton. They moved from there to Macon where Cousin Frank was engaged in business for many years.

"She was left a widow in 1911 and lived in her own home in Gray during the remainder of her life. She was visiting us during the Macon Centennial, 1923, and was taken ill with pneumonia, and died in a week's time. Nearly everyone in Jones county was present at her funeral. She is buried in the Clinton churchyard, beside her husband."

MATILDA HUTCHINGS, born in Hancock; grew up at The Fort. At the age of 20, she married Philip Catchings, who came of a family well and favorably known in Jones County. They lived at Fortville after their marriage and had two children: Elbert, who married Annie, the daughter of Elbert Hutchings, and who died young, and Cordelia, who was married to Dr. Thomas C. Broaddus. Of this marriage were born: Annie, who married Dr. Webb and had Philip, Elberta, Agnes, Willie Frank and Mary T. Cordelia's second child, Agnes, married William A. Reid of Jasper County. She had no children.

After the death of Philip Catchings, Matilda married C. Warren Lowe of Jones County and continued to live in Fortville. Of this marriage, were born Robert Lowe, who married Louise Jones and had Frances, Cordelia and Charles.

The second child of Matilda's second marriage was Patience Drucilla, who married Alfred Pritchett and had one daughter, Matilda (Cousin Mattie) who married Thomas Cheatham of Macon.

Upon the death of her first husband Patience Drucilla married Captain Richard Wyatt Bonner. The children of this marriage are Frances, married to Rowe Price and is living in Atlanta, and Philip, who died a few years ago.



WARREN AND MATILDA LOWE

Upon the death of Warren Lowe, Matilda, who had been left in good financial circumstances, purchased the house in Clinton which had been the home of Joseph Winship and moved into it. This occurred at the time he moved from Clinton.

In this comfortable and well furnished home, she gathered about her a circle of friends of more than average distinction. Her house was the gathering place of the prominent men and women of the county, particularly to be found there on Sunday afternoons, on Christmas and other holidays. Her hospitality was in accordance with the Bonner traditions and her reputation as a delightful hostess was widely known.

It is related that when the Yankees came through Clinton she hid her silver under a muscovy duck's nest and it escaped seizure. One of her maids, unknown to her, had stitched her rings into the seam of her hoop skirt. When the intruders demanded her valuables she answered truthfully that she did not know what had become of the rings and they, too, were saved. Everything else easily portable and of value was carried off. Matilda's cook "Aunt Nan" was forced by the Yankee soldiers, when they pulled down the fences and camped in her yard, to kill and dress for them all her fowls; the chickens, 15 turkeys, and even the 27 pea-fowl. But Aunt Nan watched for an opportunity and hid the fattest turkey under her apron and brought it into the house for the family to eat. They had at least one last good meal before the starving time, thanks to faithful Aunt Nan.

Matilda was the favorite sister of her younger brother, Richard, and the attachment continued as long as Richard lived. Regularly, he would drive out to her plantation to spend an evening and night and as regularly she returned the call when he had a home of his own. When I was a child she came occasionally to Macon to visit my mother. She seemed to me a very old lady though she was only about 70 years of age, and I felt great awe of her though the reason is not clear

unless it was that she was so much older than my mother. I remember her as being tall and kindly looking, dressed always in black and wore, indoors, a white lace cap.

When years ago, I employed an artist to prepare a design for a book plate for my library and he asked for suggestions, the memory came back to me of Aunt Matilda sitting in front of the fireplace on a winter evening reading. A lighted candle in a silver candlestick was balanced on her left knee and both hands holding a wide open newspaper beyond it while she read with the aid of the light. Oil lamps were available and she might have sat near a table with her back to the light with benefit to her eyes but she preferred her candle. My mother told me this way of reading for a short time at night had been her practice as long as she had known her.

The artist frowned upon the newspaper, saying it was not artistic and could not be fitted into his picture so he substituted a book in its place. The plate also commemorates the Wyatt cat.

Of the children of Robert and Drucilla Hutchings, Matilda, Charles and Richard resembled one another and their mother, Drucilla. They were of quiet, mild disposition, not inclined to be conspicuous in public places or to talk loudly in groups of people, were friendly and fond of company and humor.

Ellen and Elbert also were much alike, but in contrast to those just mentioned were great talkers, usually took the leading part in conversations and expressed their opinions freely. They were more like their father in this respect. From what I have heard of Lucetta and Emily, they were evidently of the type of their mother but I cannot characterize them accurately. Robert Rufus died too long ago for me to have heard much of his disposition and no one is now living who could tell me about him.

Matilda was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery, Macon. The picture shown here is of her at the time of her middle life, about 1850.

MARTHA MATILDA (always called "Mattie") PRITCHETT, daughter of Alfred and Drucilla Lowe Pritchett, was born near Monticello, Georgia, March 8, 1859. She early manifested those traits which later on in womanhood ripened into rare good judgment and business acumen. Her father died when she was four years old, and her mother later married Capt. Richard W. Bonner. The family first lived in Clinton in the home of Aunt Matilda Lowe, which stood on the corner lot facing the present highway through Clinton, across the road from the Charles Hutchings' home. Later they resided in the Lowther house, which adjoined Aunt Matilda's place in the rear. Then they moved to Macon, where Mattie attended the public school and Wesleyan College.

As a young lady she was beautiful, and had many eligible suitors. Her devotion and constant care of her young stepbrother, who was sick with fever away from home, so won the admiration and heart of Dr. Thos. A. Cheatham, of Dawson, Georgia, who was visiting in Clinton at the time, that he determined to win her, and at the age of nineteen she married him. He was a graduate pharmacist in Macon for many years, later being appointed State Drug Inspector, an office which he filled for twenty years. They both lived long and useful lives, and in their later years they spent their summers again in Clinton, when their children were growing up, and occupied the old home of Aunt Matilda, until it was sold, and razed to beautify the grounds of another homestead. Their children who survived: (1) Annie Cate, (2) Thomas Alfred, (3) Pansy, (4) Richard Bonner, (5) Walter Loverd, (6) Clement Arthur, (7) Dixie May, (8) Guy Chester, (9) Elbert Hutchings, and (10) Cader Warren. Dr. Cheatham in his 81st year, died in 1932. Mattie is still living though in feeble health but with all of her faculties unimpaired. Her good memory has helped in recalling many facts and incidents contained in this book.

MATILDA HUTCHINGS married first Philip Catchings.
Their children:

CORDELIA married Dr. Thos. Broaddus and lived in Monticello, Ga. Their children:

AGNES, married in 1869 to Wm. A. Reid. No issue.

PHILIP, who died while at college.

ANNIE, married Dr. Webb. Their children:

PHILIP

AGNES, married W. R. Powell. Their children:

RAYMOND (a dentist in Atlanta), not married.

ROLLIN REID, married.

ANNIE LIZZIE, married.

EMMETT, married Emmie Louise Harvey, daughter of Louise Chiles Harvey, a descendant of Charles Hutchings.

FRANK

TOMMIE (a girl)

BERTA, married Medlar.

REID

EDDIE, died young.

ELBERT married Janie Harwell.

ELBERT married Annie Drucilla Hutchings. They were first cousins. Their children:

ELBERT PHILIP, married Betty Johnson: Their children:

ANNIE CATE, died at 3 years of age.

LUCIA, died at 2 years of age.

ANNIE CATE, died at 13 years of age and is buried in Clinton.

MATILDA HUTCHINGS married second Cader Warren Lowe. Their children:

PATIENCE DRUCILLA married first Alfred McClendon Pritchett. Their children:

MATILDA (called Mattie), married Thos. Alexander Cheatham. Children:

ANNIE CATE, born 1880, married Dr. Chas. L. Ridley. Children:

MARTHA DRUCILLA, married Paul White. Their children are Paul C. and Chas. Ridley.

CHARLES L., JR. (in high school).

ANNIE CATE (Catie), in Wesleyan College.

LUCIA DRUCILLA, born 1882, died in infancy.

THOMAS ALFRED, born 1884, married Sadie Frances Lay: Their children:

THOS. ALFRED, JR.

PAMELA FRANCES

RICHARD ASBURY (twin)

DONALD CORWIN (twin)

MATILDA HUTCHINGS LOWE (Cont.)

PATIENCE DRUCILLA (Cont.)

MATILDA (Cont.)

PANSY, born 1886, married Reuben J. Stewart. No issue.

RICHARD BONNER, born 1888, died at 26 years of age.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, born 1890, died in infancy.

WALTER LOVERD, born 1892, married first Shirley Curry. Their children: Walter L., Jr., Shirley Virginia, Richard Curry. Walter Loverd married second, Mrs. Evelyn Stone Ray.

CLEMENT ARTHUR, born 1894, married Sadie J. Howard. No issue.

DIXIE MAY, born 1896, married Wm. F. Buchholz. No issue.

GUY CHESTER, born 1898, married Margie Swaim. One child:
GUY C., JR.

ELBERT HUTCHINGS, born 1900, married Lucile Blackwell. Their children:

ELLEN LUCILE

ELBERT H., JR.

WARREN

OWEN

ESTHER VIRGINIA

ROBERT PRITCHETT

CHARLES PRICE (deceased)

JOHN BLACKWELL

PHILIP PRITCHETT, born 1902, died at 16 months.

CADER WARREN, born 1904, married Jewell Rogers. No children.

PATIENCE DRUCILLA married second Richard Wyatt Bonner. Their children:

FRANCES WYATT, married Rowe Price. One child, Julian, died at 9 years of age.

PHILIP WARREN, married Villette Moughon. Their children:

VIRGINIA DRUCILLA, married first, William Heaton. No issue. She married second, Robert Simmerson.

MOUGHON, married Ruth Hill. One child, Philip Warren.

ROBERT married Lou Jones. He is buried in the Catchings' cemetery, at the Blanford Place in Jones County.

FANNY, married Jesse Green. Their children:

WILL, Largo, Fla.

MINNIE, married Ben F. Holtzendorf. Their children:

ETHEL, married T. J. Watkins, Atlanta, Ga.

LOUIS, Hollywood, California.

CLYDE, married C. V. Paisley, Atlanta.

RUTH, Mrs. Ruth McIntosh, Atlanta.

BEN O., Dentist, Atlanta. Single in 1937.

RHETT, Estro, Fla.

J. C., Miami, Fla.

FRANK, Ft. Myers, Fla.

PAUL, Cuba

CORDELIA

CHARLES, died at 29 years of age.

EMILY HUTCHINGS WINSHIP — Emily, the second daughter of Robert and Drucilla Bonner Hutchings, was born in 1807 in Hancock County, Georgia.

In 1826 she married Joseph Winship. Their children:

EMELINE, born in 1827, at Forsyth, Ga. On April 7, 1846, at the age of 19 years, she married Ichabod Pitts. No record of her death. Their children:

MAMIE married R. A. Hemphill.

WILL married Ella Patillo.

JOE died in young manhood.

CHARLES, who died young.

MARY (called Mollie), born in Forsyth, Ga., on Aug. 10, 1830. Married George D. W. Cook on Dec. 24, 1850. Their children:

MARY married John Bratton.

JOSEPH married Fanny Grier.

AFTON

IRA married Belle Alexander.

CLAUD

JOHN, born in Forsyth, Ga., Nov., 1832, and married Martha Wells on June 12, 1855. It is said that he went to Texas when a young man, and made his home there. He returned a few times to visit his relatives in Georgia. Nothing is known of the names of his children, and very little about him and his wives. He died in Texas.

ROBERT (Rob), born in Forsyth, Ga., Sept. 1834. Married Mary Frank Overby on Dec. 4, 1860, in Atlanta, Ga. Their children:

EMILY married Ernest Woodruff.

CHARLIE married Ida Atkins.

ELIZABETH married Allan Bates.

MARY FRANCES married George Walters.

ANNIE died in childhood.

GEORGE, born in Clinton, Jones County, Ga., Dec. 20, 1835. Married first, Mary Eugenia Speer on Nov. 14, 1860. Their children:

EMILY HUTCHINGS WINSHIP (Cont.)

GEORGE (Cont.)

FRANCES, born in Atlanta. Married Robert Taylor of Baltimore, Md., and has lived there since. Their children:

EUGENIA
ROBERT
FRANCES
WINSHIP

CORA, born in Atlanta. Married Jas. H. Nunnally in Atlanta. Their children:

WINSHIP, born in Atlanta; married in Atlanta about 1914, Jessie McKee. Their children:

WINSHIP
McKEE
JESSIE
CORA

WINSHIP married second, Mrs. Isabel Palmer, in Atlanta, in 1934.

FRANCES, born in Atlanta; married in Atlanta to John Goodrich. They now live in Hollywood, California. Their child:

FRANCES

GEORGE married second, Lula Lane in Atlanta. Their children:

GEORGE II, who married. Their children:

EMILY married Ledingham, connected with Associated Press.
GEORGE III

JOE married Nell Park. They had four girls:

NELL
MARGARET
LILLIAN
LANE

GEORGE married third, Bessie Thiot in Atlanta. Their one child:

CHARLES married Juliet Crenshaw. No issue.

MARIA DRUCILLA (called Ria), born in Clinton, Jones County, Ga., on June 9, 1838. Married first, in Atlanta, John Howard Burr, who was killed in the Civil War.

MARIA DRUCILLA married second, Fred Cole. They were prominent Presbyterians and had a fine home in Inman Park, near Cousin Rob Winship's, an exclusive residential section at that time. A relative who visited them once, said that "Uncle Cole" had a beautiful nursery. There were acres of tuberose in bloom, and flowers were sold to perfume makers. Their children:

FRED married Clara Boynton.

FLORENCE married Moses Hale.

ARTHUR

LUCY married Andrew Bergstrom (German), a banker.

JOE

EMILY HUTCHINGS WINSHIP (Cont.)

MARTHA, born 1840; died 1841.

SARAH MATILDA (Sallie), born in Clinton, Ga., on Aug. 14, 1842. Married Dr. David H. Connelly on Jan. 1, 1863, in Atlanta. They moved to Texas and lived there the rest of their lives. Their children:

WALTER, married. (Now deceased.)

EUGENIA, married.

ELLEN CORDELIA (Nellie), born in Clinton, Ga., March 23, 1845. Married George W. Burr on Dec. 22, 1868, in Atlanta, Ga. Ellen Cordelia died in Macon, Sept. 30, 1928. Children:

EMILY, born in Macon, Ga. Married Charles W. Leonard in Macon. They had two children:

EMILY, who is single, living in Atlanta, Ga.

GEORGE B. married Julia Almand of Social Circle, Ga. Their children:

GEORGE B., JR.

JULIA

EDWARD

HOWARD, born in Macon, Ga. Married Annie Speer in 1893, in Macon, Ga. Their child:

ELEANOR married Henry Hackney in Macon. She died in 1932. Their child:

SPEER HACKNEY

GEORGE W., born in Macon, Ga. Living in Macon.

ALICE, born in Macon, Ga. Married her brother-in-law, Chas. W. Leonard, about 1903, in Macon. Their children:

CHARLES W., JR., born in Macon, Ga. Married Laura Clark in Atlanta, Ga., in 1936.

HOWARD BURR, born in Macon, Ga., and married in Macon on Jan. 21, 1932, Margaret Long.

CORA, born in Macon, Ga. Single. Living in Macon, Ga.

ALICE L., born Dec. 7, 1849; died Oct. 10, 1928. Married Edward Newton in Dec., 1872. Their children:

NELLIE married Sid McAllister. One daughter:

RUTH married Elam.

EDWARD married Bertha ——. No issue.

ALICE married Brewer Stark. Two girls:

NELL (Mrs. Donald)

HARRIET, still in college.

FLORENCE married Roy Walker. Two children:

ELIZABETH married W. C. Bottoms.

ROY, JR.

JOE never married.

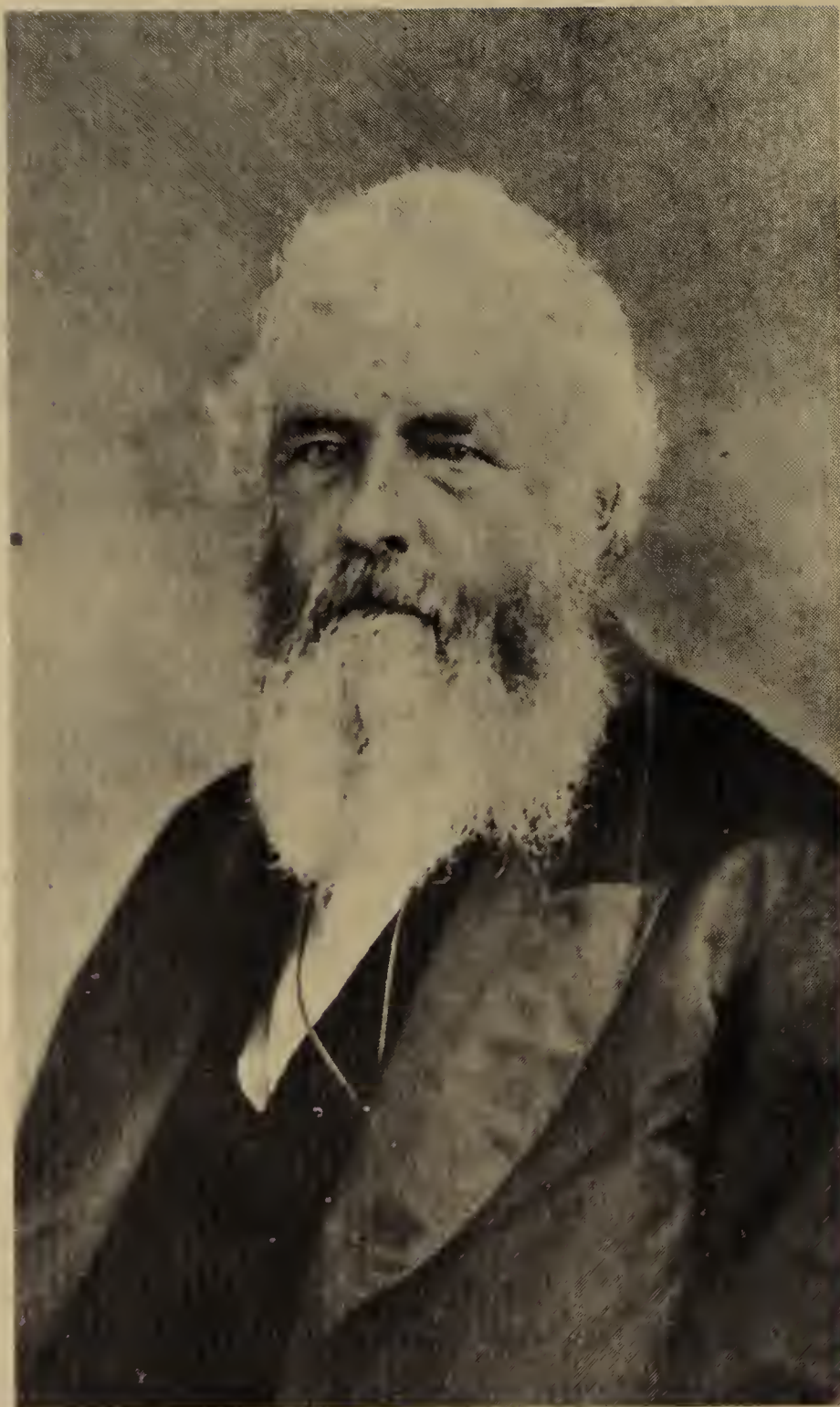
JOSEPH WINSHIP was born in New Salem, Massachusetts, August 29, 1800. He grew up there attending the local schools and when 22 years of age he came to Georgia to make his permanent home. He settled in Forsyth and in a few years (1835), he moved to Clinton and opened a general store in partnership with Charles Hutchings, trading under the name of Winship and Hutchings. The firm prospered and became one of the leading establishments of its kind in that part of the South. Their dealings were directly with New York wholesalers and importers and their shelves were stocked with the best grade of goods obtainable.

Joseph's genial personality together with his good judgment and integrity soon won him the esteem and confidence of all the people. He was distinguished for his friendliness and love of people.

He was married in 1826 to Emily, the daughter of Robert and Drucilla Hutchings and they lived happily together for many years and until her death. He adopted her relatives as his own and looked upon them all as his family, visiting them often and entertaining them in his own house. Upon arriving and departing, it was his practice to kiss all the women, young and old, the girls and babies. This has been so often mentioned by older people who remembered him from their youth that it evidently was his invariable custom and they speak also of his red silk bandanna handkerchief, which he always carried.

Mr. A. Hunter Jordan, in a letter written recently to Cornelia Steed, spoke of the custom of family visits. Abstracted, it is as follows:

"When I was eight or ten years old my father took me with him to Macon. Your grandfather, Cousin Richard Hutchings, invited us to spend the night at his house and in the evening invited us to go with him to Ralston Hall to see Edwin Booth play Othello. When I returned home . . . my grandfather, Reuben Jordan, was pleased that I remembered the play so well and from his copy of Shakespeare read the play to me carefully.



JOSEPH WINSHIP

"In after years my grandmother and I used to make what she called her annual pilgrimage to see her kin. I drove old Charlie to the buggy, we had no other way to travel in those days. We would go to Jones county to see Uncle Bert Hutchings, he was a cousin of my mother but I called him Uncle. Then we would visit your grandfather, then Cousin Richard Bonner and from there, Cousin John Mathis in Putnam county. I always enjoyed these visits."

Soon after 1840 he established a machine shop and foundry in Clinton and began the manufacture of cotton gins and other farm equipment and this business soon occupied his whole time, so he later sold his interest in the store to Richard Hutchings, who became the partner with his brother Charles. Joseph continued to prosper and his products found a market in distant parts of Georgia and in surrounding states. To save the expense of transporting the heavy gins by team to the railroad for shipment, he decided to remove his plant to a railroad town. He established himself at Madison for a few years, I have been told, but when Atlanta promised to be a place of commercial importance and a railroad center he moved his business there in 1853 at the time the city was in its infancy and quickly became one of its important and progressive citizens.

His enterprises flourished under his wise management and his output steadily increased as did his plant, which grew into the Winship Machine Works covering a large area. He was now assisted by two sons, George and Robert, both capable executives.

During the war his plant was taken over by the Confederate government for the manufacture of munitions and when Atlanta was captured by Sherman it was destroyed and his fortune almost completely wiped out. His associates have said that when he saw the ruins of his plant leveled by fire, he wept: "It is not for myself", he explained, "but for the poor families of my employees. How can they get along when I cannot give them work?" When the sack of the city was imminent and all citizens who could do so were advised to

leave it with their families and what valuables they could transport, Joseph got possession of a freight car into which he put some necessary furniture, trunks and other essentials including a cow, and with his wife and children made as comfortable as might be, left the dangerous area of the bombardment on the road leading to Macon and went to Clinton. A raiding party fired at the train some distance out of Atlanta and a rifle bullet penetrated the car which the family occupied and chipped a corner off the marble top of a bureau, but did no other damage. One of Joseph's grand-daughters, Cora Burr Leonard, still cherishes this piece of furniture as a memento of the dangers through which her grandparents passed in those troubled days.

When the war was over, he returned to Atlanta and though long passed the meridian of life, in his sixty-fifth year, he set about with courage and energy to reconstruct his fortunes with the help of his sons. In this he was successful and again became one of its foremost citizens and manufacturers.

Though of New England origin his fidelity and loyalty to the cause of the South throughout the war and the reconstruction period which followed were unwavering. In reference to his strong religious convictions a contemporary wrote of him: "Few of the pioneer citizens of Atlanta did more to build up not only Methodism, but Christianity, in the city, than Joseph Winship. His contributions to church enterprises in all parts of the city, and amongst all denominations were generous in proportion to his ability. In his attendance on the church he was both uniform and prompt. He did not like to be conspicuous, but when duty required he never faltered." His death occurred in Atlanta on Sept. 4, 1878.

ELBERT was the fourth child of Robert and Drucilla and the first of their children born (1809) after their removal into Jones County. He grew up with his brothers and sisters

at the Fort and was educated in the nearby schools, finishing in Clinton. He acquired a good education for those days as is evident from the public documents he filed in court house records. He was clerk of the superior court for a number of years and was the first Ordinary of Jones County. Ordinary is an official corresponding to the surrogate in some other states; as such he was occupied with the probate of wills and the settlement of estates. He lived in Clinton at that time. The house in which he lived he built and it is still in good condition and is occupied. It is the house next to the old Hutchings home now occupied by Reuben J. Stewart. It has a porch running around three sides with white box columns. Dr. Kingman, the physician, later occupied it for many years.

Elbert first married Martha Comer (1832) and of this marriage two daughters were born. Annie Drucilla (born April 12, 1834) and Mary two years later. The latter died quite young and Martha herself died not long after, leaving Annie and her father alone.

Her aunt Matilda Catchings took her into her own home and gave her a mother's care until Elbert remarried, this time to a well-to-do widow, Sarah Paul Johnson who made him a good wife and Annie a good mother. Being at that time Ordinary of the county, he issued his own marriage license. This marriage brought to him an extensive property located about four miles from Clinton on Walnut Creek in what was known as the Plentitude Community. The residence was "a large two-story stucco house with lots of ginger-bread trimmings and was painted pink when they occupied it." In connection with it were commodious out-buildings, barn, carriage house, fowl house, smoke house and quarters for their numerous negroes. On the bank of Walnut Creek was a large grist mill which ground corn and wheat and supplied that service to a wide surrounding area.

The mill pond, he took care to keep well stocked with fish of which he was very fond both as to angling for them and

when fried picnic-style over a fire on the shore of the pond. His negroes used to say of him: "When Mars Bert eats fish he put 'em in one side of his mouf and de bones draps out on de other." There may have been some foundation for this remark in the informal setting of the meal on the shore of the mill pond. Elbert's personality was a striking contrast to that of his brothers, Charles and Richard. He was bluff, hearty, loud spoken and usually led the conversation in crowds about the stores and court house. He gave little attention to dress and put on any suit that came handy to wear about his plantation and mill and rarely stopped to change into a better one if an errand sent him hurriedly into town. Once when standing in front of his brother's store on the public square discoursing at length on some current topic, a man interrupted to ask: "Mr. Hutchings, will you give me the patch on the seat of your pants?" "What do you want with it?" was the gruff rejoinder. "I want it to make my little boy a suit of clothes", was the reply.

On one occasion he met an acquaintance on the road in front of his house and, as always, stopped to talk. The day being warm, Elbert invited his friend to: "Come in and sit on the porch, we can talk better there and I have some good peach brandy to offer you." Both invitations having been accepted, Elbert launched into a discussion, in his hearty way, of a political topic and talked so loud and continuously that his guest could find no opening to get in a word. Finally Elbert became aware of the situation and to cover his embarrassment projected the fault on his friend and shouted, "Man alive! You are not half talking. You need another drink!"

He was fond of horses and had a fast trotter which he loved to drive to a buggy. The clay roads in winter were sometimes barely passable in rainy weather. The narrow steel tired wheels sank deep in the sticky earth and progress could be made only at a walk. On one such day he drove to Macon; both he and the horse were impatient at the slow progress they

had made and when they came to the long covered bridge, which connected East Macon with the City across the Ocmulgee river, he gave the horse his head and they went across as if in a race. The scandalized bridge tender rushed out calling: "Stop. Stop! Don't you know it's against the law to trot on this bridge?" "Stand back, man", shouted Elbert; "Stand back and keep out of the way. We have walked all the way from Clinton and now we are going to trot!"

On occasions when he went to Macon only for the day, he carried his lunch in a capacious basket. At noon time he delighted to sit in his buggy drawn up close to the sidewalk at a busy corner with the basket on his knees and a large napkin tucked under his collar while he ate. As his friends passed along, he would call out, "Better join me. Cooks in this town don't know how to fry chicken and bake biscuits. I have to bring lunch from Jones County." They would stop and banter with him and usually a group was around him. The larger it was the better he was pleased.

In those days cock fighting was an accredited sport. Mains were conducted several times a year and sportsmen came from all over central Georgia to pit their birds against those owned locally and to wager their money on the result. These game cocks were bred, reared and trained with the care given to race horses, their combs were kept trimmed short and in the contest they were equipped with steel gaffs over their spurs. Referees and other officials presided at these contests and the crowd formed in a large circle around the ring. The birds were matched weight for weight. Elbert had at one time a stud of more than one hundred game cocks and took great interest in the sport, sometimes winning or losing as much as five hundred dollars on a single contest.

Oddly in contrast with the rough sides of his nature his home was a show place for elegance, the parlor was equipped with a Chickering concert piano and costly furniture and draperies. The negroes used to say Heaven must be like his

dining room with its snowy linen, gleaming silver, crystal glass and imported decorated china and the sideboard resplendent with cut glass, goblets, castor and other silverware. Elbert, however, would not do without his dish of raw onions which he ate with relish but which no one else would touch, and as soon as he had finished them the plate would be removed from the room.

When Sherman's army passed through that part of the state he had the doors and window blinds closed and no sign of life was visible about the place and on the front fence were placed large signs, "Small pox". Several parties of raiders came by but none stopped. They glanced at the house and hurried on at a gallop. As a result of this ruse he lost nothing and when the Federals had gone he loaded a wagon with food supplies which he distributed to the people of Clinton, who were in want.

His second wife died about 1849 and when the discovery of gold in California was learned about he left his daughter, Annie, then fifteen years of age, with her aunt Cornelia and went there, going by ship around the Horn and was gone over a year, but he soon had enough of that experience and returned with a supply of gold nuggets which he had made into rings and ornaments for Annie and some of his relatives. He and his daughter lived at the plantation. She then was a girl of about sixteen and this arrangement continued after her marriage and until his death. I remember him quite well, a man of medium height, stout, of florid complexion and smooth face and he wore steel rimmed spectacles. His hair was white and rather plentiful in his old age.

The relationship between Elbert and his daughter was even from her early childhood marked by an unusual degree of affection. The only child of a foolishly doting father she was petted and humored as a princess royal might have been. To the house servants she was the "Little Missy" whose every wish, sanctioned as it always was by the authority of her



ELBERT HUTCHINGS AND ANNIE , HIS DAUGHTER

father, was law. She boasted in her old age that she had never sewed on a button or made a garment for herself or her children, nor cooked a meal. She was her father's companion and confidante and was made older than her years by this association. Too young at that time to see life in its true aspects, she never acquired a sympathetic regard for others but was a spoiled child, selfish and self-willed. She looked upon others less fortunate than herself as inferior and looked down upon them from her height of self-complacency. This conditioning on the part of her father became a fixed attitude evident throughout her lifetime. She said more than once: "I cannot endure poor folks, I can smell them a long way off." She could not eat with any but sterling silverware for, said she, "I can taste the brass through the silver plate." When living in Jackson many years later, she kept her own forks and spoons in a little basket which she herself carried to the table, washed after the meal and carried to her own bedroom. The servant was not permitted to touch them.

She attended church regularly but did not occupy a pew. The seats were free and she could not have one to herself, so she had a large comfortable armchair placed near the altar railing and occupied it in stately dignity during services.

Among neighbors and acquaintances she was called haughty and proud and they stood in awe of her. She had received every advantage to be had in education and music. She graduated from Wesleyan College in 1850 and was proficient at piano music and her interest was retained until middle age.

While attending Wesleyan she was stricken with typhoid fever and was seriously ill for several weeks. When she was able to be moved her father came for her in his carriage driven by Hilliard. As the carriage approached home, it passed a well-known spring on the bank of Walnut Creek. She begged her father to help her out and let her kneel down and drink from the spring for she had thought of it so many times during the fever when she was tormented by thirst. He lifted her

frail body in his arms and placed her where she could immerse her face in the cool water. She said afterwards that from that moment she could feel her strength returning.

Tall, stately, dignified of mien in her later years, she was undoubtedly an aristocratic, grand lady, and she acted and lived the part. When anyone annoyed her, child or adult, one stern glance at them over her spectacles was enough to quell the annoyance and almost make the annoyer wish he could sink through the floor.

After her children passed away, she lived for a long time a lonely, old woman in her house in Jackson. She made few friends, people held her in the highest regard but from a distance. A close friend of her son, Mr. D. McMichael, of Jackson, became her adviser and man of business, taking the place of Bert upon the latter's death and occupied a room in her house, as he was unmarried, until her death. Her regard for him was like that of a mother and he was made the residuary legatee by her will. With this exception she lived her life alone.

Her family was her chief concern; she regarded everyone to whom she was related as belonging in her own superior class, yet none of her relatives but was conscious of a certain reserve beyond which they could not comfortably go. Everyone of them respected and admired her as a woman of superior education and culture and rather proud perhaps to be related to her. She occasionally visited her relatives in Atlanta and Macon, but not frequently nor did she remain long.

When she knew that I was collecting information regarding the earlier generations of our family, she wrote for me what she could remember having heard in her youth and was much interested in the project. To me she was always kindness itself when I occasionally visited her and in her will she gave me an oil portrait of her father, which hangs in my library, the gold watch given her on her sixteenth birthday by my father, and a sum of money for my daughter.

In writing this sketch, my object has been to represent her as she really was—a remarkable woman but lonely and unhappy. Fate served her badly; a harsh critic might say she reaped what she had sown, that her spoiled life was due to her own pride and lack of the milk of human kindness. If one should think thus, he would be wrong and unjust. Her life was spoiled, it is true, but not by herself. A doting father of an only and precocious daughter established, through his over-indulgence, character traits upon an impressionable child from which she could never free herself. She adored her father and all that pertained to him. She married her first cousin, who bore the name of Elbert and she gave that name to her only son. She once explained her marriage by saying, "I just had to marry in the family, there was no one else good enough for me." The premature deaths of her mother and sister were a misfortune greater than was realized at the time.

Had she been one of a large family, her life no doubt would have been richer and happier. She would have learned to share her life and opportunities with others, to know how to give and take and gained a truer appreciation of her relative importance first in the little world of the family and, in due time, the greater world outside the home. Only children, unless reared with more than ordinary wisdom and foresight, suffer cruelly when they are called upon to go out into the world and make their way among their peers. Annie was a remarkable woman but one cheated of happiness and the joy of living. Peace to her ashes.

In one material way she was fortunate; she never experienced poverty or wanted for any of life's comforts. She could dispense bounty and was never in need of it from others. Had it been otherwise, the cup of bitterness would have overflowed in her hand and death itself would have been better.

ELLEN, the fifth child of the family, was born at The Fort on March 5, 1812, and grew up on the plantation. She

attended school in Clinton where her parents were living a part of the year as long as her father was in public office. It is said that Ellen was a wholesome, independent girl, who loved fun and company and was a leader in her group. In manner, she was outspoken and like her father had opinions of her own which she was ready to express on appropriate occasions.

Her first marriage was to William Daniels about 1832, who was possessed of considerable property and but one child was born to them, William, Jr., who died when a child and shortly afterwards she was left a widow. By the terms of the will of William Daniels she received his property which made her independent.

When her father, Robert, died, the homestead, The Fort, was not bequeathed but was to be sold and the proceeds divided among his heirs. She purchased it in 1847 and lived there until after the war.

A few years after the death of William, she was married to Judge Leroy Singleton, a prominent member of the Bar in Jones County. They carried on the traditions of hospitality which had made The Fort so famous during the lifetimes of Drucilla and Martha. The first child of this marriage who survived was Virginia who was born about 1847.

Ellen, like her brother, Charles, grew quite stout in her middle age. She was larger than any of her sisters, none of whom were frail, in fact there was an oft-repeated saying: "There never was a Hutchings, man or woman, who weighed less than 200 pounds at middle age." Ellen was the measuring rod for size among other members of the family. When one of the younger ones showed evidence of putting on weight someone would admonish him or her: "If you keep on growing, you will soon be as big as Aunt Ellen." It is said that the Judge had the family carriage made stronger to insure her and its safety on the rough roads of Jones County. In those days little was known of dietetic principles; calories and vitamins had not been heard of; if one grew stout it was con-

sidered natural to him and there was nothing to do about it but accept it as a visitation of Providence. Now that we know about Drucilla's seven kinds of dessert at one dinner we get an inkling of why her children were corpulent.

Ellen was kind-hearted and charitable and had a warm sympathy for anyone in distress. In later years, reverses came to her and she was obliged to sell The Fort and it passed into the possession of Hon. James Blount.

"Mrs. Ellen Singleton, relict of Judge Leroy Singleton, died of pneumonia at the home of Mr. John M. Pitts, near Fortville, Tuesday, and was buried at the family burial ground near that church Wednesday. Mrs. Singleton was the last of the Hutchings family, which was once one of the largest and wealthiest in Jones county. She has been well known for years as a most excellent Christian woman, and her death will be regretted. She leaves only one child, Mrs. Pitts, with whom the last years of her life have been passed."

—Newspaper notice.

The following obituary of Leroy Singleton is abstracted from a newspaper published at the time of his death:

"Judge Leroy Singleton was born November 23, 1805, and died in Jones County, Georgia, April 3rd, 1872.

He was a prominent, useful citizen of the county in which he lived and died—enjoying the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. He was a member of the Methodist Church at Fortville for many years and, until failure of health rendered it impossible, he filled acceptably the office of Steward in the church. He was emphatically the church's friend.

He was a kind, indulgent husband and father, a good neighbor, a useful man in the community. At his funeral a large congregation was present and the many tears shed on the solemn occasion, attested the esteem in which he was held by his neighbors and friends. He was afflicted long and variously and could not possibly recover, yet the end was unexpected when it came. Apparently, he was no worse than he had been—he was noticed to have turned himself on the bed. His son approached, and found that he was dead."

ELLEN HUTCHINGS married first, William Daniel, about 1832. He died within a few years. Their child:

WILLIAM DANIEL, JR., who died a young man and is buried in Fortville cemetery.

ELLEN HUTCHINGS married second, Judge LeRoy Singleton, about 1845. Their children:

ELLEN VIRGINIA, born 1847. Married John Moore Pitts, known as Capt. Jack Pitts, in Clinton. Their children:

ELLEN VIOLA married J. W. Caraker of Milledgeville, Ga. (now of Montgomery, Ala.) Their children:

DANIEL HUGH, no children.

VIRGINIA married a Mr. Carlisle. Their children:

CARAKER

DANIEL

MARY

WILLIAM died in infancy.

MARY EVELYN (called Eva) married H. C. Meeks, and is living in St. Augustine, Fla. Their children:

FREDERICK PITTS married. Children:

EVELYN BERRY

FREDERICK, JR.

MARTHA

CARL VIRGIL married. Children:

DORIS ANNE

C. V., JR.

LEROY SINGLETON died at about 23 years of age.

MAY married A. T. Hicks and lives in Atlanta, Ga. They had one daughter:

EVELYN VIRGINIA married J. D. Brown. One child:

PATSY CAROL

JOHN ROBERT died in early life.

J. PEYTON is married and lives in Gainesville, Fla. Children:

RUTH

VIRGINIA

NOEL

CLAUDE died in infancy.

KATHLEEN married John Earl Jenkins, a lawyer, July 12, 1921, and lives in Huntington, West Virginia. Their children:

JOHN EARL, JR. (in school in 1937).

JEAN MARION, died at 7 years of age.

CORDELIA married James W. Turk of Round Oak, Ga., later of Griffin, Ga. Their children:

NELL, who married Robert Lee Patterson. They had several children.

FRANK died young.

ROBERT married Marriette Anderson.

ELLEN VIRGINIA was in many respects a remarkable woman. She was born in Fortville in 1847 and lived to be 89 years of age. Her husband, Captain Pitts, was a distinguished citizen, and he and James M. Gray were the two Jones County signers of the Ordinance of Secession. His magnificent country home was on the Garrison road, not far from James Station. It stands today badly in need of repair, but its outlines indicate it was once typical of the southern way of living.

The mother of 10 children, she lived an active and useful life maintaining her interest in affairs of the world until the end. In her last year her vision became impaired but she enjoyed visits from her relatives who kept her informed of the news of the day when she was no longer able to read print. She died at the home of her daughter May of Atlanta, whom she was visiting, on December 13, 1936. Since the death of her husband she had spent the winters in St. Augustine and the remainder of the year in Atlanta and Huntington, West Virginia.

LUCETTA, the sixth child of Robert and Drucilla, was born at The Fort, July 6, 1814. She grew up on the plantation and was educated in the school at Fortville and finished in the Clinton Academy. Her youth was uneventful, what is remembered of her in those years is that she was full of fun and play and was popular with the young people with whom she associated in Clinton and Fortville.

When twenty-two years of age she married David Pinkney Brown, who was of a neighboring family, his father having been Robert Brown. The marriage took place at the home of her parents December 1, 1836. Some years later, and after 1845, they removed to a plantation he had acquired in Baldwin County and made it their home.

When the railroad was built from Macon through Baldwin County, a station was established on his land where the rail-

road crossed the highway and it was named for him, "Brown's Crossing"; and this unusual name has remained until now.

The railroads of that day, and on this branch line even within my memory, were operated by wood-burning locomotives. The logs which were used for fuel were stacked up in racks on the side of the track and the train crew would pitch them into the locomotive tender. The fuel was consumed so rapidly that the train was forever stopping for wood or else at a tank for water, so that progress was more than slow—at a standstill much of the time. When we children used to accompany my mother on one of her occasional visits to the plantation, the rail journey was less than ten miles; I will not venture to say how long a time was consumed but I do remember that she always prepared a lunch basket and when we became restless she would spread napkins on the seat in front, arrange the food and we would enjoy an unhurried meal. Acquaintances happening to be on the train with children, sometimes joined us with their baskets and made a common party.

The first fried oyster I ever tasted was at such a party on this train. The lady proffered me something brown and tasty-looking on a fork and put it into my mouth. It must have been a canned oyster for it tasted worse than any medicine I had ever taken. I could not swallow it or continue to chew it and dared not reject it. My mother noticed my distress and found an excuse for putting a napkin to my face and whispered to me to spit it out. The next one I declined.

This was the train that passed by Pinkney's place morning and evening, two round trips a day and what do you suppose its name was? The Lightning Express.

Many amusing stories were told anent the peculiar name of the station. A traveling salesman from the North was a passenger one day and upon looking up from his newspaper realized the train had been standing still for a long time. He called impatiently to the conductor standing in the doorway:

"What's the matter, conductor, why are we standing here?" "Brown's Crossing", was his laconic reply. "Well", grumbled the drummer, "I wish he would hurry up and get by, we are late now."

Lucetta lived here until her death in 1867. Until the war, they were in affluent circumstances, but like others suffered severe losses at that time. She was noted for her kindheartedness to the poor and for her love of children. She made a practice of carrying sweetmeats in her handbag, which she would pass out to them on all suitable occasions. She was, in her middle life, a large woman weighing more than 200 pounds, while her husband was tall and spare of build. The mischievous children used to whisper to each other it was Jack Spratt and his wife.

David Pinkney was a man of fine character and enjoyed the esteem of his associates. As is always the case with men of superior character, they are good husbands and fathers. Perhaps there is no better measuring rod for men, recalling that exceptions do occur. On his occasional visits to Savannah where he went to transact business he used to return with gifts for his wife and toys and knick-knacks for the children. He brought her at various times fine pieces of furniture made abroad, dress patterns of imported materials and ornaments for herself or the house.

Lucetta died at her home in 1867 and David Pinkney, who was one year her senior, survived until 1875. The following newspaper account, dated as below, records the death of Robert Richard Brown, Lucetta's fourth son:

"Robert Richard Brown died at Brown's Crossing on Tuesday last at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. His death was quite sudden—a great surprise to his family and friends. He had left his home in Milledgeville that morning and went to Brown's Crossing, got in his buggy, drove over his lands and got back down to the station about 4 o'clock, and was unable to get out of the buggy without help—his foot being paralyzed. His son, Robert Brown, got him in the depot, secured a mattress to lay him on and did everything to relieve him, but the

paralysis continued to extend, and he died in a short time in the depot. His remains were sent to Milledgeville and there buried on Thursday.

"His father was D. Pinkney Brown, son of Robert Brown of Fortville, Jones county. His mother was Lucetta Hutchings, daughter of Robert Hutchings, of Fortville. He married, in 1868, Miss Mary Finney, of near Pine Ridge, and his and her relatives were many in Jones county. When the war came he left his job and joined as a volunteer in the Governor's Horse Guards, a cavalry company from Milledgeville, and he served gallantly with them during the whole war. This company was a part of Phillips' Legion, Young's Brigade, Hampton's Cavalry. He went in many engagements—rode with Stewart in some of his long raids—and was severely wounded in the hip near Culpepper Court House, Va., in 1863. He was furloughed and allowed to come home as soon as he was able to do so, and after his wound healed and he recuperated, he returned to his command and was with them at the surrender of General Johnson, his company being the escort of that General when he went to meet General Sherman, and was present at the headquarters when the surrender came. He rode his horse home—had nothing else—got a job traveling through South Georgia. He took care of his salary, bought him some land adjoining his father's at Brown's Crossing, built houses, married Miss Mary Finney and went to work. He was getting along very well until the spring of 1875, when a cyclone struck his place, blowing down his home and most of the other buildings, and catching him and his wife under the ruins, wounding him severely on the head and she on the collar-bone. He was a long time getting over this wound, but he finally did, and he and his wife both went to work like Trojans; were good managers and succeeded in accumulating a plenty to care for their reasonable wants.

"Several years ago they moved to Milledgeville, where his wife died. In due course of time he married Miss Belle Tunnell and she survives him, as does his son and daughter—Robert Brown and Etta Lawrence, of Brown's Crossing and Milledgeville. He has one brother, H. L. Brown, and one sister, Mrs. Matt Chamberlain, in Milledgeville. Mrs. S. H. Griswold, in Macon, and Mrs. D. P. Brosword, in Birmingham, are also his sisters.

"Baldwin county has lost a good citizen, Jones county her grandson. Another old soldier has passed over the river to join the mighty majority of their comrades."

Extracted from a newspaper notice dated Feby. 20, 1915.

LUCETTA HUTCHINGS, born July 6, 1814; died in 1867. Married Dec. 1, 1836, David Pinkney Brown, born Aug. 22, 1813; died June 19, 1875. Their children:

ELLEN AMANDA, born Sept. 17, 1837, at Fortville, Jones County, Ga. Married Robert Barron, Jan. 15, 1856, in Clinton, Ga. No issue. She died Sept. 7, 1880.

PERRIN WINFIELD, born May 6, 1839, in Fortville, Ga. Died July 12, 1912. Married Mattie Polk Webb on November 22, 1871. Their children: DeLamar, Rosa Cornelia, Julian and Charles Hutchings. DeLamar and Charles Hutchings are dead.

MARTHA DRUCILLA, born Jan. 24, 1841, in Fortville, Jones County, Ga. Married Samuel H. Chamberlain on Nov. 8, 1877. No issue. She died Jan. 4, 1927.

ROBERT RICHARD, born Oct. 29, 1843, at Fortville, Jones County, Ga. Died Feb. 16, 1915. Married Mary Elizabeth Finney on Oct. 20, 1868. Their children:

ROBERT BARRON, born Dec. 15, 1872; married Pearl Rogers in Feb., 1900. Robert Barron died April 29, 1925. Children:

CORNELIUS
SARAH
RICHARD
EMORY

MARY LUCETTA, born Dec. 15, 1872; married on Jan. 20, 1897, Gustave A. Lawrence. Their children:

ROBERTA
LUCETTA
GUSTAVE, JR.

AURELIA married Herman Harvey Herndon on Dec. 25, 1922. Their child:

ROBERT HARVEY, born Jan. 13, 1930.

LAURA FRANCES, born Dec. 12, 1845, at Fortville, Jones County, Ga. Died March 8, 1917. Married Samuel H. Griswold on Nov. 20, 1866. Their children: Ada, Lutie, Sidney, Nell and Julia. Ada and Lutie are dead. Sidney never married; is living in 1937. Julia married Samuel J. May, and lives in Macon. Nell, married Peyton T. Anderson. Their children:

PEYTON T., JR., born April 9, 1907; married Catherine McClure on June 10, 1930. Their child is Catherine McClure Anderson.

LAURA NELL, born April 10, 1910. Single in 1937.

DAVID WILLIAM, born June 30, 1848; died Jan. 5, 1911. Married first Sallie W. Cook on Dec. 10, 1875. Their children:

LUCETTA HUTCHINGS BROWN (Cont.)

Annabelle and William Walker. David William married second, Ella Jones on May 16, 1883. Their children:

DAVID WILLIAM, JR.

ELLIE MAY

MARTHA LUCETTA

WALTER, who married Hazel Montgomery on June 14, 1921. Their child:

WALTER, JR., born May 23, 1922.

CHARLES EDWARD, born Nov. 26, 1850; died Oct. 18, 1903. Married Mollie I. Bass on Jan. 8, 1878. Their children: Mary Lou, Emma Bass and Charles Ingram. Charles Ingram married Mrs. W. Y. Atkinson, Jr., and their child is Virginia. SIDNEY AMERICUS, born Feb. 14, 1853; died Sept. 3, 1856.

LUCETTA MALISSA, born Oct. 10, 1856; died Sept. 23, 1924. Married Daniel Pratt Griswold on Nov. 15, 1877. Their children:

ELISHA PINKNEY, born May 14, 1879, in Clinton. Married on June 14, 1904, Eva Mae Hayes. Their children:

JAS. PRATT GRISWOLD, born March 16, 1908.

ELLIS JULIAN, born Oct. 7, 1909; married April 20, 1935, Avis Mabel Barnes. No issue.

MARY LOU, born April 28, 1911.

GEORGE HENRY, born June 9, 1914.

MARTHA FRANCES, born Oct. 26, 1915.

EVA HAYES, born Aug. 31, 1917.

WILLIAM HENRY, born Sept. 24, 1880, in Clinton. Married on Aug. 31, 1916, Nell L. Barron. Their child:

ELLIE LITTLE GRISWOLD, born June 26, 1918.

FRANK ANDERSON, born Nov. 11, 1886, in Macon. Married on Jan. 28, 1911, Emily Olive Hayes, Avondale, Ala. Their children:

EDITH HAYES, born Dec. 13, 1914.

EMILY OLIVE, born Aug. 6, 1924.

DANIEL PRATT, JR., born Aug. 9, 1891, in Macon. Married on Jan. 26, 1924, Stella Hardie West, Uniontown, Ala. Their children:

MARIE WEST, born Nov. 24, 1924.

DANIEL PRATT III, born Nov. 15, 1928.

HENRY LINTON, born June 9, 1859, now living in Waycross, Ga. Married Sallie Moore on Dec. 22, 1888. Their children:

LINTON

ETHEL (never married)

MYRTICE (never married)

LEON CHESTER, who married Elizabeth Hall on June 10, 1922. Their children:

LEON C., JR., born March 19, 1926.

BETTIE HALL, born Feb. 18, 1934.

RICHARD HENRY: Born November 9, 1817, married Cornelia Greaves in 1853. See Chapter VIII.

ROBERT RUFUS HUTCHINGS, born Sept. 17, 1821, at The Fort and died Sept. 17, 1869. Married at Fortville, Jones County, Ga., on Feb. 12, 1846, Rebecca Hall King, born June 30, 1827, in Baldwin County, Ga., about 6 miles from Milledgeville, Ga., died Nov. 30, 1897. Their children:

ELLA F., born Dec. 11, 1846; died Aug. 13, 1854. Buried at The Fort, family cemetery, in Jones County, Ga.

ROBERT WILLIAM, born Aug. 25, 1849; died July 31, 1850. Buried at The Fort, family cemetery, in Jones County, Ga.

ADA AUGUSTA, born July 16, 1852, at Milledgeville, Ga.; died on July 31, 1910. Married George Henry Pratt on May 20, 1868. Their children:

NINA, born May 8, 1869, married first, James Edwin Latham, in Macon, Ga., on March 23, 1887. They had one daughter named Rel Latham, born in Fitzpatrick, Ala., April 8, 1888. She married Jud L. Daley, August 7, 1911. Nina married second, Samuel Rosewald in 1898. No issue. She is living in East Gadsden, Ala., now.

JESSIE, born Feb. 2, 1873, married J. D. Bellah on Aug. 18, 1896. No issue. Jessie is now living in West Palm Beach, Fla.

TALULAH OCMULGEE, born in Clinton, Ga., Sept. 30, 1855; died Oct. 23, 1922. Married first, Abner Gibson in 1877. Three children were born to them but only one lived—Flewellyn, a boy, who married Essie Frye of Valdosta, Ga. They had one daughter, Essye Frye Gibson, who married in Dec., 1930, Ray Fryght. Talulah married second, C. C. Wilder, on June 4, 1890. Two children:

C. C., JR., born Nov. 7, 1891, and died June, 1923. He married Jessie Goodwin in December, 1911. Their children:

MARTHA, born Oct. 4, 1912; died in 1917.

JESSIE, born Sept. 4, 1914; died in 1915.

WILSON, born May 23, 1917; living.

SIDNEY, born in 1918; died in 1921.

LULA EVELYN, born Oct. 11, 1895, in Macon, Ga. Married J. K. Patillo on Dec. 21, 1912. Two daughters:

FLEWELLYN, born Nov. 30, 1914, in Macon, Ga. Married on Dec. 6, 1936 to A. S. Durkes of Macon, Ga.

MARY, born April 18, 1916, in Macon, Ga. Married J. L. Lumpkin on June 20, 1934. One child, Jack Watson Lumpkin, born in 1935.

MINNIE, born Feb. 16, 1858, in Macon, Ga. Never married. Died Sept. 17, 1923.

CHAPTER VIII

RICHARD HENRY AND CORNELIA HUTCHINGS

MY father was born, according to the entry in the family Bible, in Jones County on November 9, 1817. It is not now known where it took place, whether at the Fort or in Clinton. His father was at that time the sheriff of the county and as his business was carried on at the court house and he had an office there, a good share of his time was spent in Clinton. The homestead in the country was kept constantly open for occupancy and the family spent a part of the year there.

When Richard was a youth there was in Clinton an academy for boys conducted by Mr. Tippet, who was reputed to be an excellent teacher and even better disciplinarian. Those were the days when the birch was an essential part of the equipment of the school room but no evidence exists in writing or tradition that Richard ever needed it. It was related, however, that when he was a child he once misbehaved at home and Drucilla, sitting at the time among her women, all busily engaged in sewing garments for the family and negroes, sent him out to bring her a switch with which to be punished. He was gone a long time evidently searching for a good one, but finally appeared at the door. The sight of his solemn face and the little dried weed in his hand provoked such a gale of laughter from the women present that the punishment was no longer thought of.

He was 22 years of age when his mother died. His stepmother, Martha, of whom he soon became very fond, came a year later and he was her favorite among the children.

Like most of the well-to-do-young men of that period, Richard led an easy, rather aimless life in his youth when he had finished school. He kept in touch with affairs at Clinton,



RICHARD HENRY
HUTCHINGS I



CORNELIA GREAVES
HUTCHINGS

From daguerreotypes taken in 1853

although he was living at the time at his father's home at The Fort. He had his circle of friends which included not only the people in Clinton, but the families throughout the county. At home there was but little to call forth his energies. The plantation was prosperous and so well ordered that only nominal supervision was required, and this he did assisting his father in whatever was necessary. He loved to read late at night and to sleep late in the morning—a luxury he indulged himself whenever his affairs would permit. Concerning early and late hours, he used to say upon retiring at night, "How much better it would be if people felt at bed time as they really feel in the morning, and if they felt in the morning as they do at bed time." The predominating traits of his later years, as a careful and painstaking business man, he had not yet had opportunity to develop. So when times were easy he enjoyed his morning nap. His father, whatever he may have been in his earlier days, was in his later years an early riser and would fume and scold and order the breakfast table cleared when he himself, had finished his meal and Richard had not appeared. His wife, however, though only a step-mother, loved Richard and secretly aided and abetted him. She would keep the house quiet until she heard him stirring in his room, and then would send a message to the kitchen—"Mars Dick is getting up, be sure he has a good, hot breakfast." She, herself, would pour his coffee and sit with him through the meal. He enjoyed his food and used to say that there was one question which he had never been able to answer, and that he was sure he would never be able to answer, and that was: which he enjoyed more, strawberries and cream, which were to be had in the spring, or peaches and cream which were in season a month or two later.

In those days it was a rule that each child of the family was given a negro to wait upon them. These servants acted as valet or maid, as the case may be. The negro girls would help their white mistresses with their toilet, and act generally

as a personal maid. These negroes were on a special footing in the household, they often slept in the house and sometimes in the rooms with their mistresses, and were ready to be of use in the night, or early in the morning in such ways as building a fire, bringing hot water from the kitchen, lacing their shoes and helping them with their dressing. The negro boys, however, did not live in the house, but were within calling distance at all times. Richard's boy at his home was Flander, a faithful negro who spent his time looking after his master's comfort, and whose eccentric remarks were many of them remembered for a long time. He used to say to his fellow servants concerning Richard's late hours, "Mars Dick don't sleep, he jes' dies." A neighbor, over early one morning, encountered Flander on the back steps polishing his master's boots. In reply to his inquiry as to whether Mr. Hutchings was up, Flander with his eyes rolling and his hands raised, exclaimed: "Lordy! Mars Dick jes' turned over fur midnight." Poor old Flander, I knew him in Macon when I was a small boy. He had suffered a dislocation of one of his knees, which was not properly cared for and he walked with a decided limp.

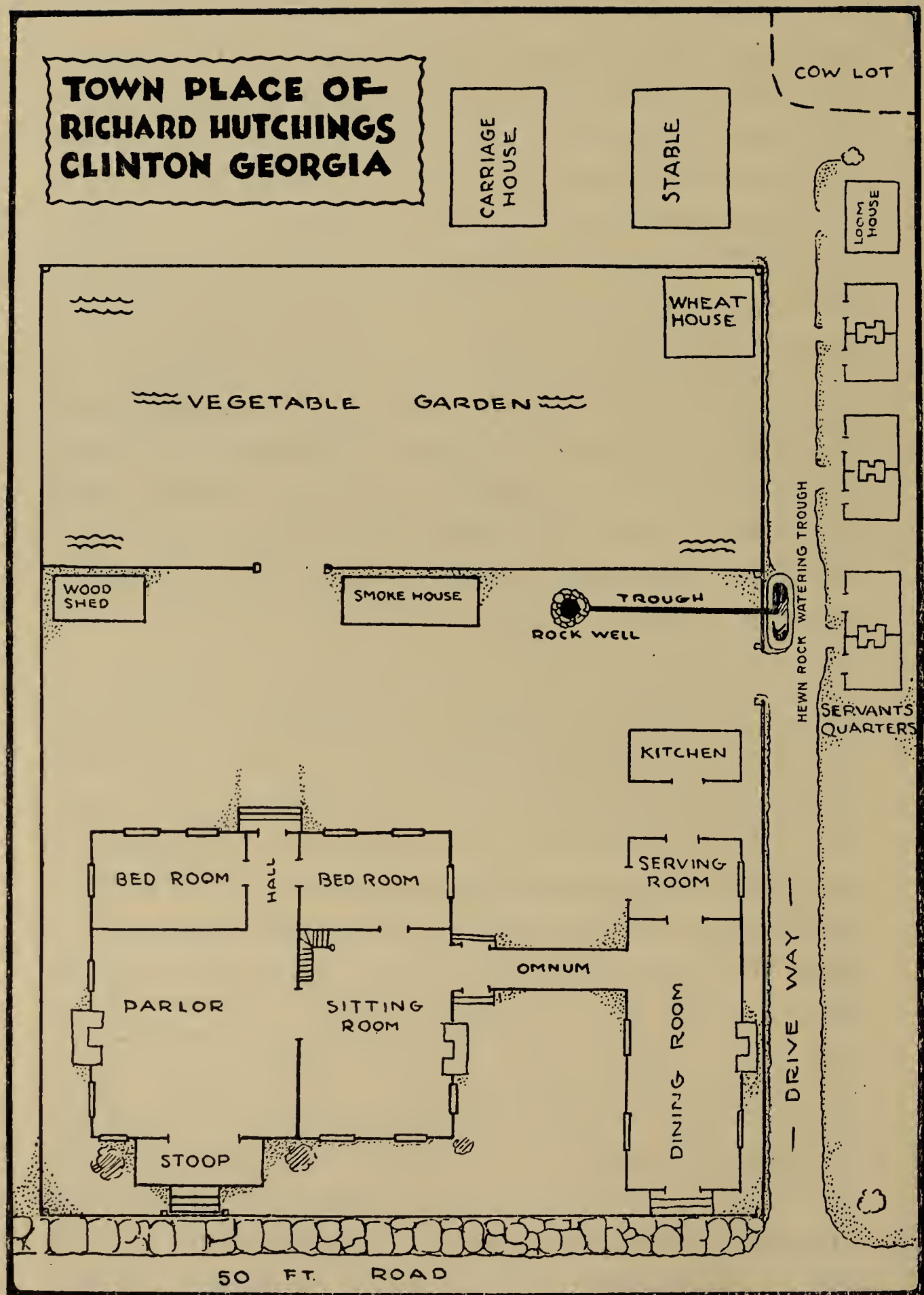
When 21 years of age Richard volunteered for the Cherokee War commissioned as an ensign, an office corresponding to what is now a second lieutenant. He served creditably throughout the campaign escaping without wound or serious sickness and was gone about six months. The Indians were driven into south Florida and the lands which they had occupied were thrown open for settlement. For this service his widow, Cornelia, was awarded a pension by the Federal government in her later life.

Richard assisted his brother Charles in the management of the store at Clinton. At that time he boarded with Madam Parrish, who kept a boarding house which was considered the best in that part of the state. Captain Jonathan Parrish and his wife were a wealthy couple without children, and it

seems that Madam Parrish maintained the boarding house largely because of her interest in young people, especially the young men of the best families, and she looked upon them almost as her children. Her board was collected annually and it was due at New Year's in *gold*. For table board she charged \$10.00 per month, and each boarder at that time paid her in gold the sum of \$120.00. There were ten of the young men who paid at this rate, and one year upon receiving the money she invested the whole of it in the purchase of a bright, young negro girl who was to be the waitress in the dining room. Having been purchased in this way, the boarders nick-named the girl "Gold Dust", and that became her ordinary name from that time on. In later years Richard purchased this girl from the Parrish estate to be Cornelia's waitress. Her nickname was dropped and she was called by her real name, which was Mary.

Madam Parrish's house was elaborately furnished, her solid silver table ware, solid silver candlesticks, the imported table linen and gold banded china constantly used, were rightly considered as putting her house in a class by itself. The judges of the Circuit Court, when it was held in Clinton, considered themselves lucky if she made a place for them at her table, even though they had to find rooms elsewhere. On one occasion after dinner, she missed a napkin from the place where a well-known judge had sat during the meal. She at once sent Gold Dust to the Court House to ask that gentleman to please feel in his pocket and see if he had by any chance carried it away. The girl found him standing in front of the Court House door in a group of men, and blurted out her request in a voice that everyone could hear. The embarrassed judge discovered the missing napkin in his coat tail pocket, and the laugh which greeted its appearance he heard repeated many times before the incident was forgotten.

It was while Richard was boarding at Madam Parrish's that she had a negro boy named Pete, who would come to his



THE PLOT OF THE PARRISH PREMISES
at the time it was the home of Richard Henry Hutchings I.

room door every morning to awaken him, make a fire in his room, bring water for bathing, shine his boots, etc. On arrival he could call:

"Mars Dick! Mars Dick!"

"Who is there?" Richard would ask.

"It's *me*". replied Pete.

"Who is 'me'?" Richard, amused, would ask again.

"I'se Pete", finally came the answer, "It's time to get up."

This dialogue went on every morning for a long, long time, just to see if the boy would ever say who he was without being asked a second time, but he never did.

Richard was very deliberate and slow about dressing, but when he did finish, he was well dressed, according to the styles of his day. One of his contemporaries, Richard Wyatt Bonner, who also lived in Clinton at that time and was a devoted friend and close associate, said of him: "He was the glass of fashion, with his velvet waistcoats, silk stocks, gold-headed cane, and tailor-made clothes, he looked the part of a gentleman. In his bearing, walk and manners, he greatly resembled the early American writer, Washington Irving. He was a good-natured, genial soul, quiet and dignified—rather a thinker than a talker, though his dry wit would be expressed in a most refreshing style and was the enjoyment of all of his friends."

Madam Parrish was fond of having young people at her house and often gave elaborate parties for her guests and the young ladies who were invited in to join them. These parties were the social high-lights of the year, and in anticipation of them dresses were made as elaborate as the owners could afford and when a young girl received her first invitation, her social position was assured. The popular dances of the day were: the Virginia Reel, the lancers, Portland Fancy, Sicilian Circle and cotillion. Occasionally the minuet was still danced but only on formal and dignified occasions. The square dances were more popular because there was more fun to be

had in dancing them. The waltz was not known in Georgia until after the Civil war and was considered immodest until several decades still later. Madam Parrish's carriage and horses were always ready and at the disposal of any guest who might wish to make use of them.

On the occasion of one of these parties Richard appeared carrying a large bouquet of flowers. As he had been for many years the wealthiest and most eligible bachelor in the county, the gossips had never failed to take note of the attention he paid to any young lady, but had not succeeded in any sort of agreement as to whom he favored most. His appearance with this bouquet which was something unusual for a man to be seen carrying, excited much interest and many wished to know for whom he intended it. He answered that it was his bouquet and if he gave it away at all, it would be only to the girl he intended to marry. When some little time later Cornelia Greaves was seen carrying the bouquet on her arm, it was accepted generally as an announcement of their engagement. Cornelia had not heard what he had said, and in accepting it was innocent of its significance. As a matter of fact the engagement was formally announced within two or three days. One may be sure Richard was confident of the outcome and more than likely he had already had her promise.

A lover of nature, he was fond of birds and beasts of the forest, and he could recognize them by their song or cry. My mother has told me that when she would be riding with him he would often stop his horse to listen to the song of a thrush, or another bird, and he could always tell her the name of the bird and something of its habits. He was an excellent swimmer and was fond of fishing, but cared little for hunting game. The high spot for his reputation as a fisherman was one occasion when he caught a huge sturgeon in Walnut Creek which, to secure until it had been duly exhibited, he fastened by means of a long chain to a stump on the bank of the creek. His temperament was gentle—a trait which seemed

to have been derived from his mother, who was gentle and kind and always took the part of a peace-maker when any dissension arose. However, when the occasion warranted it, Richard was firm and decisive which made his step-mother say of him, "Richard is easy to lead, but impossible to drive."

A number of years later, and after he was married, Richard purchased the solid silver candlesticks when the household effects of the Parrishes were sold at auction, the Captain and Mrs. Parrish having died at nearly the same time, and having left no direct heirs. In order that he might have something more useful in memory of the happy years he had spent in this hospitable house, he took these candlesticks with him to New York and had them melted up and made into forks and spoons and these, engraved with the initials, "C. H.", are still in the possession of Cornelia's children. Table silverware was not manufactured in large quantities until after 1860. It was done in small shops upon the customer's order who had to furnish the silver, which was scarce, and usually coins were used:

"When it was handed to the silversmith, he weighed it, then proceeded to melt it and to hammer out the spoons. In due time they were completed according to order, they were carefully weighed, and the customer was credited or charged with the difference between the weight of the coin furnished and the spoons. Then the smith was paid for his work."

(Dr. Geo. B. Cutten in: "The Silversmiths of Utica." 1936).

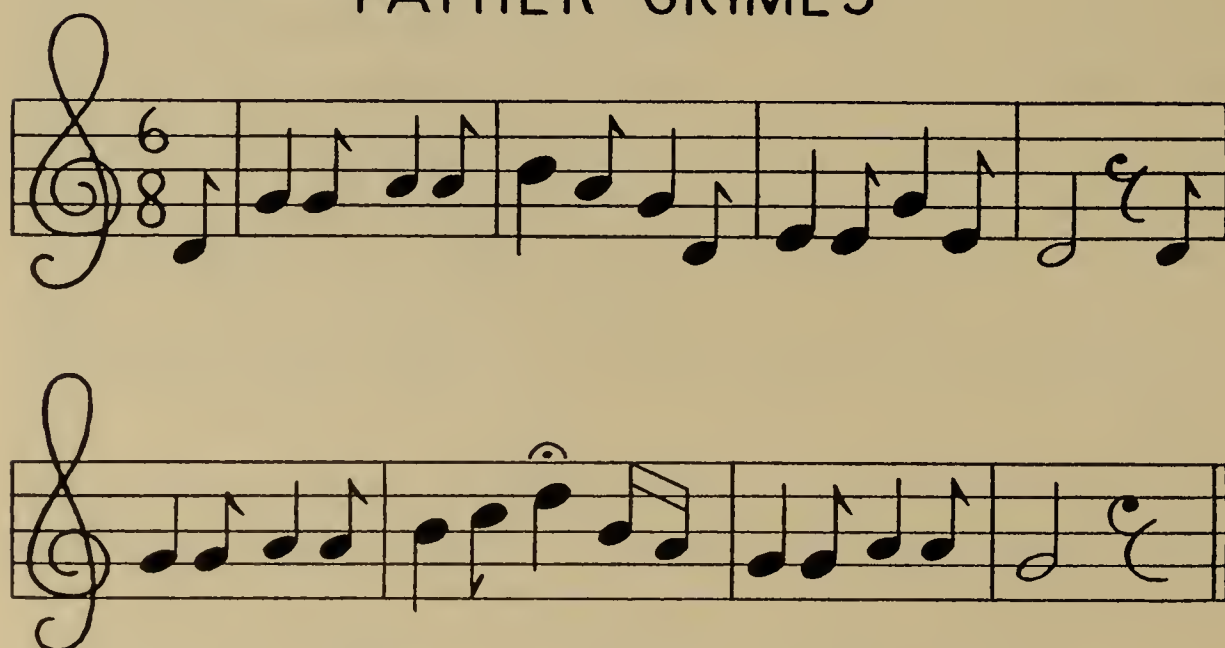
He was not only kind to children, but he understood them and could meet them on their own ground. When he was visiting at the homes of his friends it was a gala occasion for the children. As long as they were permitted to sit up at night he devoted himself to entertaining them; he would even get down on the floor and play their games with them, so they were all devoted to him and regarded him differently from other grown people who came to their houses.

When his oldest daughter, Sallie, was a little girl in school in Clinton, he discovered that she was uncomfortable because

the desk at which she had to sit was too high for her, so he engaged a carpenter to build a special desk that just suited her height, and had it taken to the school.

Both Sally and Alice remembered that Richard used to rock and sing the young children to sleep at night, seated in a rocking chair with one on either arm. They loved to hear him sing the old-fashioned songs and they learned in time to sing them, too. Sally recalled the following:

FATHER GRIMES

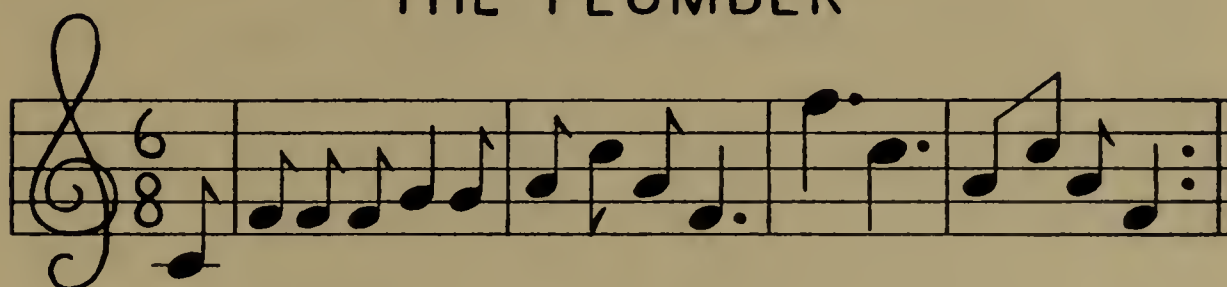


Old Father Grimes that good old man
We ne'er shall see him more—
He used to wear a long blue coat
All buttoned down before.

Old Father Grimes he had two sons
And each son had a brother—
Tobias was the name of one,
Biancus was the other.
Etc., etc.

There were twelve or fifteen verses concerning the legendary hero, Father Grimes, and verses could easily be improvised. It was a popular bedtime song for children.

THE PLUMBER



The Plumber is dead and laid in his grave,
 Uhm-hum, laid in his grave;
 There was a red apple tree grew at his head,
 Uhm-hum, grew at his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
 Uhm-hum, ready to fall;
 There came an old woman to gather them all,
 Uhm-hum, gather them all.

The Plumber arose and gave her a knock,
 Uhm-hum, gave her a knock;
 Away she went a-hippity-hop,
 Uhm-hum hippity-hop.

When he thought they should be asleep, and he was tired and had exhausted his repertoire, he would stop. They would rouse up and beg him to sing the songs all over again, and implore him to sing more, but he would only sing this:

"The bridle and saddle are on the shelf,
 If you want any more, you can sing for yourself."

After which they would toddle off to bed and to dreams.

Mattie Cheatham, a great niece of Richard, often tells of an occasion when she, as a small child, was permitted to accompany "Uncle Dick" on one of his visits to Aunt Matilda's home. When he started off she climbed in the buggy with him and rode the distance of several miles to his Aunt's home, where it was usual for him to spend the night. At bed-time the negro house-maid carried little Mattie up stairs to a large room which contained two beds, and told her she could have her choice of either bed to sleep in. She immediately asked,

"Which bed will Uncle Dick sleep in?" Upon being told which one he usually occupied, she said, promptly: "I will sleep with Uncle Dick", and climbed into his bed before he came up to the room. When he entered he said, "I think I see a little possum in my bed", and coming near to turn back the covers, he saw she was still awake and laughing. She remained there all night.

Richard became a partner of his brother, Charles, in the Clinton store a few years after his return from the Indian war. After Charles' death he conducted it alone.

Court week was always a big event in Clinton. Citizens generally came to town and merchants and clerks were very busy. Richard's store did a thriving business, and, of course, he and his clerks were rushed during Court week. On one of these occasions a country boy walked into the store and Richard asked him what he would have. He said he wanted a Barlow knife, price ten cents. Richard showed him one which the boy opened and examined carefully, feeling along the edge of the blade very slowly with his thumb. Richard in a hurry to get to a more profitable customer, said: "How will that one do, my boy?"

"This one ain't sharp", the boy replied.

"Oh, but you can sharpen it", said Richard.

"If the man that made it couldn't sharpen it, it's a bad chance for me to do it", said the boy.

"You can have that one, my boy, I won't charge you for it", was the reply.

In the presence of loud talkers, in the crowds that assembled about the store on election days, and during court week, he was distinguished for his silence, but when his opinions were seriously sought he spoke plainly. Though not a street talker, he loved a quiet conversation with his friends, and would often sit up far into the night with those he entertained in his own home or whom he visited. At such times he talked fluently, reminiscence and anecdote came readily to his

tongue. He would discuss the more serious issues of the day with an earnestness and conviction, that made his opinion sought, even by people with whom he was only slightly acquainted. They would come to his store to ask his advice on any matter of business which was troubling them. There is no doubt that the influence of his brother, Charles, in the formation of his character, was considerable. His integrity and reliability made it natural that positions of trust and honor came to him. He was the executor of the estate of his brother, Charles, and the guardian of his two little girls, Drucilla and Emily, who were brought up in his family like his own daughters. He, too, held the office of county clerk for many years. Though there was a difference of fifteen years in the ages of Charles and Richard, they always seemed to other members of the family more alike and nearer to each other than were the other brothers, and their characters, temperaments and dispositions were notably alike.

On one occasion Richard overheard a planter complaining that one of his negro men had run away again. "He is the oneryest nigger I ever had. He gets stubborn and runs away when I need him most. I would sell him in a hurry if I could find anybody who would take him." Richard presently engaged the man in conversation about the darkey and found that he was young and healthy and had no other faults than what he already had heard. A bargain was quickly struck, the price was paid and the incident closed. He made no attempt to find his new servant. He assumed that other negroes knew where he was and were supplying him food in his hiding place, so he merely mentioned to his own men that he had purchased Mr. Blank's Louis and they could pass the news around. Within a day or two Louis appeared at the back door early one morning.

"Mars Dick", he said, when Richard came down to breakfast, "I hears you done bought me, here I is."

"Yes", said Richard, "you belong to me now."

"What you want me to do, Mars Dick?"

"Go out to the stable and help Mumford, and tell him I sent you. Mumford is getting old and needs a likely young fellow to help him with the horses."

"Yes, sar, Mars Dick", and off he went cheerfully enough.

From that day onward to emancipation not a word of complaint could have been said of Louis, and as will be mentioned later in this narrative, he could be given the well deserved title of "Louis the Faithful".

This incident reveals the high esteem of his reputation, shared by blacks as well as whites, of Richard's justice and fairness in his dealings with men.

During the Civil War he was County Judge of Jones County and member of the Legislature. When Sherman's army was engaged in the neighborhood of Atlanta, raiding parties of cavalry penetrated as far as Clinton and beyond, seizing horses, mules and supplies for the Federal army. Some of these raiders had been arrested and lodged in the jail at Clinton. They were seized by the military authorities and retained as prisoners of war. When a larger body of raiders came through and remained in the town for a few days, some of them came to Richard's home one morning and demanded of him the keys to the jail. He answered that the keys were not in his possession, but were kept by the Sheriff. They demanded that he, as county judge, release the prisoners. This he had no authority to do. They threatened him with death unless he complied, and even pointed a gun in his face. The women of the household intervened and pushed the marauders out of the door.

When the general alarm of the approach of Sherman's army was heard the people of the town made haste to conceal their valuables. Amelia, the house-maid, took the family silver, including the spoons and forks already mentioned, out into the garden at night, the family being absent, and buried it under a rose bush, and it was saved.

The Federals were taking possession of homes in Clinton, and patrols were stationed at the gates of each home place. Negroes were not allowed to go from one place to another, except to take a chance of being caught by the patrol; hence the old song:

"Run, nigger, run,
The 'Paterole' 'll ketch yer,
Run, nigger, run,
It's almost day."

Stoneman's army afterwards passed beyond Clinton and encountering Wheeler's cavalry was defeated and Stoneman, along with many of his troops and officers, was captured. They returned through Clinton as prisoners on their way to Macon. As they passed along the street in front of the Hutchings home, one of the privates called out to another, "I ate the best fried ham in that house last week I ever had in my life."

After these experiences, friends advised Richard that it was unwise for him to expose himself to such danger as had already threatened him; that he should go with his family farther away where his official position would not bring him into personal danger; that he might be seized as a prisoner of war for having been a member of the secession legislature. Accordingly, he planned to go into South Georgia where it was thought it would be safer. The journey was made in the commodious family vehicle, called a "rockaway", driven by old Mumford, the regular coachman. In it rode Richard, his wife and children and his two nieces. A wagon followed behind, containing the baggage, which was driven by Louis, the younger negro. They went without incident about as far as what is now Dublin, Georgia, but here they encountered rumors of federal raiders in the vicinity, and they became fearful that they would lose their horses and vehicles, particularly the horses. When the latter were unhitched that night, Mumford led them some distance off the road and concealed them in a patch of thick woods, where it was thought

they would not be discovered. The next morning the horses were missing, as well as Mumford, the coachman, and were never seen again. What became of him was never known. He may have been seized and carried off with his teams, or he may have been a traitor. At any rate, the family was stranded there until Richard was able to buy other horses or mules to proceed on the journey, and Louis who had remained faithfully behind, became the coachman.

When Sherman's army had passed through that part of the state towards Savannah, the region became quiet and Richard returned to Clinton to find it a scene of desolation. A large warehouse in which he had stored 800 bales of cotton (his own and his two nieces' property), worth \$400,000 at its market price in 1865, had been burned. Everything that could be used by the troops had been removed and his land without animals was practically all that was left.

When the war was over Richard's fortune was gone. All that he had remaining were his house in Clinton and his plantation of 1200 acres situated about three miles from Clinton in the direction of The Fort. He sold 400 acres of this land to provide for his immediate needs and rented the remainder to his former overseer, a faithful man named Moses Wilson, who continued to operate the plantation until the property was sold by Cornelia, about 15 years later.

He had owned this plantation for about 20 years but had never lived there. The dwelling house was only a four-room structure which the overseer occupied.

He made an effort to re-establish his store and went to New York in an endeavor to make arrangements for the credit necessary, and which he had formerly enjoyed without question, but times were changed, conditions in Georgia were so disturbed, and the future was so uncertain, that his former business associates in New York felt that they were unable to extend the credit that would be necessary, so the store which had been closed during the war, was never reopened.

A few years after the war, Richard secured employment in Macon at the warehouse of Campbell & Jones as official weigher. His oldest daughter, Sallie, had been a student at Wesleyan College for a year when in 1869, he decided to move his family to Macon to give his children the benefit of the schools there. For nearly a year his family had continued to live in the home at Clinton and he went back and forth to Macon on Saturday evenings and Monday mornings.

The first house he rented was on Plum Street. It was really not roomy enough for comfort but it was the most suitable that was available at the time. At the end of one year he was able to rent a larger house on Orange Street near Bond, and moved there October 1, 1870. It was near Cousin George and Nellie Burr and was quite satisfactory, but before the year had passed the owner sold it and, at the end of twelve months, it became necessary to move again. A large brick house on the corner of Poplar and Second streets was available. It belonged to Mr. Willingham and had the advantage of being directly across on the side street from the cotton warehouse where he was employed. The rent, however, was considerably more than the last house. My mother then suggested that she follow the example of Madam Parrish and take in young men as table boarders for she had an efficient cook in Malinda and Amelia was a capable house maid. She employed a smart young negro man to wait on the table and take care of the dining room.

Holmes Johnson from Clinton, who had recently taken a position in Macon, was the first applicant. He brought with him several of his young men friends and she let a room and board to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hardeman also of Clinton, who had just moved to Macon. He opened a law office. Others were Robert E. Steed, Capt. R. E. Park, afterwards editor of the "Telegraph", a Mr. Virgin, a young man named Watson and enough other fine young business men to occupy all the seats in the dining room. They were usually there only at

meal time and sat with the family at the long table and the meal was served as though they were guests, my father and mother sitting in the end chairs. In the evening the men were welcome to occupy the parlour, a large front room, or sit on the veranda and they often did. It was in this house that my brother, Charles, died of diphtheria in 1872 at the age of six years.

The house sat close to the street, and had a veranda that projected out almost to the sidewalk. In the rear was a large yard enclosed by a board fence. There were several buildings in the back yard; one was a two-story frame house in which the kitchen occupied the first floor, and the upper floor was occupied by the servants. Malinda, the cook; her daughter, Amelia, and her grand-daughter, Nettie lived in it. A side-gate opened on Poplar street and was directly opposite the warehouse. What is perhaps my earliest recollection is that I was taken to this gate by some older person and permitted to run alone across the wide street to my father who stood on the opposite sidewalk and called to me. I remember that I was wearing dresses at the time, and the journey seemed a long one until he came part way and lifted me up into his arms.

While living at this house, he purchased a home on Magnolia street, which he improved and renovated and where the family moved October 1. I remember going there with him when the work was going on, and saw the men and teams grading the terraces on the back of the lot, for the land was that of a sloping hillside. In the front room of the house, on the right on entering from the street, a new mantel was installed and he designed a shield carved from wood which was fastened to the front of it below the shelf in the center. I saw it in his hands a number of times and presume that he carved it himself with a jack knife. As the house was arranged at that time, the entrance hall was rather short and ended at a doorway which opened into the dining room, which occupied the center of the house. On either side of it were bedrooms.

The front room on the left was the bedroom of my father and mother, and it was in that room that he died. He must have been aware of his approaching death, and that a permanent home might be established, purchased this place for his family. He passed away June 6, 1874.

His death was caused by a malignant disease which began with a small tumor on his face which was removed by an operation, but did not thoroughly heal, and it is probable that there was a growth elsewhere in his body. Through all this long illness he was patient and kind. When he was no longer able to go to his business, he sat at home by the fire-side and I remember one evening when my mother was cooking some special dish for him, I went into the kitchen and meddled with something there and my mother sent me back to the house. I went into the room where he was sitting, whimpering, and he took me on his lap and comforted me. He did not fail to tell me that I was wrong, and Mother was right, but he did it so kindly and gently that it is a memory which has remained in my mind throughout the years and I am sure that it taught me a useful lesson. When the end came he was buried with Masonic honors. I remember the large number of men attending the funeral, who wore short aprons which I had never seen before on men. Some of them had on uniforms, but a few wore only the aprons with their business suits. He was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery on June 8, 1874, in the family lot. My mother has said that one of his last remarks, made when he saw me standing in the doorway, was: "I am sorry to go and leave that little fellow".

On the day of his funeral, the following editorial was printed in the Macon "Telegraph and Messenger":

"Mr. R. H. Hutchings died at his residence, in this city, Sunday morning, at the age of about fifty-seven years. For some months he has been a sufferer from a most malignant cancer and during the past few weeks his sufferings were extreme.

"Mr. Hutchings was formerly a citizen of Jones county, but since the war has been a resident of this city. He was a good citizen, a man

of unflinching integrity, and was most highly esteemed by those who knew him best and longest. As was the case with thousands of others, the war left him with an impaired fortune, and compelled him, in the middle of life, to begin life anew. But his honor was never tarnished. He went to work hopefully and courageously. Homesteads and exemptions could not tempt him from the straight pathway of integrity. He sought to meet every just obligation, and to that end he directed all of his energies. He was a quiet and unobtrusive man and went steadily about his duty and made friends wherever he went. At his home no man was ever more hospitable.

"He leaves behind him a most excellent family, who have our warmest sympathy in their bereavement."

CORNELIA GREAVES was born in the upper part of Jones County, near what is now known as Round Oak, on May 11, 1834 — the daughter of Joseph and Mary Shorter Greaves. Cornelia was given a middle name, "Tennessee", but she never used it, and it was not until after her death that some of her children even knew of this name. She always signed herself "C. Hutchings". Her father had come to Jones county from Tennessee, as a young man, but none of his relatives came with him. He married Mary Shorter whose mother was the daughter of Henry Shorter, a member of a family that was prominent for many years in Georgia and Alabama. Her uncle was Dr. Reuben Shorter, a physician of wide reputation. Two of the latter's sons held public office, John Gill Shorter was governor of Alabama and his brother Eli was a congressman from that state.

Cornelia's brother was Henry Shorter Greaves, a prominent citizen of Jones County. In the Civil War, he was a first lieutenant in Anderson's Battery of Artillery. He saw active service in Tennessee and was in front of Sherman in his march to Atlanta. He took part in many battles, including those at Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. A horse was killed under him, a bullet passed through his hat and another through his coat sleeve, but he escaped without

a wound. An account of his life will be found in "Memoirs of Georgia" Vol. II.

The first child born to Joseph and Mary Shorter Greaves was Sarah Adeline, born in 1822. Cornelia was the favorite of this elder sister and when the latter married Joseph Chiles she went to live with them on his plantation two miles from Clinton. The wedding journey to the new home was made on horseback, and she has related it in the following words: "I was placed in front of Sarah on a horse. Mr. Chiles rode another horse to the new home."

When the Greaves family later on removed to Alabama, her sister was not willing to be parted from her, and persuaded her parents to let Cornelia remain with her to be educated in Clinton, and this was permitted. Joseph Greaves died of malarial fever in 1840 in Barbour County, Alabama, only a year or two after he moved there.

There was at that time a good school in Clinton. A description of it was given in the Jones County News by Mr. S. H. Griswold, who was an old man then, and wrote the account from his own memory.

"The Clinton Female Seminary was a boarding and day school. It was a large two-story, frame building, situated on the hill back of where Mrs. Pope lived, across the little branch and near the spring. It faced toward the Court House Square and its front yard was nicely terraced and planted with beautiful flowers. It was either built by or for a Mr. Slade, who taught here for some years. That was before colleges for girls was considered, and was one of the best institutions of learning for girls in the state. It was well equipped. The school room was on the ground floor, and the sleeping rooms were on the upper floor. I think the school room was in the rear part of the house. The yard and grounds were planted in fruit trees, and were well kept.

"This school was well patronized by young ladies of the best families of the county, and by many from other counties. They were mostly from Twiggs, Hancock, Putnam, and other nearby counties, some boarding with Mr. Slade and others in the village.

"After Mr. Slade left Mr. Kellogg took charge. He was a northern man of splendid education and abilities and conducted a most excel-

lent place of learning, and had a large patronage. He was much loved by his pupils and the community.

"At the end of the term what was called public examinations were given, consisting of the recitation of lessons, reading compositions and giving tableaux. These occasions were looked forward to by all the best people with a great deal of pleasure and were attended by large crowds. The musical program being especially attractive and was an exhibition of the ability of the pupils, both in instrumental and vocal music. These exercises almost always were accompanied by a grand ball, given by the young men to the fair visitors, and was usually held in the dining room of Mrs. Gibson's Hotel. Old Jack Weathers, with his fiddle furnished the music and calling for the cotillion. Jack was a slave, but made sweet music on his fiddle, was grand in his manners, polite and dignified, dressed in tailor-made clothes, usually given him by some of the young men. All night long would he play and call for these dances with a few intervals for rest, and many a lad and lassie have had their happiest hours to the tunes of old Jack's fiddle. He was one of the institutions of the village at this time.

"The custom amongst the young men of this time was to wear broadcloth clothes cut in deep coats, or long-tailed, with full bosom linen lawn shirts with ruffles down the front, with white gloves, and prim-soled boots which fitted the foot as tight as the gloves fitted the hands. I do not know the style of the ladies' clothes, but they were dressed in the finest fabrics of the time, made in regular fashions of the days."

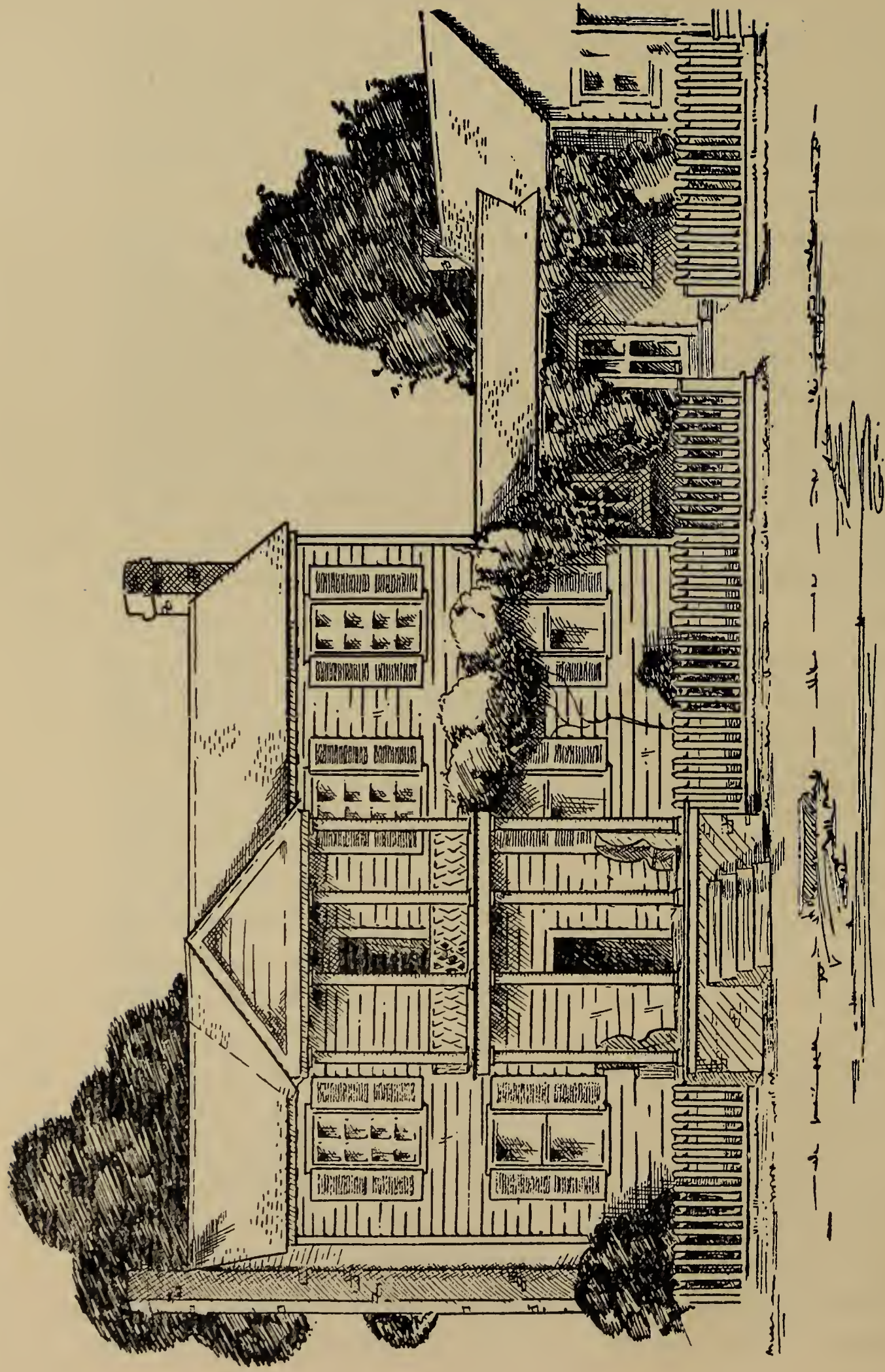
Cornelia went to this school. She would walk the two miles and back every day. A creek ran just below their farm and there was a squared log across it to walk over on. This creek would rise rapidly after a rain. On rainy days Cornelia would come as far as the creek and would wait on the opposite side until someone came for her, and lifted her across the creek. Mr. Chiles loved his little sister-in-law, and was very kind to her. He gave her a nice income in money and negroes.

She and Richard Henry I. were married on July 28th, 1853, by Rev. J. L. Pierce. The marriage license was issued by his brother, Elbert Hutchings, who at that time was Judge of the Court of Ordinary of Jones County. At that time Richard was thirty-six years of age and Cornelia was just past her nine-

teenth birthday. This difference in their ages possibly accounts for the fact that throughout her life-time she addressed him, at least in the presence of others, and even to her children, "Mr. Hutchings", or "your father", never using his christian name.

When the ceremony was over, the wedding dinner served, and with the usual showers of rice and old shoes and amid a chorus of good-byes from the plantation negroes assembled in front of the house, they departed in a private carriage for Macon on their way to New York. They had gone scarcely a mile, however, before Cornelia discovered that her bottle of smelling salts had been forgotten, and so the carriage turned back to recover this essential vial. From Macon they went by train northward as far as Wilmington, N. C. Railroads were few in those days. Schedules were not conveniently arranged and it was necessary to wait in some cities several hours for the next train. In Wilmington they boarded a steamship and finished the journey more comfortably in that way. They stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel then on Broadway in the vicinity of 9th street, quite far uptown.

The wedding had been planned for the time that Richard was next to go to New York to purchase goods for the fall and winter stocks for the store. She accompanied him on some occasions to make purchases and gave him the benefit of her judgment in the selection of articles about which her feminine taste was of use. In one store where Richard was on friendly terms with the proprietor, he disclosed that he was on his wedding journey. The friend was much interested, and after congratulating them both heartily, he exclaimed, "It is very fortunate that I have today just received something that I shall present to you as a wedding gift." With that he opened a box and unpacked from it a pair of handsome Parian ware pitchers and presented one of them to her, the other he said he would keep for himself. This pitcher is still in my possession.



THE PARRISH HOUSE

Later the home of Richard Henry Hutchings I and birthplace of the author.

Before returning home they went by steamer to Albany, and from there by rail to Niagara Falls. One of the sights which interested her along the way was the fields of buckwheat, then in bloom, which she described as looking as if the fields were covered with a white carpet. She had never seen buckwheat growing before.

Upon returning to Clinton they made their home there. During the February following, his favorite brother, Charles, died suddenly and Richard was the executor of his will, which named him to be the guardian of the two daughters of Charles—Emily, ten; and Drucilla, six. For a time they lived in the house more recently known as the Henry Greaves home, which had been the home of Charles Hutchings.

A few years later the Parrish house was sold in the settlement of that estate, and Richard purchased it, moving his family in shortly afterwards and continued to live there as long as he remained in Clinton.

Until the outbreak of the Civil War, Richard went regularly to New York twice a year to buy goods for the store. Always he would come back with presents for the members of his family—some of them long remembered were, fine shoes for the girls, and once a pair of kid gloves for his little daughter, Sallie, then only five years old, which fitted perfectly; a gold watch for his niece, Annie D. Hutchings, on her sixteenth birthday. One year he purchased for his wife what was a novelty never before seen in that part of Georgia (in 1856), a Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine of an early model. It was necessary for him to have learned how to operate it and in turn he taught Cornelia. She afterwards often laughed at the recollection of seeing him intent upon operating the machine which he did correctly but awkwardly and with which she soon became proficient. This machine would be a curiosity if it could be seen today. It was enclosed in a rosewood cabinet with two doors which opened underneath, right and left to disclose the pedal. The doors were ornamented with bead

molding and there was a wooden box-shaped top which was removed when the machine was to be operated. The machine itself consisted of two curved arms extending from the back to the front, one of them hinged at the back held the needle; the other, which was stationary, held the presser foot. The material to be sewed was fed to the machine from left to right. Though somewhat cumbersome in size, it did excellent work and was still in use for a number of years after the Civil War.

This happy home lasted for ten years. With the arrival of Sherman's army it was broken up and destroyed and was never reconstructed, for a new era for the South had been ushered in. The family continued after the war to live in the old Parrish house, and all of the house servants whom they could afford to maintain, remained with them. Malinda, the cook; Amelia, the parlor maid; Flander, the gardener and man-of-all-work, Louis, Minerva, Josephine and Martha, all, except Mumford, the coachman, who had been carried away or ran away with the Federal army near Dublin. The only income was derived from the operation of the plantation, of which Moses Wilson continued to be the overseer, and hired the laborers necessary to operate it. Some of the negroes had remained on the plantation as hired men, some had gone away upon being freed and others were hired to replace them. The income was much reduced.

The children were growing up. There were then four children: Mary, Alice, Annie Louise and Charles.

In 1869, Richard, having secured employment in Macon, decided that it would be better for the family to move to Macon where better schools were available. As the arrival of another child was expected the latter part of August, it was planned to remain in Clinton until October. Richard Henry, Jr., was born on August 28, 1869. When he was only five weeks old the family bade good-bye to the happiest home that Cornelia had ever known, and occupied a rented house

in Macon. Malinda, Amelia, and her daughter, Nettie, her son, Charles, her brothers, Flander and Mansfield, accompanied the family to its new home. The other house servants remained in Clinton and found other employment.

Dear "Aunt Malinda", I remember her well as I was associated with her as a small child. The bear-like hug with which she welcomed me when we had been parted for a little while, the strong odor of tobacco clinging to her from her constant addiction to her corn-cob pipe, and the kiss which she always bestowed upon the back of my neck. If I had been her own child she could not have loved me more, or given me more devoted attention. She was small in stature, not over five feet in height, and at the time that I knew her she could not have weighed more than a hundred pounds. She was always neat in her person, and in her stiff-starched homespun dress and white apron.

Amelia was then about thirty years of age, taller and larger than her mother, and notably neat in her dress and habits. Her position in the family was that of a confidential assistant in the conduct of the household, and she made herself useful in the house-keeping, sewing, and care of the children. Her position was almost the same as a member of the family. Her son, Charles, was about twelve years of age and was errand boy and general helper to his grandmother. He ran errands and did odd jobs about the place. Nettie was a little younger. When I was old enough, she played in the yard with me, when not attending school.

When the house on Magnolia street was ready, the family moved there on October 1st, 1873. In this home there were none but the immediate family. Richard's health failed steadily. Soon he was no longer able to go to his business and remained at home, and later he was confined to bed. His illness added to Cornelia's burden in the care of him and the children, but through it all she maintained wonderful courage and spent no time in lamenting her changed lot, but devoted

herself untiringly from morning to night in the care of her family. Sallie was of great help to her as she was able to take entire charge of the youngest child and to help the others with their lessons and look after them when her mother was occupied in the sick room.

Upon the death of her husband the entire responsibility of the family devolved upon her. She owned a home free of debt and had an income from the plantation that was probably then not more than six or eight hundred dollars per annum. At that time the purchasing power of money was considerably greater than in later years and with that income Cornelia was able to live in comparative comfort, to keep her children well and neatly clothed. She sent them to school and to Sunday school. They were regular attendants at the Mulberry Street Methodist Church, and had the advantages other children in the neighborhood enjoyed.

Her daughters were married in the order of their ages and the family that was living at home was thus gradually reduced. After Annie was married she moved to her new home which was an old plantation near Smithboro. It was a half mile to the nearest neighbor and she became lonesome and wanted companionship. Richard was then in school at Mill-edgeville and had planned to go on through college, and she would have been alone in a house too large for her needs. So Cornelia went to live with Annie, and rented the house on Magnolia street for a time and afterwards sold it.

After Annie's death in 1894 Cornelia remained in the Smith home to fulfill a promise she made to Annie on the latter's death-bed, that she would care for her two young daughters, Cornelia and Chloe. So she remained in the Smith household until Jeff's death just a few years later. She then purchased a lot adjoining the home of her daughter, Sallie, on Cleveland Avenue, in Macon, upon which she built a house where she lived with her two grand-daughters, Cornelia and Chloe whom she cared for almost to the time of their gradua-

tion at Wesleyan College, when she died, February 9, 1910, at the age of seventy-six years, and is buried in Rose Hill Cemetery by the side of her husband.

As I think over my life spent with my mother the outstanding trait of her character seems to have been her calmness under circumstances in which others would become excited or alarmed. I never knew her to give way to anger or to scold. When reproof was necessary she always spoke in moderation. She never punished me but once and that was for disobedience. She kept me rather closely at home until I was twelve years old, and instructed me in the love of reading which has never been lost. She and Sallie taught me at home to read and write and the elements of arithmetic, and when I began school at the age of ten years in a private school kept by Mrs. Birch, I was able to go on with the class of children of my own age.

She managed her limited income with prudence and was able to give her four children a college education without them having to earn any part of the money necessary for it. Once I was knocked down by a large dog and received a cut on the side of my head which bled profusely for a while. Without calling a doctor she staunched the bleeding by bathing the part with cold water and clipped the hair as short as her scissors would do it. Then with needle and thread from her work basket, she proceeded calmly to stitch the gaping wound. No doctor could have done it better, for none of them used antiseptics in those days, and the wound promptly healed with a scar so small that it was hard to locate it in later years.

Her home and her children were the interests which occupied her every thought. There was about her a certain girlish shyness which prompted her to avoid publicity or display. After she became a widow she always dressed in black and in semi-mourning when out of the house. At home she wore only subdued colors. She enjoyed visiting and receiving her relatives and neighbors, but with none of them, save her children and grand-children, was she on very intimate terms.

There was also about her a quiet dignity which every one instinctively respected, and none more than her own household. She was about five feet four inches in height, and weighed in the middle years of her life a hundred fifty to a hundred sixty pounds. Her hair was so dark as to appear black in some lights, and she always wore it parted in the middle and brushed smoothly to her ears. It was fine and glossy and there was in front, on either side, a natural wave which probably was a curl in her childhood. This wave and her dark eyes were transmitted to all of her children though the Hutchings' eyes were blue, as also were the eyes of the Bonners. With her grand-children, however, the blue eyes re-appeared in all of them.

On special occasions as a Christmas dinner she would take a glass of scuppernong wine which used to be brought in from the plantation. In a few minutes afterwards a bright red spot appeared on one cheek, to the amusement of the children who watched for its appearance, and gleefully called attention to it, which always embarrassed her a little. She was fond of candy, but ate it sparingly. Nearly always she had a box of it put away in a cupboard or chest of drawers which she would pass around when children came in, but each could take but one piece and the box was put away again. She thought candy injured the teeth of growing children. She was always remarkably healthy and was never known to complain of headache. She seemed to have unusual immunity to infectious diseases; two or three mild attacks of articular rheumatism were the only illnesses I can remember her having had.

In the household there were few arbitrary rules, she expected the children to govern themselves, when they were old enough to think for themselves, and to profit by their mistakes. I remember one such instance which took place when I was about ten years old. I complained of the waste of time, as I called it, spent in undressing at night when a few hours later the clothing must be resumed, the shoes unlaced and

laced again, the buttons unfastened only to be refastened the next morning. My argument was that boys should be allowed to sleep in their clothes. Her only remark was: "Why don't you try it some night?" I elected to begin that very evening, so at bed time she spread newspapers on the foot of the bed where my shoes would rest, for it was summer and no cover was needed, and turning out the light left me to my own devices, dressed as I had been all day. In vain I courted sleep. I was uncomfortable and the more I turned and tossed, the more uncomfortable I became. The coat sleeves seemed to be cutting into my shoulders, so I slipped it off. Next the shoes bothered me—they came off. When my mother came in to call me in the morning she found me in my usual night clothes which had been left conveniently near. She made no comment, nor did I, but no more was said about economy of time to be gained in that way.

Five years before her death, she was induced to make the long journey from Macon to Ogdensburg, N. Y., to spend a summer with Beall and me. I met her at the trainside in Jersey City, for at that time the Hudson tunnel had not been constructed and we crossed the river on a ferry boat.

She was keenly interested in the great city which she remembered as a much smaller place when she had seen it as a bride, more than fifty years earlier. She was interested, too, in the hospital of which I was the superintendent, its extensive grounds and especially enjoyed the majestic St. Lawrence River, which was in plain view from the windows of my house. She often walked to the river bank and admired the clear water, so different from the turbid streams of Georgia.

As she stood silent upon a grassy knoll gazing down upon the great river, no doubt her thoughts were dwelling upon another river and another day; when as a bride she stood beside her husband on another rivershore and gazed upon its rushing limpid torrent and heard again in memory the roar and tumult of Niagara.

In Saranac Lake where we had a summer home, she complained of the cold and preferred to sit in front of a fire to being much out of doors. When I bade her good-bye aboard her train in Jersey City she paid me one of the rarest compliments of my life when she said with deep feeling, "You have always been a good boy, Richard, and have never given me a moment's anxiety." And I was able to tell her truthfully: "Whatever I have done that was worthwhile and will ever do, I owe it all to you."

Her last years were spent quietly in her own house with her grand-daughters. Next door were her eldest daughter and her family and all of them were unremitting in their devotion and attention to her comfort. Her last illness was of short duration and her attending physician could name it no more definitely than the infirmities of age.

May she live in the hearts of her children and her children's children, "Until the Heavens are rolled up like a scroll and time is no more."

The children of Richard Henry and Cornelia Greaves Hutchings:

1. SARAH MATILDA: Born in Jones county, Georgia, June 3, 1854, married Robert E. Steed July 11, 1878. Their children: Philip Sidney, Cornelia Hutchings, Florence (died in infancy), Annie Louise, and Robert Franklin.
2. ROBERT: Born 1855, died 1858.
3. MARY ALICE: Born March 14, 1859, married Dr. F. C. Johnston on October 6, 1886. Their children: Marwood, Richard H., and Eliza.
4. ANNIE LOUISE: Born December 7, 1862, married in 1888, Thomas Jefferson Smith. Their children: Cornelia Greaves and Chloe Wyatt.
5. CHARLES: Born 1866, died 1872.
6. RICHARD HENRY, the 2nd: Born August 28, 1869, married September 6, 1893, Lillian Beall Compton, daughter of Charles W. and Emily Bass Compton. Their children are: Richard Henry III, Charles Wyatt, and Dorothy Compton.

CHAPTER IX

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

A SMALL hamlet known as Albany existed in Jones county a few years prior to 1810, when its name was changed and it became incorporated as CLINTON, in honor of Governor DeWitt Clinton of New York, who figured prominently in politics at that time and who probably came to Clinton in company with General Lafayette at the time of his well-remembered visit there. And Clinton it has remained, and will remain ever as a memory in the minds and hearts of many who have lived there, or were born there and whose descendants have gone out and become scattered over the United States. To mention the name Clinton to them is to bring back enchantment, to recapture the spirit of the Old South with its charming and gentle ways of living, and the lofty ideals of ante-bellum days.

Unlike other small towns, Clinton did not grow in a haphazard manner. The village was laid out in 1811 with a square upon which the Court House was built, it being the county seat, and the town grew up around it. Robert Hutchings and James Smith were selected to secure plans for the Court House. The lot of land on which Clinton was built, containing 202 acres, was bought from Thomas Johnson by the Judges of the Inferior Court, and the sale of lots paid for the Court House.

On January 15, 1811, Robert Hutchings purchased from the Judges of the Inferior Court, Acting as Commissioners, for the sum of \$164.00 "to them in hand, well and truly paid by the said Hutchings" one half of lot No. 25 "lying lengthwise on Washington Street and endwise on Pulaski Street as to the end adjoining the Public Square" in "the town of Clinton".

The contractors who built the Court House were in those days called "undertakers". Business and residence lots were laid off and some of the streets were named Pinckney, Pulaski, Madison, Washington, Jackson and Walnut. Around the court house square on the four streets which faced it, were dwellings, stores and places of business. There were in the days of its prosperity, three large taverns, a hotel, cotton warehouses, a photograph gallery, churches, schools, many stables as well as shops of locksmiths, silversmiths, blacksmiths, and stores. The general merchandise store of Winship and Hutchings, later established, was opposite the entrance to the Court House. There was a three-story brick house facing the west corner of the square. The lower rooms of it were used for stores, the middle story for family living rooms and the third floor was a Masonic lodge hall. On another corner was Mrs. Gibson's tavern, where Dr. James Barron afterwards lived so long, and which he called "The Castle".

Mrs. Mary Charlotte Lowther built the home where Dr. and Mrs. Frank Jones now live; and while they have reclaimed the place in recent years, it is said to have been equally as lovely when Mrs. Lowther, herself, lived there. Mrs. Lowther was a woman of wonderful energy and business acumen.

Other prominent residents of those early days were: Col. R. V. Hardeman; James H. Blount, who served for twenty years as United States congressman; Col. Isaac Hardeman, who went as 1st Sergeant of the Jones County Volunteers to Richmond, Virginia, and was placed in the 12th Georgia Regiment, served throughout the war with the Army of Northern Virginia and came out at its close the colonel of that Regiment. Sylvanaus Hitch lived on the hill going towards Gray. He moved his family to South Georgia, and the sons of Mr. Hitch all became prominent in the affairs of the counties of their new homes. Major Williams lived there before he moved to Baker county, where he became promi-

nent. He was a progressive and popular citizen, and from the anecdotes handed down, he evidently was a bright, jovial man. His two sons, J. H. and W. W. Williams later moved to Macon and opened a jewelry store.

Clinton was noted for the fun and practical jokes played by its young men—so much so, that the answer: "I've been to Clinton" was considered all that was necessary to explain any unusual appearance of animal or person, having recently come from its direction.

"A temperance lecturer drove from Madison to Clinton with horse and buggy, put up at Mrs. Gibson's tavern and stable. While delivering his lecture at the church in the evening, mischievous, fun-loving boys of the town were in the stable striping his horse with paint like a zebra. The man was very wroth next morning when his buggy was brought around for him to leave, and he discovered his zebra-striped horse. Of course, no one knew anything about it and he had to leave as it was. When several miles upon his return road he met a man who, in his surprise at seeing a zebra hitched to a buggy, exclaimed: 'Mr. what is the matter with your horse?' 'Been to Clinton,' was the reply, with a flick of his whip on his horse."

Stephen Clower was fond of display, and being wealthy, purchased one of the fine carriages of that day, to which he drove four horses, with a negro coachman and footman. This carriage was mounted with silver and furnished with fine brocaded silk inside. Its body was swung high on great leather straps which served for springs, and had folding steps which were let down in order to gain entrance.

Taylor Gibson, whose wife had been the widow, Sarah Greaves Chiles, was also a citizen and had a most lovely family.*

The home of Richard Hutchings on Madison Street was a two-story, frame structure with white columns that extended up two stories and supported the porch roof. The stoop was gained by just a few steps of solid stone, with a foot-scraper on each end of the bottom step. Solid wooden, built-in benches

*This description is partly quoted and partly abstracted from an article printed in the "Jones County News."

with high backs flanked the sides of the stoop, and there was beneath the roof a second-story balcony. An old-fashioned antique brass door-knocker of the design of a shell with hands clasped in friendship, was on the front door. A long passageway connected the main body of the house with the dining room, which was built separately, and which opened conveniently onto the sidewalk.

Clinton did not escape the ravages of the war. Though it was a long distance from a railroad, it was in the midst of a prosperous farming district and was visited by raiding parties from Sherman's Army which seized food supplies, stock and valuables of every kind.

Wheeler's Cavalry Brigade was operating in opposing, as much as a small force could, the Federal raids and succeeded in capturing General Stoneman and a large number of his troops just north of Clinton.

The following reliable account of Stoneman's visit to Clinton will be of interest. It was printed in the Jones County news.

"Deposition of William Wiley Barron, given at his home in Clinton, Georgia, on August 5, 1930.

"I, William Wiley Barron, was Sheriff and Tax Collector of Jones County from 1887 to 1892; was Clerk of the Court from 1893 to 1905.

"I was born February 6, 1857, in Clinton. My father was Dr. James F. Barron, a physician, and who married Johanna Shropshire, in Jasper county in 1852. My oldest brother, James H. Barron, was born in Jasper county in 1854. Father moved to Clinton and bought the large white house east of Dick Hutchings' place, and on the east corner of the Macon and Monticello road. It was a large building with a porch across the front, three large rooms down stairs, eight small rooms up stairs, and three shed rooms. It was originally the Gibson Hotel, or Tavern.

"Gibson sold it to Ben Mason, and he sold it to Father. I was born in that house, also my brothers, Robert Benjamin, who was a physician afterwards in Macon; Jackson Clay Barron, Abbingtion Bonaparte LaFayette Barron, and my sister, Sallie (Mrs. Ellis).

"I went to school first to Z. D. Harrison at the Academy above the spring, during the war. In school with me were my brothers, James H., and R. H. Bonner.

"The first company that left Jones county in 1861 was Company B, 12th Georgia Regiment, under Capt. Peyton Pitts. They were mustered in here at Clinton and the camp was around the Clinton Methodist Church, before the grounds were so drilled with graves. Capt. Pitts was an old man, and soon retired from the army, and Isaac Hardeman, a lawyer here in Clinton, was elected captain of Company B. He later became a colonel. I remember that Jim and I went over to the camp, and Jim Morgan, about 18, a soldier and our neighbor, chased us all over the camp.

"I well remember when General Stoneman came through. It was on Friday at noon and we were all eating dinner. Some of our soldiers came down the Hillsboro road by the side of our house and hollered: 'The Yankees are coming!' and dashed around the corner and on toward Macon. The ones I remember were Bill Morton, Sam Barron, and Captain Rowland T. Ross.

"General Stoneman stopped at our house and asked Father about getting to Macon. Father told him there wasn't any bridge over the Ocmulgee river, that he'd have to cross on a flat. General Stoneman was a fine-looking man, quite tall with broad shoulders. I remember he was wearing a tremendous black hat. The Yankee soldiers began coming up in large numbers, so Mother said to Jim and me: 'Run over to Aunt Nancy's,' and sent a colored boy with us. Aunt Nancy Morrow was a Barron, Father's aunt, and she lived in a two-story house called the Hitch house, up on the hill above the Love place on the Milledgeville road. We stayed all the afternoon till Mother sent for us. While we were there about fifteen or twenty Yankee soldiers came and asked Uncle James for his watch and money. Aunt Nancy had sent her silver off by a negro to the dense woods back of the place when the first news came of the approach of the soldiers. Uncle James couldn't understand what the soldiers wanted, as I now know many of the soldiers were foreigners who were sent as substitutes. They thought he was pretending, and threatened to shoot him.

"That was on Friday afternoon, late in July, 1864. On Saturday afternoon a scouting party from General Iverson's forces up the Hillsboro road came by our house and kept straight down the Lite-and-Tie road past the Lowther place. Going north from Clinton it was called the Hillsboro or Monticello road; going south from Clinton it was called the Gordon road and Lite-and-Tie road.

"Soon the scouting party of Confederates came dashing back up the road with the Yankee soldiers behind them, and bullets were flying everywhere. Stoneman's men were firing on the scouting party, and they would turn in their saddles and fire back, and kept on toward General Iverson's camp. Iverson had heard that the Yankees under Stoneman were going toward Macon and his scouts were out looking for them.

"The Yankees had been defeated at Macon, and were retreating Saturday afternoon, when they met the scouting party below Clinton. In pursuing the scouting party through Clinton, they passed on and met General Iverson's forces Saturday night near Sunshine church, between Wayside and Round Oak. The next morning (Sunday) General Stoneman was captured.

"Monday morning (August 1st) suddenly soldiers began pouring into Clinton, Yankees and Confederates. They were everywhere. I went out on the porch with Father and General Stoneman rode up. He said 'Doctor, what you told me was true. The bridge was gone.' Father offered him refreshments, but he would not go in, so Mother sent a glass of buttermilk out to him. The captured Yankees and the Confederates returned to Macon by the road past Court House Square.

"In November, 1864, the Yankees came again to Clinton. General Sherman himself did not come to Clinton. The Yankees were under the command of General Kilpatrick. His headquarters were right next to us in Mr. Richard H. Hutchings' house, the old Jonathan Parrish place. Mrs. Hutchings was Cornelia Greaves, Mr. Henry Greaves' sister. Soldiers were all over town. They were passing constantly down the road by our house, going through Clinton towards Griswoldville and Macon, I suppose. I remember while I was sitting on a gate-post, watching 'em pass, one of the soldiers pinched my ear.

"Gen. Kilpatrick gave each house a guard, but supplies of every kind were taken. We didn't have anything left but a few jars of lard which my mother had hid under the bed."

In the old days Christmas was the gala holiday of the year. It was the time when accounts were settled and money was in circulation. Cotton, the principal cash crop, was marketed in the fall and goods and supplies were sold by the merchants on credit and accounts were to be settled up at that time. In anticipation of the holiday, the stores were stocked with goods suitable for presents, and luxuries such as oranges, English

walnuts, Brazil nuts, Malaga grapes and raisins, which were not on sale at any other time of the year. Better grades of imported wines, rum and brandies helped to add cheer to the Christmas dinner. On the plantations vast preparations were started weeks in advance. Quantities of mincemeat for pies were prepared, fruit cakes baked and put away to ripen, and turkeys and geese cooped up and fattened. "Hog-killing time" occurred in December with the first freezing weather, and spare ribs, hams, fresh and smoked, sausages in long chains of links, prepared and seasoned by some special darkey who had a reputation for his product, were plentiful. Last but not least—perhaps best of all, were the pans of fresh, brown cracklings to be eaten plain and to make up that toothsome morsel, "shortening bread".

"There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted crackling."

Charles Lamb; Essay on Roast Pig.

Eggs had been jealously hoarded for as long as they would keep fresh. A huge farm wagon had made the trip to town and had returned loaded with mysterious boxes, bales and packages, which were unloaded into a locked store room and no one but the mistress was permitted to see inside of any of them. Extra quantities of cord wood was stacked in the yard, for the Christmas fires must be warm and bright. Evergreens and holly boughs were used to decorate the dining room and windows.

Every one to the smallest picaninny was on the *qui vive* for the day to come. When the first streaks of dawn appeared in the east, an onlooker might have thought a riot was being staged. The negroes, old and young, crowded to the back door, the old men hobbling on canes forgot their "rheumatiz" and hurried with the others; the younger ones jumped up and down in their excitement. The most impetuous and first to arrive were pounding on the back door shouting, "Christmas giff, Marster", "Christmas giff, Missus". There was no

denying them. They were expected and did not have long to wait. Early as they had come, the cook and houseman were ahead of them and in the dining room were huge bowls of hot whiskey punch, enough for every one but the children to have a tin cup-full. For the children, there was for each a stick of striped peppermint candy.

As soon as the master and mistress hurriedly dressed, appeared in the hallway, the door was opened and they were invited in. Now all was decorum and precedent, the older ones came first followed by younger ones and children. If any of the children, unable to restrain their eagerness, got in front of someone older, he or she would be sternly rebuked by their elders: "Git back thar, chile, whar you belongs. Ain't you got no manners?" They were all cordially greeted and wished a Merry Christmas and the refreshments passed out by the house servants. The presents which had been tied in bundles and marked with the name of the recipient were then handed to each by the mistress, and with protestations of thanks and gratitude the darkies withdrew to the quarters, each with a bow or curtsy as they left. It was the only occasion during the year when many of them ever came into the "big house", and they were duly impressed with the privilege.

When they had gone, a bowl of egg-nog was soon prepared by the houseman, a ceremonial almost a rite, without which it would not really be Christmas. It should be added that this ritualistic egg-nog* contained no milk. In heathen places further north, even then this sacrilege may have been committed, but not in Georgia. The master would have hung his head in shame if it had been necessary to eke out the quantity by diluting it with milk. Never! As soon would he tolerate

*It is proper that I include the recipe for an egg-nog. Into an earthen bowl place the yolks of six eggs. Add six level tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and stir with a silver spoon until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved and the mixture smooth. Add six tablespoonfuls (some would add a seventh "for the pot") of whiskey or half rum and half brandy. Stir well. With a silver fork whip the six egg whites stiff. Fold in the yolks, sugar and liquor mixture, but do not agitate more than necessary for thorough blending. Serve in a silver cup or glass goblet with a silver spoon. The recipe serves four.

the mint being bruised in his julep as to allow anything in his egg-nog but well beaten eggs, sugar and whiskey or brandy, mixed with rum. And he drank it from a silver spoon, as a gentleman should.

As soon as breakfast was over the house was quickly put in order, the fires mended until they glowed brightly in every downstairs room. More punch was concocted and fresh egg nog got ready, for guests were expected and healths must be quaffed appropriately.

The following account of a Christmas celebration written for the Jones County News, by Mr. S. H. Griswold should not be lost.

"Christmas is almost here, and it brings to mind how it was sometimes celebrated in Clinton in the days of prosperity, when it had stores, hotels and as fine a citizenship as was in Georgia. Old John, the serving man around the lot, had his toddy and egg nog, as did Old Betsy, the cook. With a smack of the lips and pulling of the forelock and a bow by the former and a courtesy by the latter, accompanied by a "Thanke Sir," made the old negroes feel good and it put Christmas in their bones. On one Xmas Eve, about 1840, the young men of the town sat up for a good time. Old Jim was a sort of free negro who did odd jobs among them. He was hired to haul a good load of hickory wood and put it in the street in front of the court house. This the boys had set on fire, and around it they sat on chairs. They were Dick Hutchings, R. W. Bonner, Real Gibson, Jeff Williams, Geo. Cook, Tom Bowen, Abb Barron, Greeb Tye, Tom Morris, Perry Finney, one or two of the Barrons and others whom I do not call to mind. They sat there singing songs, telling tales, playing pranks on each other, shooting fire crackers and an occasional gun.

"Of course, the 'Oh be joyful' was among them, in the form of a big pot of whiskey stew, the concoction of which was attended to by Dick Hutchings. It was a stew right—composed of many spices, the best of whiskey and other things. Over on the hill, by the old school house, were Sam Johnson, Frank Tye and others of the younger set, driving holes in the ground, placing powder therein, tamping it in tight and at intervals touching them off, producing cannon-like explosions. Occasionally, as the night went on, and the fun waxed hot, calls were made for the stew and merry got the boys. Around the

fire they sat and let the fun go round. Bill Whidly would sing 'Liza Jane' and Greeb Tye with his deep strong voice, would join in the chorus which was:

'Oh, Eliza, little Liza Jane,
Oh, Eliza, little Liza Jane.'

"After each song the stew was passed around; each one took a drink and gave a toast or told a story. It went from song to story and everybody was happy and in a good humor. None meant to do any harm. This was just among the boys.

"Old Jim stood by the boys and drank when they did but with less restraint until the early hours of the morning. He was drunk and leaning against the court house fence. Dick Hutchings asked: 'Jim, how about the stew and spice, ain't it fine?' 'Yes, Boss,' was the reply, 'It's mighty good but it's 'bout got the best of me,' as he took a firmer hold on the fence to steady himself. They stayed there until daylight Christmas morning and one by one, as they took their Christmas morning drink, left and went home for a little rest.

"But what of Christmas Day and the big dinners? They were here! Such feasts were never equaled in city hotels or restaurants. They had turkey, duck, o'possum, ham, pork, nearly all the meat and game to be had in the country, with salads, vegetables, mince pies, puddings, fruit cakes, sillibub*, wines, nuts and raisins. It was cooked by old-time negro women, directed or taught by their mistresses. The food was not cooked in stoves, but in good old-fashioned ovens, pots, etc., in big broad fire places, where hickory or oak wood had burned to coals, which were heaped upon the oven lids. Madame Parrish's Christmas dinners were among the most noted. They were elegant and toothsome, beyond description. Each family in the village and the county had its Christmas dinner. The children and negroes had their presents, the elder ones their eggnog, and then came the Christmas dinner and social pleasures. It was a land of plenty, peace and happiness, where neighbors loved neighbors, and all were prosperous. At the merry Christmas time they enjoyed their prosperity to the full. The minister and his family were always with them, and they were remembered with a full share of everything good, and many gave thanks to the Great Giver, with him in his blessing before meat.

"As a whole the people were all well-off and prospered, and a

*Sillibub is a drink which was esteemed in ancient England. According to Halliwell the name was originally *sillibouke*; its derivation being *silly* (i. e., happy, jolly) and *bouk* (belly). It was originally made there by mixing ale with cream and milk but in later years wine took the place of ale which we can imagine was an improvement.

man's mere word was his bond. There was no going to the banks for money. Neighbors lent it to each other and often never took a note. You, who have been born since the war, cannot realize what a prosperous and glorious community Jones County was under the old reign. All over the county Christmas holiday was observed and enjoyed by all. It is from the old times that catching folks 'Christmas Gift' is handed down to the negroes. I remember hearing Bert Hutchings tell someone that nobody but negroes and children caught people 'Christmas Gift' now-a-days. That was several years after the war and not long before he died. He had reference to the universal habit of it in the older times and saw that it was fast falling into disuse."

When the little Indian fort, named Fort Hawkins, on the Ocmulgee river, came to be abandoned, the town of Macon began to grow and in a few years drew heavily upon Jones county for its inhabitants. Clinton lost many citizens to Macon, and its inhabitants grew noticeably less each year. Better schools and colleges brought many families to Macon, as well as business opportunities for those who wished to "begin again" after the war.

The Macon Telegraph of August 25, 1935, in a feature article, says:

"Further loss to Clinton came when the Athens Branch of the Central of Georgia Railroad was run two miles away and a small station known as Gray began to be important in Jones County. In 1906 the county seat was moved from Clinton to Gray, and a new court house was built there.

"Unfortunately the old court house at Clinton was allowed to fall down, and the rooms where Ben Hill, Aleck Stephens, L. Q. C. Lamar, and Robert Toombs, had practiced law are gone forever. The boulders, however, which made the county jail (1843) were removed to build the rock wall which now encircles the court house at Gray."

Richard Henry Hutchings was one of the Commissioners who built the old rock jail in Clinton's early days—one of the strongest structures ever built in that region. When Gray became the county seat, it was torn down and moved there. The workmen had hard work to get the rocks apart, so securely were they cemented together. Jake Hutchings, the negro mason, helped to build the jail in Clinton.

The Hutchings families had few male members to carry on the name, those remaining moved away, others died, leaving no family by that name in Clinton. But relatives, the Chiles, Greaves and Stewart families lived on there for many years afterward, and we visited them nearly every summer, until they also became scattered and gone. Clinton was even then becoming a place of reminiscences, and a town with a past. One of my earliest recollections of visits there was the smell of the boxwood borders and hedges in the front yards, early in the morning when the dew was still on them, sending forth an odor of clean fragrance that only boxwood can give, although there were roses, tea-olives, heliotrope, rosemary, lavender and other fragrances mingled with it. Clinton enjoyed an ideal village life before the war, and was still a place of culture and refinement. The impress of the distinguished people who settled and reared their children there, is left upon their descendants. There are many who still cherish its associations and traditions.

But Clinton is gone. The highway from Macon to Milledgeville passes through it and only a small group of residences remain of its former prestige and dignity.

CHAPTER X

THE CHILDREN OF RICHARD AND CORNELIA

SARAH MATILDA (Sally) was named for two aunts: Sarah Greaves Chiles and Matilda, her father's sister. She was born in Clinton. She was four years older than her sister Alice, but they were brought up together as children.

When she began school in Clinton, she was so small that she could hardly see over the top of the desk when seated at it and reference is made elsewhere of the special desk that was provided for her. It was only for the reason that she began school so young, for in later years she was of average height.

There was a difference of fifteen years in our ages and when I can first recall her she had graduated from college and was living at home and having beaux. It was my good fortune to be the recipient of many favors from these young men. Perhaps it was because she refused to accept any favors that they came to me as proxy; toys, candy, trips to the circus, Sunday afternoons in the park when she was away from home.

I remember her love of growing flowers in beds in the front yard and of helping her cover them with newspapers on frosty evenings in the fall of the year. It was from her, doubtless, that I acquired the love of flowers which has stayed with me since I can remember. To me she was a "little mother" and I loved to be with her.

She studied music at Wesleyan. Her singing voice, while not powerful, was sweet and true. She was gentle and kind in manner to children and older persons and I am sure she never had an enemy or ill-wisher. She was domestic in her taste and loved her home.

Sally was married to Robert E. Steed in 1878. He had carried on a courtship for six years and had been so often at



SALLIE HUTCHINGS



ALICE HUTCHINGS



ANNIE LOU HUTCHINGS

From pictures badly discolored from age

the house that he seemed to me like a brother before they were married. He was an accountant and later became secretary and treasurer of the Dunlap Hardware Company. He remained with this firm throughout his entire business career.

Of her home life after marriage, her daughter, Cornelia, is best able to speak:

"Unlike the picture of Whistler's Mother, she never sat with folded hands, always she was busy at some worth-while task. She found time to sew and make dresses for my sister and myself, always nice Easter outfits, and my brothers, too, had their share of her attention and she kept them neat and tidy. Once when Philip was small he returned from playing in a neighbor's yard. She looked at him with surprise. 'Were you over there wearing that soiled jacket?' 'It was alright, Mamma, they didn't say a word about it', was his satisfied reply.

"My earliest recollection of her was when we lived on Magnolia Street and I was four years old. I thought she was prettier than my playmates' mothers and she was in fact beautiful, with dark brown hair and soft brown eyes and a figure of medium height and just plump enough to look healthy. At that age she read stories to me at bed-time and taught me to sing little songs like 'Come, Birdie, Come and Live With Me', and verses of poetry until I could recite them and later gave me books suitable to my years. She taught me to plant flower seed and grow flowers. She could make a flower bed so attractive I felt that I would like to lie down in it too and grow.

"She was never demonstrative of affection towards her children, but her love was constantly manifest in her unceasing care and thoughtfulness. In manner she was calm and self-possessed. She never made any outward sign of fear or uneasiness, as for instance during storms, and it was not until I was grown that I discovered she was nervous and fearful during wind and electrical storms. She wanted her children to be unafraid so did not let them know how she herself felt.

"Mamma had a deep religious feeling, though she talked of it but little. A picture of her, indelible on my memory, is of her sitting and reading her Bible daily and observing a few moments of quiet devotion and silent prayer. By 1918, my sister Annie Lou had gradually relieved her of household tasks and responsibilities and she then had more time to devote to church and charity, which she loved and carried on to the extent of her strength and means."

I would add that her children were most devoted in their attention to her comfort and happiness. Every summer she went with some of them on a recreational tour, visiting at different times Florida, New Orleans, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and the resorts on the sea coast, some of the places several times.

Her last years were full of peace and contentment; her mind remained alert and her sympathies keen even when she needed to be helped a little in walking and on the stairs. A friend said of her about this time: "She is like a piece of delicate china, so fragile and precious." Her last illness was of but a few days and she passed away as she would have wished, among her children.

The children of Robert E. and Sarah Steed were:

PHILIP SIDNEY, born in 1879, who was educated in the Macon schools and Southern Business College and since his early manhood has been engaged in the hardware business.

He served for two terms as a Senior Councillor of the United Commercial Travelers. In the Masonic Order he has received distinguished honors, being Past Master of Macon Lodge, No. 6, F. and A. M.; Wise Master of Kadmiel Chapter Rose Croix, A. and A. S. R., for 14 years and at Washington, D. C., on October 23, 1925, the Thirty-Third Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite was conferred upon him.

His chief characteristics are honesty, courage in the face of difficulties, a willingness to help others and a sustained interest in causes that are worthy. He is a good citizen, a steward of the Vineville Methodist Episcopal Church and has faithfully carried out his father's last injunction to "care for your mother and sisters." They maintain a home together in Macon and have a harmonious family life.

CORNELIA, the eldest daughter, and next after Philip, after completing her education in Macon took up secretarial work and has held excellent positions. To her is due much of the credit for the completion of this book. Her interest in the records of the family prompted her to volunteer to assist in its composition, a proposal which was gratefully accepted. She has shown real talent for genealogical research and wonderful patience and industry in the tedious work of compiling family lines.

Her characteristics are, besides those mentioned, a level head and good common sense. She has an attractive personality and makes friends easily. She is interested in music, good literature and her hobby is gardening.

ANNIE LOU. Many people have remarked that Annie Lou bears a striking resemblance to her mother. It can be observed in her appearance but even more in her voice, her manner and in her disposition, which is kindly and gentle. She is the homemaker, she takes almost the entire responsibility for managing the home while her brothers and sister are away at business. She has always been deeply interested in the church and at one time considered devoting herself to missionary work, but her health was such that the plan had to be given up. She was married March 17, 1918, to Captain Benjamin H. Woodruff of the U. S. Army shortly before he went with his command to France. His health broke down while there and he has since been an invalid.

FRANKLIN, like his brother, took up commercial work when he had finished his education and has been connected with leading commercial houses as traveling representative, his territory covering several southern states, usually including Georgia so that he, too, is one of the Macon family and calls that city his home. He married in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1925, Blanche Goldsmith; she accompanies him, as most of his traveling is done by motor car, and acts as his secretary. They are a congenial couple, never separated and much of his success is doubtlessly the result of the inspiration he receives from her.

ALICE HUTCHINGS JOHNSTON—If Alice had lived in Germany she would have been nick-named Mitzi for she was the middle one of three sisters. She was always somewhat serious minded but made friends easily and was popular in school but was more of a student than either of her sisters. She attended Wesleyan College where she graduated. Near our home was a small private school where she went for a few hours every day to teach the classes in Latin. As I was a pupil in this school, she introduced me to the classics and I can bear testimony that she was a good teacher. When asked to write something that she remembered of her childhood she wrote this:

"The first memory I have of life was at the house where Annie Stewart lived in later years. Because there was a difference of four years between Sallie and me I was called the baby for a long time.

"One day Amelia asked me if I would like to go to Aunt Matilda's house to play with Mattie; she would come back for me herself a little later. I wondered because I had never been away from home alone before. I was such a small child that I grew tired and wanted to go home and it seemed long before Amelia returned. On the way home she said, 'Dr. Kingman has brought a new baby to our house.' She thought I would be pleased, but I was not. I said, 'But you know we already have a baby. Why didn't he take it to Mrs. Hamilton who has none.' My father had gone to the plantation that morning; I watched for him and when he drove into the lot, I hastened out and told him the news. He came in the house to see how Mamma was and laughed when I asked him to give that baby back to the doctor. He took me up and said, 'I know a good plan. Let that be Mamma's baby and you be mine.' I agreed and expected him to keep his promise so when it came to be my bed time I brought my little nightgown to him and he buttoned it on me. Then I lay in his lap and he rocked me to sleep. Every night it was the same.

"Every child in the family had a separate nurse. My nurse was named Minerva, Nervy, I called her. She would "tote" me around as there were no baby carriages then. I loved her. Nervy was a grown girl and she and John Black were married in our back yard. Mamma let Aunt Melinda and 'Melia bake a large wedding cake and prepare a dinner for the party. I was a big enough girl to remember that event. Cousin Emily and Dru, who lived with us then, fixed a wreath of white flowers and pinned it on the bride's head. The negroes all thought she had a fine wedding.

"When Annie and I were grown girls and used every summer to spend a month with Cousin Annie Greaves in Clinton, Minerva and her husband were still living there, in a little house not far from the church, and had several children. I always went to see them, they were nice respectable negroes and were proud for us to visit them."

Alice graduated among the first in her class. In later years the college conferred upon her the honorary master's degree. She was of a studious disposition and was fond of reading, an interest she has cultivated until now.

Her marriage to Dr. Felix Johnston occurred on October 6, 1886. He was a relative of one of her friends who lived in

Macon and at the latter's house he saw a photograph of Alice and admired her so much, he asked for an introduction and an ardent courtship began at once. The marriage took place when he had established himself in practice in Lee County, later they lived for a while in Cairo and finally made their home in Macon. Felix was a kind man, sociable and friendly. It was from talking with him that the idea of studying medicine came to me and he was helpful in assisting me to get started on the right path. When the time came for me to make a choice of colleges, I asked him about the reputation of several and remember his reply, it was: "Don't let that trouble you, any one of them will teach more than you will be able to absorb." It proved to be true at least of Bellevue.

Their children were Marwood, Richard H. and Eliza. Marwood was born in Cairo at a time when I happened to be visiting them. It is almost unbelievable but true, that on the night she was born sometime towards morning, I was sleeping in the adjoining room and heard nothing of what was happening a few feet away. In that small town in those days professional nurses were not available and Felix cared for her unaided. I was astonished in the morning to find a baby in bed with her, though, of course, I had known it was expected soon.

Alice's capacity to endure pain without making a sound had always excited my admiration, but I had only witnessed it at home in minor events as in the dentist's chair and in small hurts as a girl. Her self-control was remarkable.

After her husband's death she was left with a modest income and gave up keeping house, and made her home with her son, Richard, alternating with Marwood.

Marwood, when old enough, studied pharmacy and became associated with several drug stores of established reputation. She was married to Charles Evart Burns on October 15, 1911. Two children were born, Alice Mae and Charles E., Jr., the latter is unmarried and is a marine engineer. Alice Mae mar-

ried Carl T. McQuaig of Jacksonville, Florida, and they have one daughter, Joanne. They all make their homes in Jacksonville.

Richard, upon completion of his education, studied law and practiced in Macon until the outbreak of the World War when he entered the service of the United States as a member of a militia company. He served throughout the war with credit as a commissioned officer and served in France. At the end of the war he was offered a commission as captain in the regular army and has seen service in several army posts, including the Philippines.

He married Winnifried Martin of Rockford, Illinois. They have no children. Richard's health became impaired while in the army and he was retired. He now lives in Orlando, Fla.

Eliza married John Pegram, who was engaged in the wholesale tobacco business and they made their home in Kinston, North Carolina. Two children were born to them, John and Louise. Eliza died soon after her marriage and their Uncle Richard assumed the guardianship of the two children. They are now living with him in Orlando and are in high school.

ANNIE LOUISE was nearest of my age but I looked up to her as a big girl from the first that I can remember. She, too, attended Wesleyan College and graduated with an A. B. degree. Annie was not as robust as her sisters. She was subject to more frequent minor illnesses, usually respiratory in character and was more slender than they and taller. Her manner was friendly and she liked the company of people of her own age who were often at the house.

She married Thomas Jefferson Smith, who came of a substantial Putnam County family. His grandfather for whom he was named, was a fine old man when I knew him, a gentleman of the old school. He owned considerable property in farm lands and was one of the influential men of the county.

He was fond of Annie and lived with her and Jeff in the old homestead at Smithboro, which place took its name from him. Jeff's father was a Princeton man; he was taciturn and distant in his manner, at least toward me, a young boy, and I did not know him well enough to characterize him. Jeff attended Emory College and upon completing his studies took charge of his grandfather's farm and operated it afterwards.

Two daughters were born to Annie; the eldest named for her grandmother, Cornelia Greaves, and the other Chloe Wyatt, named for a sister of her father. Annie died when only thirty-two years old, of what appears to have been typhoid fever. The two little girls were cared for by my mother and went with her to Macon, upon their father's death, and both graduated from Wesleyan. Cornelia taught school for a year or two, then attended a training school for nurses and became a registered nurse, but later became interested in occupational therapy for which her natural talents and her nursing experience admirably fitted her. She graduated from the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy and is at present employed at that work in the Department of Mental Hygiene of New York. She is unmarried.

Chloe prepared herself to become a librarian and has held good positions in Detroit, Michigan, where she now lives. She married Reginald A. Brewer in 1921 and their only child is Thomas Wyatt Brewer, born August 15, 1926.

RICHARD HENRY HUTCHINGS II—It is difficult to write about myself, but no one else is willing to undertake the task so I will give a brief sketch of the principal events and dates of my life.

Of my childhood, enough has been related. When I was 14 years old I entered the Middle Georgia Military School in Milledgeville. The reason for my going there was that our family knew James Hinton, who was one of the faculty, teach-

ing Latin and Greek. I am afraid I acquired little Latin and less Greek, but I liked the former and retained a fair knowledge of it. Two of the friends I made there were Charles H. Herty, who afterwards became a distinguished chemist. He devised a process for making paper from scrub pine, until then a worthless tree, but now contributing to the wealth of the state. The other, George Crawford, was my roommate; he later graduated from a technical school and entered the Carnegie Steel Works, becoming in time President of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, and at the time of his death was head of the great Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation.

In our second year we were appointed sergeants and that distinction coming as a surprise gave us, no doubt, more happiness than any honor since conferred. When we graduated, he was a lieutenant and I, adjutant. That experience gave me something I much needed. As the youngest child in a family of women, there was a feeling that I lacked something that other boys had and which made me apprehensive of future success. I know now that it was the father's influence and guidance that I lacked. When I was made an officer over others, who seemed to have as good if not better claim, it gave the conviction that I could excel if I worked hard enough to deserve success.

But in the meantime other things were brewing. In my first year at Milledgeville, I was invited to a formal dance given in the dining room of the hotel. There I saw a little girl much younger than anyone else present; she wore short skirts and her hair in a long braid hung down her back. She was beautiful for a child and danced divinely but only with two or three of the older men, who seemed to be of her family. I did not learn her name or see her again for a year. Little did I dream that ten years from that night she would become my wife. But much water must go under the bridge before that happy day was to arrive. The next year I met her at a little neighborhood party and learned her name was Lillie Beall

Compton. The admiration I felt upon seeing her first was vastly strengthened. In fact, I think I began my courtship then and there. I have said to her since, that I sat beside her cradle and waited for her to grow up. It was nearly that.

Two years later her skirts were lengthened and her hair put up and behold, she was a vision of grace and loveliness that the mere sight of her went to my head like wine. The planning and plotting to circumvent determined rivals was an education in strategy different from that taught in the military school, but more important to me. When I left for the University, I had her promise that if neither of us changed our mind, when my education was completed I might come back for her.

My year at the University of Georgia was in preparation for the study of medicine, it was principally chemistry and physics. Other classes were attended, mathematics which I abhorred, French which I could never pronounce and more Latin which was not too tiresome because it would be needed. My principal memory of that year is the smell of the chemical laboratory, I loved it, it seemed so professional and important.

This is to be a sketch, not an autobiography, so I will pass over the years spent at Bellevue and only mention the incidents which will be of interest to my grandchildren. The editor of "Who's Who in America" has included a summary of my public and professional activities, which can be read by anyone who wishes such information.

The crowded curriculum of the medical school left little time for outside interests. In the first year, working late at night in the dissecting room by the flickering light of a gas flame over my head, which was the only illumination provided, injured my eyes so that since then I have had to wear glasses. One incident which occurred at the end of my junior term must be mentioned. It illustrates how, though we may plan ever so carefully, our destinies are largely in the hands of the fickle goddess of chance, even an accidental occurrence will sometimes determine one's whole future career.

The term was just over and I had passed all my preliminary subjects but was to remain to attend some clinics for a few weeks. One Saturday afternoon when there was nothing going on at the College and ordinarily I would be in the park or at a museum, I went instead to the College in the hope of finding my weekly letter from Beall, which had been delayed. Incidentally the letter was there, but that is not the story.

As I entered the building the Registrar rushed out of his office and excitedly called to me as I was getting the letter: "You are just the man I want. The Almshouse Hospital has telephoned that some of the internes there are sick and they need help at once. Can you go?" "But Joe", I said, we were on familiar terms, "I am not a doctor yet." "No, but you will be in a year and they will be satisfied with a student. Take the ferry from 76th Street to Blackwell's Island. Here is the address"; as he put a slip of paper in my hand and almost pushed me out of the front door. I packed a few necessary articles in a handbag, for I would have to live in the hospital, and ventured forth wondering what was ahead of me.

The house physician proved to be a Dr. Henry whose home was Millen, Georgia, and we soon became good friends. When the emergency was over, I went home for a vacation but in about a month I was recalled by a telegram to return to the hospital and remained there until school opened in September. My experience was so satisfactory that upon graduating I applied for an internship and received it and finished the year in the shoes left vacant by Dr. Henry.

At that time there was on the Island an institution for the insane having a large staff of doctors with whom I became acquainted and got to be interested in their work. Up to that time I had no other plan but to return to Georgia and open an office, but my appearance at the age of 23 was very youthful and I wondered if people would have confidence in one so young looking; perhaps in another year I might be able to grow a beard or acquire some other appearance of age and

professional experience. Having mentioned something of this to one of the visiting staff, Dr. Fisher, I soon had an offer of a salaried position in the City Asylum on Ward's Island and went there April 1, 1892.

I had been there but six weeks when, having gone into town one afternoon to complete my civil service papers, a message awaited me upon my return that the superintendent had been inquiring if I had returned. Dr. Macy informed me that Dr. P. M. Wise, superintendent of the St. Lawrence State Hospital at Ogdensburg, N. Y., had been there in my absence seeking an assistant on his staff and he had recommended me. I was to meet Dr. Wise at the Grand Union Hotel at nine o'clock. This was a new state institution, not yet completed but partly occupied, and said to be the last word in architectural beauty and modern equipment.

Dr. Wise and I talked for half an hour. He asked me about my origin and education and said Dr. Macy had spoken favorably of me. My youthful appearance did not seem to affect him unfavorably for he offered me the position adding that most of his assistants were married and if I should wish to take a wife, it would be agreeable for it was customary to include the maintenance of physicians' families as a part of their compensation in the state hospitals. If he had handed me a fortune in gold, it would have been no more acceptable than those last few words. I answered that I had no immediate plans but if after a reasonable trial and if both of us were satisfied, I should probably consider taking that step. My service at Ogdensburg began May 24, 1892.

So this is how I came to choose psychiatry for my career. My good luck did not desert me; the staff physicians who were senior to me one by one resigned to accept other opportunities so that a promotion came to me nearly every year and when I had just passed my thirty-fourth birthday, I was superintendent of the hospital, September 10, 1903.

When the War came on in 1917, I volunteered in the Medi-

cal Reserve Corps and was commissioned as a captain. Late in August of that year I was ordered into active service and promoted to be a major in the Medical Corps, U. S. Army. My first station was Columbia, South Carolina, where I, with assistants, examined the 81st Division to detect and reject men considered liable to acquire nervous or mental diseases in military service. Of many amusing experiences, there is room here for but one. There were in that division some negro companies; one day I had before me a muscular darky who had just arrived. He seemed to be deficient in intelligence and to test his general knowledge of events, I asked some practical questions, What were you doing at home? "I wus fahmin' in North Callina." Why did you come here? "Lordy, boss, don't you know? I'se here ter learn de millinery." I assigned him to the labor batallion, believing the most patriotic service he could render would be in digging trenches in France; but there were some fine upstanding soldiers among the negro troops, who made good. By January, that division was purged of potential shell-shock victims and I was then transferred to the office of the Surgeon General at Washington. Here I was occupied with planning the set-up of military hospitals and providing for the personnel. Among others planned was one to be made of the army barracks buildings at Plattsburg for the treatment of shell-shock. This condition being of great interest to me, I applied for an assignment and was made chief psychiatrist and went there July 1, 1918.

Here I came into association with many distinguished neurologists, including Jelliffe, Timme, Adolf Meyer, Weisenburg and others and formed friendships which have continued.

After the Armistice the patients were being rapidly discharged and the work was coming to an end, so I applied for my discharge in February, 1919, and received it on the 8th.

While still there, I was called on the long distance telephone and offered the superintendency of the State Hospital

at Utica, where an extensive building program was about to be started a little way out of town at a place called Marcy. This interested me as I would have a part in building and equipping a new hospital, the estimated cost of which was ten million dollars. I accepted it but as I was on leave of absence from my former post, I returned there until April when we moved to Utica which has since been my home.

When I had been at Ogdensburg a year, I began to importune Beall to set a day when I might return for her according to her promise and which had not been modified. We were married on September 6, 1903, in St. Stevens Church in Mill-edgeville. When I was arranging for the marriage license the Ordinary, an old man, said to me, "You are taking away the finest girl ever brought up in this town." I agreed with him heartily. Her family had been prominent in Georgia for many years; her father had died before I met her. Her grandfather, Pleasant Compton, had been comptroller of the state during the Confederacy and afterwards a leading merchant and cotton factor. She had finished her education in the Southern Female College at LaGrange.

When we arrived at our new home the reception she received was almost sensational and in the admiration of her beauty and charm expressed by the people in all walks of life, I had reason to take pride.

On her part, she was at ease in any company, no man or woman was too old or child too young, to have a share of her interest and she quickly made friends, for every one seemed to know that what she said to them were not polite platitudes coming only from the lips but was a sincere interest. I think much of her charm came from an absence of self-consciousness. When she dressed to go out, she was meticulous in attention to the last detail of her dress and hair and when she left her mirror she gave no further thought to herself but only to those in her company. It has always been so; she had added no little to my prestige, for to be the husband of the charming

Mrs. Hutchings was a distinction in itself. Sometimes in public gatherings, she would be talking in a group in which was a stranger and I would join them and be introduced, he would look at me in surprise, or so it seemed, as though he would say: "How did *you* get to be what you are?"

It is said of the Hon. Joseph Choate that when he was once asked whom he would like to be if he could not be himself, replied at once, "The second husband of Mrs. Choate". When I heard this anecdote I thought first, as many times since, that he might as truly have been speaking for me. I might write of her prudence, her good judgment in practical matters and her unwavering loyalty to them she loves, but enough has been said. For those who know her, even this much is superfluous; to those who do not, I can only offer sympathy for their deprivation. In the words of another, she is "The wife of my youth who, thanks be to God, still abides with me."



CHAPTER XI

RICHARD WYATT BONNER: HIS CHILDREN

I KNEW him well and loved him well when as a boy and young man I was privileged to enjoy his friendship. Tall, erect, with square shoulders and dignified bearing it seemed natural that everyone addressed him by his well merited title of Captain, but his nature was genial and lovable. He had the gray-blue eyes typical of the Bonners, a fair complexion and hair and beard snow white at the time that I knew him.

He was fond of me, too, and used to spend hours talking to me about the days long gone by of his family and mine, which he had known intimately and his memory of names and incidents was unusual. He said to me more than once, "Dick, you are the last male of the Hutchings line, we look to you to keep up the traditions of the past."

When he saw that I was interested in the history of the family, he took the time and pains to write at length accounts which he had heard from Aunt Luraney, some of which are copied in this narrative. Little of what he said concerned himself, he never spoke of his exploits in the war but others have told me that they were such as to win commendation for bravery and coolness in action.

He was born in Baldwin County, October 30, 1819, the son of James and Frances and his preliminary schooling was had in that neighborhood. I do not know where he attended college but it probably was Oglethorpe, then located near Milledgeville. Wherever it was, the familiarity of the classics he gained stayed with him, for quotations and apt allusions to the classic authors came readily to his tongue. His ready wit and keen appreciation of humor may have come to him naturally from his father, James.

I remember an incident he related to me with a mixture of humor and indignation, just after it had happened. He had received as a gift a fine silk umbrella and wishing not to lose it he had his name and initials, in fair-sized letters, painted on the under side of the cover. That morning upon leaving his house, the day being rainy, he wanted it but it was not in the rack. He supposed he had left it at his office but upon arriving there could not find it. Making the best of the situation he took an older one and went about his business. In the afternoon when coming up the steps to the sidewalk from the basement barber shop in Hotel Lanier, he glanced up and saw his treasured umbrella going by over the head of a stranger. A few quick bounds and he had seized it and with a gruff exclamation pointed to his name and walked off with no ceremony. When he was telling the story to me his irritation had passed and it was the humor that was uppermost, the expression on the man's face, his stammered apology and entire meekness and surrender. We laughed together.

Upon completing his college course, he studied law in the office of U. S. Senator Joshua Hill at Monticello and practiced law there for a time before returning to Clinton. At the beginning of the Civil War he was commissioned Captain of Company F, 45th Georgia Regiment and was engaged in active service until the end. He was a distinguished figure in his uniform and was popular with his men and comrades.

Ellen Griswold was his first wife, whom he married in 1853. She was a young woman of unusual beauty, a member of the prominent family of that name in Jones County. Before her untimely death in 1862, four children were born to them:

WALTER died in infancy.

RICHARD HENRY, born April 21, 1854, died May 16, 1922. Married first, Fanny Finney, who died Oct. 24, 1901. Their children:

JOHN WYATT. Married first, Mamie Lee Smith, who died less than a year after their marriage. No children.

RICHARD HENRY (Cont.)

JOHN WYATT. Married second, Wilhelmina Buesse of Blakely, Ga., on Jan. 23, 1907. Their children:

WILHELMINA, born Oct. 23, 1909.

HENRIETTA, born June 25, 1912.

MARGARET, born Oct. 21, 1914.

JOHN WYATT, JR., born Sept. 14, 1917.

MARY ELLEN, born Sept. 17, 1919.

GILES, born Feb. 9, 1880; married Fannie Etta Green.

GILES studied in Philadelphia to become a physician. He came home on a visit just before graduating, contracted pneumonia and died.

ELLEN MAY, never married.

RICHARD WYATT BONNER took for his second wife, Patience Drucilla, the widow of Alfred Pritchett and the daughter of Matilda (Hutchings) Lowe, and who had at the time two daughters, Cordelia and Matilda (Mattie) Pritchett. The children of this marriage:

PHILIP WARREN BONNER, born 1867; died 1922. Married Vilette Moughon. Their children:

VIRGINIA DRU

PHILIP MOUGHON

RICHARD HENRY BONNER, son of Capt. Richard Wyatt and Ellen Griswold Bonner, was born April 21, 1854, on "Bonner's Hill", in Clinton.

When Henry was only a child he lost his mother, and so grief-stricken was he, he declared in later years, that he had never become reconciled to her loss. He was an intelligent boy, brave and daring.

The War between the states came on, and all his future was changed. Born to wealth and position, it became necessary to adjust himself to the new order of things.

He was sent from Clinton to larger schools and a wider field of learning. He attended Prof. John W. Dozier's Private Academy at Blakely, Ga., then to Mr. W. J. Northen (later to become Governor of Georgia), who conducted a school for boys at Kirkwood, near Atlanta. While attending that school, Henry excelled in mathematics, also in civil engineering, in which he could have made a marked success.

When he returned to Jones County, he farmed at "Bonner's Spring", near Bonner's Hill. He married in his twenty-second year, Fannie D. Finney, of Fortville, on November 7, 1876. After a short while he moved to Haddock and worked in Mr. Jim Finney's store. On being elected Ordinary of Jones County he returned to Clinton where he lived the greater portion of his life. Since 1807, when Jones County was formed from a part of Baldwin, it has had but six Ordinaries, and Henry Bonner was the fourth, serving for twenty years.

As to personal appearance, we see the light, curly hair that he always kept in a tumble, and the blondness of the earlier Bonners; expressive, fun-loving blue eyes, a high brow and firm mouth.

It is told of him that he once expressed the wish for a large family, eight girls and four boys, but Providence gave him only two sons, John Wyatt, born October 8, 1877; and Giles Walter, born February 9, 1880.

When he learned that his first grand-child was born, and was a girl, he went immediately to his son's home, and kneeling by the bedside of the new-born Wilhelmina, he put on his glasses and seriously studied the wee baby. Then he said: "I've waited for you a long, long time, my daughter, and you are worth all the time of waiting." Three other grand-daughters were added to his proud possession, and he was devoted to all of them, so his wish for daughters was partly fulfilled by his son.

These babies rode his foot for a rocking-horse. He said one Sunday, "I can't play horse today, this is the Lord's day." A Sunday later he wanted little Henrietta to rub his head. She said: "I can't rub heads now, this is the Lord's day."

He often told his grand-children stories about the War. He was a small boy at the time, and once was sent from his home in Clinton to Griswoldville (the home of his grandfather Griswold) to escape the coming of the Yankees, but he witnessed the skirmish at Griswoldville, for it was fought there

instead of Clinton. He heard the rumble of guns as they approached, and hid under the bed. He was there when a Yankee came into the house and ransacked it, carrying away his grandfather's best suit of clothes. After all was quiet, he walked out in the yard and picked up shells from their guns, and a large black Yankee hat with a bullet hole through it. His grandfather's home was burned, and all they had was lost. The next day another battle was fought at Sunshine Community, near Round Oak, and the whole brigade of Yankees were captured, and his grandfather's suit of clothes was recovered.

He was a steadfast Christian in every sense of the word. He lived his religion at home; sang and whistled the hymns, never neglected the family altar. The last prayer meeting he ever held was with a neighborhood group in his own home by the fireside. He did not miss a Quarterly Meeting in forty years, and served as Recording Secretary during most, if not all, of that time. He married the young, nursed the sick, ministered to the aged and buried the dead. All of this as Ordinary and local preacher. Having served long as a steward in the church, the church gave him a complimentary license. As Chairman of the Jones County Red Cross Chapter during the World War, he was in his element helping poor mothers, white and colored, to get in touch with their soldier boys. He was on the right side of all moral questions, as he saw them, and as he often himself said, "I'd rather be right than popular"; he had the courage of his convictions. He was Superintendent of Sunday Schools for forty-five years—first at old Fortville church, then at Haddock, Clinton, and Gray. He was always ready in a material way to advance the cause of religion in the community and gave liberally of his substance.

His wife, who had been practically an invalid all of her married life, died October 24, 1901.

On January 21, 1903, he married again, this time to Irene Stewart, of Gray, who survives him. She was a teacher and

splendid christian worker and companion in all of his work, giving inspiration and encouragement. On May 16, 1922, at the age of 68 years, he died from a short and severe attack of influenza.

His tomb bears no marks save the dates and "Semper Fidelis", according to the wishes of his wife. He is buried in Highview cemetery, Gray, Georgia. In his life he exemplified the character of his grandfather, four times removed, Henry Bonner.

JOHN WYATT BONNER, the first son of Richard Henry and Fannie Finney Bonner, was born in Clinton, October 8, 1877. He was educated in the Haddock school, the Piedmont Institute at Rockmart, Georgia, and the Southern Business College in Atlanta.

In 1905 he began work in the Bank of Gray and was promoted several times until he reached the position of Cashier, wherein he served for a number of years. He became interested in farming and growing peaches. For a number of years he grew, bought and sold peaches, and is at present connected with the Georgia Peach Growers Exchange.

He married on January 25, 1899, Mamie Lee Smith, daughter of William Smith, of Fortville. They were married less than a year when she died.

His second marriage was to Miss Wilhelmina Buesse, of Blakely, Georgia, on January 23, 1907. Four daughters and one son were born. They are Wilhelmina, Henrietta, Margaret, John Wyatt, Jr., and Mary Ellen. The first three girls have married and moved to other places in the state. The two younger children are at home with their parents.

John Bonner was the first Mayor of the town of Gray. He joined the Masonic Order early in life and is a Shriner—has in his thirty-two years as citizen of Gray, entered into every constructive effort to build a better community.

JOHN WYATT BONNER, JR. The only son of John Wyatt, Sr., and Wilhelmina Buesse Bonner, John Wyatt Bonner, Jr., better known as Wyatt, was born September 17, 1917. He grew up in a cultured home, and his disposition and manner win friends to him easily.

He graduated from the Gray High School with honor and two years were spent in a Junior College at Cochran, Georgia. Under the NYA (National Youth Administration) he was appointed to do book-binding and indexing and cataloguing in connection with the library of the High School at Gray. In this work he had eighteen others under his direction, and was so successful in the work that the Superintendent recommended him for a scholarship at Emory University, in Atlanta.

It was promptly awarded and he will enter the fall term of 1937, taking a course in Journalism and Library work.

He is a slender youth, not yet developed to his full physical stature. He has regular features and the eyes of the Bonners; full of determination in his undertakings, and the will to accomplish his objectives.

When but a boy Wyatt became interested in geology. He has a large and rare collection of Indian relics, pottery, arrowheads, trinkets and ornaments, all gathered in his native county, Jones. He loves history, and a few years ago entered into a contest offered by the Daughters of the American Revolution, to write a chapter on the Indians formerly in Jones County for a history of Jones County, which is now in preparation.

We are indebted to him for the map of the County which appears on another page.

ELLEN MAY. Cousin May was about the age of my younger sisters and Annie Greaves and the four girls grew up together. She, living in Macon, was much at our house. She was always the fun-maker of any group; light hearted, witty and of attractive personality; there was rarely a lull in the conversation when she was present. She was an accom-

plished musician, studying this branch of culture at Wesleyan College. During commencement week, one evening was always devoted to a concert by the students of the music department. When May graduated she had an important part in the concert, being on the program for a piano selection. It was a difficult classical composition which she played without notes. In the midst of her playing it, something happened in the audience which distracted her attention and she completely lost the theme, her mind as it were went blank. But she was equal to the occasion; without missing a note, she improvised for several minutes until her composure was restored and she went on with the piece as it was written and ended in a storm of applause in which her teacher joined as heartily as anyone. No one in the audience knew that anything unusual had occurred. Upon graduating she was offered a position in the college as instructor in music which she accepted and held for a year or two.

She never married and was a popular and successful private teacher of music until in later years her hearing became impaired to such an extent that she was obliged to give up music altogether. She is now living in Macon.

PHILIP WARREN BONNER, son of Richard Wyatt and Drucilla Bonner, was born in Clinton, Georgia, October 25, 1867.

He spent his childhood in Clinton, until the family moved to Macon. He attended the public schools of the city, and later went to the Georgia Military College, in Milledgeville. He developed a pleasing personality, and a singing voice of rare quality, inheriting his musical ability from both his father and his mother.

In 1900 he married Miss Vilette Moughon, whose parents lived at Walnut Level, in Jones County. At the time of his marriage he was holding a position with the Seaboard Air Line Railroad at Abbeville, S. C., where they went to live. To them were born a daughter, Virginia Dru, and a son, Philip

Moughon Bonner. They lived for some time later in Savannah, then moved to Tallapoosa, Georgia, in 1906, where he became a merchant, operating a general store, and remained in this work successfully until his death on June 22nd, 1934. He was a leader in civic affairs, and was charitable and generous of his talents to the end. He was buried in Tallapoosa, Georgia.

FRANCES (better known as Cousin Fannie) was born in Macon about 1870. She was, as a girl, full of fun and was popular in a large social set in Macon and Jones County. She married Rowe Price, a member of a prominent Macon family. No children survive. They are now living in Atlanta.



RICHARD HENRY
HUTCHINGS II
From a photograph
taken in 1912



BEALE COMPTON
HUTCHINGS
From a photograph
taken in 1903

CHAPTER XII

THE CHILDREN OF RICHARD AND BEALL HUTCHINGS

RICHARD HENRY HUTCHINGS III was born at Ogdensburg, N. Y., on September 19, 1894. He was a precocious child, learning to walk and talk at 12 months. When he was four years old his mother chanced to walk out on a second story veranda of the main building of the Hospital where we had an apartment, and discovered him on a long ladder workmen had left standing against the building and at the time he was higher than she. His mother was almost faint from fear, but said nothing until he called, "Hello", when she said: "That's fine. Now let me see how well you can come down. Hold tight." He came down safely to the ground. Similar exploits on land and water are remembered, but he was able to take care of himself until a fall on the football field gave him a dislocated elbow, but even this resulted in no permanent injury.

He attended a private school and prepared for college at the local high school and at St. John's Military School at Manlius, N. Y., of which Gen. William Verbeck was then president. His college work was done at Syracuse University where he received his baccalaureate degree (B. S.) Having chosen to study medicine, he entered the Medical College of that University. At the end of the four-year course he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Medicine *cum laude*, in June, 1919. Another year was spent in the laboratory of Dr. J. I. Levy where he worked with x-ray and electricity in their application to treatment of disease when he went to Utica State Hospital to plan and equip a modern physical therapy and x-ray department which has been in successful operation since. Richard was then assigned to the Marcy Division, where he was for five years occupied with organization and equipment

of the new hospital then approaching completion. Three useful years were spent as Deputy Medical Inspector for the State Department of Mental Hygiene, after which he was assigned to the Harlem Valley State Hospital as clinical director, later becoming first assistant physician, the position he now holds.

While still a medical student he was enrolled in the Student Officers Training Corps and was assigned to various medical duties in the Corps.

He was married to Margaret, the daughter of Andrew and Louise (Hofmann) Mackesy on December 21, 1914. Their one child is Richard Henry IV.

In addition to his duties at the State Hospital, he is visiting psychiatrist at St. John's Riverside Hospital at Yonkers, N. Y., a member of several medical and scientific societies; is in demand as a lecturer on Mental Hygiene by civic welfare groups and is editor of "Caduceus". His hobbies are model making and he has a well-equipped private laboratory for research. Home address is Wingdale, N. Y.

CHARLES WYATT, the second son of Richard and Beall Compton Hutchings, was born at Ogdensburg, N. Y., August 21, 1899. He attended a private school and prepared for college at Staunton Military Academy at Staunton, Virginia, where he attended four years, attaining the rank of lieutenant in the Corps. War having been declared in 1917, he enrolled in the Students Training Corps and went in September, 1918, to St. Lawrence University. Here, though it was not a military school, it was organized as such to prepare students for the army as was done at most of the colleges. Charles had already received adequate instruction in military tactics which was at once recognized and he was assigned as an instructor during that year.

The following year he entered Syracuse University and was awarded his B. S. degree in 1922.

Since he was a small child he had always answered, when asked by anyone what he wanted to become when a man, that

he would be a doctor. This made the problem of how he should be educated easy. He entered the Medical College of that University and completed the course in four years. An offer of a position on the medical staff of the New Jersey State Hospital was accepted and he remained one year when an opportunity at the new Marcy hospital brought him there where he is now senior assistant.

He was married December 9, 1921, to Madeleine E. Gorman, daughter of David and Lillian Gorman of Syracuse. They have two children: Elizabeth, born September 18, 1930, and David William, born September 26, 1933.

He is interested in clinical work and besides his regular hospital duties, he is consulting neurologist to St. Luke's Hospital, and St. Joseph's Infant Home, Utica, and conducts monthly clinics at Oswego and Fulton, N. Y.

For recreation, he prefers out-of-door life and owns a summer cottage at Long Lake in the Adirondacks where week-ends and holidays are spent.

Charles is more blonde than his brother and sister and tallest of the family.

DOROTHY COMPTON HUTCHINGS was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and attended schools there and in Staunton, Virginia, until she was ready for college when she attended the Mary Baldwin College at Staunton, Virginia. Here she took an active part in student life. She was the managing editor of the college annual, "The Blue Book." Through her activities, the Annual was put on a sound financial basis and she turned over to her successor a substantial balance for the next issue, something previously unknown in the college. She was editor-in-chief of the college weekly paper. She majored in sociology. After graduating with a degree of A. B., she spent the summer with a party of friends traveling in France, Belgium, Holland and England. She entered Smith College School for Social Work and after completing the course and spending during that time a year in practical instruction at

the Institute for Child Guidance in New York City, she received her diploma with a degree of Master of Social Science, 1933. At that time she was engaged as psychiatric case worker at the high school and junior college at LaSalle, Illinois, and from which resigned to accept her present position with the Family Welfare Organization of Allentown, Pennsylvania.

RICHARD HENRY IV, the only child of Richard H. and Margaret (Mackesy) Hutchings, was born in Utica, N. Y., October 2, 1921. He is enrolled at St. John's Military School for entrance in 1937. He is an active, energetic lad, interested in motorcycle hill climbing, horseback riding and aquatic sports, particularly surfboard stunts and boating. He has had instruction in shop-work and likes to construct models, working from blueprints. Two recent ones were a locomotive and a midget automobile, both of which move at a good rate of speed under their own power. He is preparing to enter college.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME OF THE HUTCHINGS' NEGROES

IN the South of the old days the word slave was never used. The negroes were called by their given names as long as they were still young and when they became middle aged and gray haired they were addressed as "Uncle" and "Aunt" by the white children of the family and by young people generally. Not only colloquially but in formal documents such as the will of my grandfather, the term was not used. In his will he disposed of his negroes, all of them to his own children, as: "and my house and lands and the following negro property." When I was a child, ten years after emancipation, I was taught by my mother never to pass an old negro man or woman on the street, even if a stranger to me, without a greeting—"Morning, Uncle or Aunt", and always I would receive a cordial response "Morning, little Marster" or "Morning, sur." If a white child should be impudent to Aunt Malinda or Uncle Austin, he would be rebuked by his parents as if it had been done to a white person.

When the negroes who were old enough to work were away at their various tasks during the day, there was always a negro woman called the "tender", because she attended the children, assigned to remain in the "quarters" and take care of the babies, young children, piccaninnies, who played around the cabins. It was her duty to keep order among them, to feed the younger ones who needed it and to look after their wants as well as to keep them out of mischief. She was usually to be seen with one or two infants on her lap or in her arms and always she had a switch handy to administer justice when it was called for.

In the summer evenings when supper was over the older negroes would often gather in the yards and sit on the cabin

steps in the moonlight for a social hour. Sometimes they would hold an impromptu prayer meeting, in which they were led by an older darky. When darkness came on bonfires were lighted of "fat pine" wood which illuminated the quarters effectively. In the light of these fires the younger children played hide and seek and other games when permitted by the elders. Nearly every one of the large plantations had a negro man who held services on Sunday morning and was commonly referred to as "the parson". He was held in great respect by both whites and blacks. His sermons and prayers were long and usually consisted of exhortations to repent and seek the salvation of religion. Songs such as "Where, Oh Where Am de Hebrew Chillun" and "Dem Golden Slippers I's Bound Ter Wear" were joined in fervently by the entire congregation, for the negroes took their religion seriously.

On other evenings the crowd about the quarters would sing more popular or secular songs, such as "Nobody Knows de Trouble I See" and "Oh, Susannah, Don't You Cry for Me." A song that was often heard on the plantation, and more primitive, and which reminds us of Uncle Remus was:

"Ole snake baked a hoecake
An' set de frog ter mind it
De frog fell ter noddin'
An' lizzard come and fin' it
Bring back my hoecake
Bring back my hoecake
Bring back my hoecake
You long-tailed nanny."

A violin or banjo supplied the accompaniment when needed, but the harmony often was more effective without instruments.

The negroes were light-hearted, laughter and song were natural to them. Many of them had excellent voices. They sang at their work and play. When engaged in group work such as rolling heavy logs with crowbars, they invariably ac-

accompanied it with a chant, the words to which may have been understandable or often no definite words could be made out, but the rhythm was such that all would exert their strength at the same moment. The chant was not pre-arranged; anyone might begin it and all would join in.

The negroes identified themselves with the families to which they belonged and had great pride in the social prominence of the latter and were boastful of the family possessions. On the other hand, they held the poor whites, the overseer class and others who held no slaves in great scorn. I remember, as a child, hearing a jingle of four lines, of which I can only remember the last. It ended with the words "I'd rather be a nigger than a pore white man." Until emancipation the negroes had no surnames. The Christian names given them by their mothers was all that was considered necessary. If there chanced to be two of the same name, they were distinguished as "Big Jake", "Little John", or some other designation applicable. When the slaves were freed and had need for surnames, nearly all of them took the names of the families in which they had been born.

It is hardly possible for people unfamiliar with the old South to comprehend the relationship that existed at that time between the family and its black servitors. The white children grew up among the family's negroes; as infants they were carried in their arms and sometimes, when circumstances made it necessary, nursed at black breasts. After infancy the relationship of the whites to the blacks employed about the house and grounds remained cordial but not intimate. A distinction, elusive of description, existed which was tacitly recognized by all. The black mammies exerted strict authority over the small children which gradually changed as they grew older but always were regarded almost as mothers. Each boy in the family had given to him an older negro boy whose duty it was to accompany him everywhere, to protect him from harm and wait upon him as much as was necessary. The negro

boy taught him woodcraft, to fish, to make and set traps for turkey and partridge, to find birds eggs and generally to take a part in the interests of a small boy living in the country. They were comrades but difference in social status was not lost sight of by either. The most apt comparison that occurs to me is that which exists between a sportsman and his Maine or Adirondack guide. The negroes knew their place in the family milieu and observed it. This negro boy enjoyed a standing among his fellows, by reason of his position, in which he took great satisfaction. He was permitted to come into the big house on rainy days and winter evenings to amuse his charge by playing games or telling stories of negro lore. The white boy on his part defended his negro against criticism or blame and saw to it that his wants were looked after. When the Civil War was on many of these negroes went along with their young masters, not to bear arms but to be of service. "Young Marster's gwine ter need me. Who'll shine his boots en cook his vittuals if I ain't dar? I's gwine along." And they did and came back with them, or returned alone to tell of his last day and his final resting place. Though most of them had heard of the emancipation proclamation and had been told that if the war were lost they would be free, they disregarded it. Perhaps they could not comprehend a mode of life different from what they had always known, or it may have been only their attachment to Young Marster and the family, or it may have been partly both. Certain it was, that when Stoneman's troops occupied Clinton, none was more indignant at the robbery and pilfering that went on than were the house negroes, nor were any more concerned about concealing the silverware and other valuables by hiding and burying them than they.

It is, of course, true that many negroes left the plantations when Sherman's Army passed through the state, and went along with the troops but they were enticed away by promises of wages and an easier life. For several years before the war, hired emissaries of the abolitionists were secretly working

among them with the purpose of fomenting discontent and the "underground railway" was the opportunity for easy escape to the North, which was pictured to them as a paradise. There was already a sentiment growing in the South in favor of freedom or against slavery and it would have continued. It was not uncommon for masters, by their wills, to liberate their slaves. My father was the executor of the will of a man who had no direct heirs and who provided in his will that his negroes should be freed and provided for until they had become established and self-supporting. Tolerance and peaceful measures would have brought about emancipation within a relatively few decades. As a matter of fact, the negroes were better cared for in the main and lived more comfortably than many of the poor whites in the same states.

This is not an attempt to argue that slavery was a good institution. It was not from the point of view of today and the country is better off all free. My object is merely to show that the negroes lived comfortably and were well treated on the whole.

Numerous attempts to instigate insurrection among the negroes against the whites while the war was in progress were made by emissaries from the North. The time was favorable, for the able-bodied men were nearly all away from home in the army and on many of the plantations there remained only the white women and children and a few old men. It is noteworthy that not a single instance of racial disorder occurred in the South during the entire period of the war. The negroes cultivated the fields as usual and raised the food which fed the Confederate army, wove the cloth for the uniforms and carried on in many places without masters or overseers except one of their own, who directed his fellows.

One of my friends related a story concerning his own family which illustrates the negroes' attitude. His mother when scarcely more than a bride was left alone on a plantation; she would not leave but remained to keep the place in order while

her husband was with Lee. Rumors came of Federal raiders not far off and fears were expressed for her safety. The negro house-man during all the time of this danger slept on a pallet on the floor in front of her locked bedroom door with an axe by his side (the only weapon left) and swore that no one should molest "Young Missie" except over his dead body.

Where they were in contact with abolitionists, many negroes were won over to the northern cause by alluring promises of wages and other rewards but that was along the border where this influence continued over a long period and some of them enlisted in the Federal army. The negro regiments came principally from northern cities like Philadelphia and New York where there was a considerable population of free negroes for years before the war. In the deep South, when Sherman came through, there were some negroes who joined his army as teamsters as did Mumford in all probability, but those who knew Mumford best, claimed that his desertion of the family was forced upon him. The traditions of Middle Georgia are that the negroes were little concerned with the conflict and life with them went on as usual.

When this account of the family was being prepared it seemed that more particular mention should be made of the family negroes than the casual references to Aunt Malinda, Flander and others that appeared in the text. At my request, my eldest sister, Sally, who was eleven years old when the war ended and who knew them in Clinton and on the plantation, dictated a few years before her death what she could recall of them to her daughter Cornelia.

Malinda was the cook; she never saw a kitchen stove or range until her old age. She cooked on the roomy hearth of the kitchen where the heat was from glowing coals of hickory and oakwood. It was an art to build and maintain a fire which would result in coals of just the right sort for there must be no smoke at cooking time and bright embers must be the right size and consistency to be lifted in the shovel and placed

around the pots and oven to maintain an even heat for a long time before turning into ashes. The oven was shaped like a deep pan. It was of iron and stood upon legs about four inches above the hearth. The cover or lid could be lifted by the angle-shaped end of the iron poker through a handle upon the top. It was concave to hold on its top a plentiful quantity of live coals, thus providing heat above as well as below for baking. Already well heated it would be drawn to the front of the hearth and filled with biscuits, corn meal pones, pies, cake, rolls or whatever needed oven heat. It would then be pushed back into a bed of coals, other coals heaped on the top and there it remained until the baking was done. There was no peeking in to observe how it was coming on, hence experience and judgment were necessary to know when to terminate the cooking.

If one accustomed to modern ranges should think that meals prepared in this way would not be palatable he would be vastly mistaken. I have eaten at Aunt Malinda's fireplace when I was a child in Macon, for she continued to cook this way as long as she lived, and I can bear testimony to the excellence of her dishes. All the meals prepared at the house of Madam Parrish and the Christmas dinner, described elsewhere, were cooked in this primitive way.

On her head Aunt Malinda always wore a large kerchief tied turban-fashion, a bright bandana on week days but always white on Sundays. She had great pride in her art and always kept the pantry well stocked with good things to eat. Always neat and prim about her person, she was a martinet with the young girls assigned to assist her and among the negroes generally she was considered "bossy" but it was because of her interest in her work and the need for every detail to be carried out properly. She loved the white children and doubtless the black ones, too. When a child of the family appeared in her kitchen to beg a "tea cake" (cookie), she always went through a pantomime of giving it a severe spanking. She

would rush at the child, seize it by the arm and rain blows upon its back and shoulders that fell with the weight of a feather, ending the performance with a resounding kiss on the back of its neck. The children expected this reception, they would pretend to be frightened and promise to be good upon which the pan of tea cakes would be produced.

She probably came as a child with the family from Virginia for she told many tales of the early days in Georgia, of Indians and of wolves howling at night in the woods on the plantation. What sister first knew of her was that she was Robert Hutchings' cook and later was owned by Charles. Upon his death she and her children, except Flander who was already there, came to my father's place when he became the guardian of Emily and Drucilla. Her three children were Flander, Amelia and Mansfield; all intelligent and highly regarded in the family. She lived to be very old and died in Macon when I was away at college. She did not know her own age but claimed it was nearly a hundred years.

Flander has been referred to as my father's "boy" when he was growing up at The Fort and he was given to him by my grandfather. He had one weakness, he was forever falling asleep but was easily awakened by a word and would go on with a cheerful excuse. "Flander!" "Yes, Mars Dick, I jest had my eyes shet er minute." He stayed with the family after the war and came to Macon with them. He lived for a time in a house in the back yard of our home and until he found a place to work in the town.

Mansfield: He was not as closely associated with the family as his brother and sister and not much can be told about him. He was a reliable man and always had good employment. The last I have heard of him he was the janitor of the Masonic temple in Macon.

Amelia was an unusual woman, intelligent and accomplished in domestic arts. She was born in 1836 on my grandfather's place, The Fort. She came into the possession, along

with her mother, of my Uncle Charles at the time of his marriage. She was the nurse and caretaker of his daughters. Their mother being an invalid, she had practically the entire care of them, sleeping in the room with them, nursing, bathing, putting them to bed at night, dressing them in the morning and they were hardly ever out of her sight during the day until they went away to school. She made all their dresses until they were women grown. She came with the girls to my father's house upon the death of their parents and continued her ministrations there. The warm regard they felt for her continued without interruption though she was separated from them after the war. In my mother's household, she was respected and appreciated for her worth and fine qualities. She was an expert seamstress and efficient as a practical nurse when sickness required such service. She was left handed but it was said that she could do more and better with that left hand than most women could do with both. She remained with my mother after the war and until the family moved to Magnolia Street, when she found ample employment as a practical nurse and her services were in great demand by the best families of Macon.

The following tribute published in a Macon newspaper should be preserved. This, together with another printed below, was written by Mrs. W. G. Solomon, and appeared in the "Telegraph":

MAMMY AMELIA'S BIRTHDAY

"Several times lately, mention has been made in the columns of The Telegraph of the 'Old-time Southern Mammy', of blessed memory, who occupied such an important place in the family circle in the olden days. This has made me bold enough to venture to tell about one we know right here in our own city.

"Mammy Amelia Hutchings has lived in Macon most of her life—which measures on this day, January 10, 1919—eighty-three years.

"Many of those on the list of babies she has nursed, numbering about three hundred, have grown up to be distinguished men and women, and very proud she is when they have won distinction. She



AMELIA HUTCHINGS

follows them with interest and affection through the years, and tomorrow morning the telephone may ring, and a voice will say: 'This is Mammy, Mr. Charlie, I just wanted to tell you this is your birthday.' How she remembers is a mystery, but it happens again and again, and there is no record of dates anywhere for her but in her heart. In the days when she was growing up there were no schools in which she might have learned to read and write, but instead of these she learned many things not written in books—gentleness, sympathy, loving kindness, charity, tactfulness, and the useful arts of household affairs.

"The two daughters of her master's household were her especial care, and on the death of their mother she did everything for them. Their wardrobe was her especial pride and she used that good left hand of hers in fashioning dainty garments for them, and they were seldom out of her sight. But all cannot be written here that would be of interest to those who know and love her. Among her friends are the rich and poor, the high and low; her white friends are numberless and those of her own people love and regard her with deep affection.

"There are three generations in her immediate family and she occupies a position of honor with them all. Her youngest grandson has served his country in the United States Army, several times being promoted for efficient service.

"I doubt if her name has ever appeared in print until this good day, but many who see this will be glad to be reminded of her gentle ministrations and give her every good wish for her birthday. Maybe some will remember how she looked, sitting up by the fire on a cold night, with a tiny little bundle cuddled upon that soft shoulder, singing below her breath:

'When He cometh, when He cometh
To make up his jewels,
Bright jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.'

"Her hand has soothed many a pain, her voice calmed many an anxiety and fear, and her gentle and reverent touch has made even death itself less terrible.

"May her bodily strength, which is wonderful, be spared to her, and may she live long to bring cheer and help to those about her."

FINE TRIBUTE IS PAID TO AGED NEGRO WOMAN

"Mammy Amelia" Hutchings, who died Tuesday, mourned by many of Macon's best people

"Mrs. W. G. Solomon has written the following tribute to 'Mammy Amelia' Hutchings, aged negro woman, whose death occurred this week.

"As the morning came over the hills on Tuesday, November 14, a good woman ended her pilgrimage on earth and went to dwell in the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"A long and useful life was hers, filled with unselfish deeds, kindly administrations to those in need of her help, loving interest in the affairs of her friends, and unfailing loyalty in all the relations of life.

"If I should call the roll of names in the little book she gave into my keeping, many years ago, there are many grown men and women among us who would respond to their names with a loving thought of dear 'Mammy Amelia'. Among them there would be George Burr, Cora Burr, Eugene, Alice and Octavia Burden, Annie Cate and Thomas Cheatham, Clare Ripley, Annie Rogers, Leila Rogers, Blanche Nisbet, Viola Johnston, Randolph Jaques, Gray Goodwin, Champneys Holmes, Fleta Holmes, Minnie Adams, Tracy Duncan, John B. Duncan, Edgar Pope, Benjamin Smith, William Felton, Hugh Taylor, Lee Worsham, and a long list of Plants and Solomons and many others.

"All the good promises were fulfilled for her, 'her children raised up and called her blessed'. She was mercifully spared the feebleness of age and the helplessness which often comes at the close of life, and was sick only a short while. Almost to the very last her hands were busy preparing a gift for a recent bride, whom she had known since babyhood. Around her bed, as the light of another world was falling about her, stood three generations for whom she had given her work, her love and her prayers. Her place will ever be kept in the hearts of her friends."

She died November 14, 1923.

Charles, a worthy son of Amelia, should be mentioned here although he was a child at the end of the war, having been born in 1859. He came to Macon with his mother accompanying our family; he attended the public schools and secured a good common school education. When old enough to work he had several positions in stores in Macon and later he was a member of the city police force for several years, and held a position in the city fire department. His genial good

nature and courtesy made friends for him in all walks of life. When I saw him last, he had lost his vision but this affliction had not changed his good nature nor much impaired his activity. For many years he has been the leading undertaker for colored people. His establishment, the Hutchings Funeral Home, occupies a brick building in the business section of Macon and was constructed according to his specifications. It contains a chapel equipped with a pipe organ, modern refrigeration vaults and is tastefully furnished. His sons, William and Frank, have relieved him of much of the responsibility of the business but he is still the head of the firm. He has three daughters, Amelia, Nettie and Sue. The firm contributes to the Chamber of Commerce and all worthy causes.

Jake Hutchings. Black, tall and thin, with long arms and with hands that came below his knees, Jake was a stone mason. He educated himself, and was able to read and write. He built all the chimneys, steps, stone walls and fences about Clinton. Belonging to Richard Hutchings, 1st, he was hired out to other people for masonry work when not busy at home and Richard charged for his labor. He found time to teach negro children to read and write after the war. The carpet-baggers elected him to the Georgia Legislature, and he went wearing a high silk hat, riding in a carriage, but he never forgot his place and his devotion to "Mars Dick", and would always bow very low and take off his hat when he met him. Jake's wife, Emma, was Cornelia's washer-woman, and when she was hanging out the clothes on the line, would always sing the same song, "My sins are all washed away."

In an article entitled "An Election in Jones under Bayonet Rule", Mr. S. H. Griswold has written a good description of Jake and his connection with the legislature, which is quoted here almost in its entirety.

"After the surrender of the Confederate Army, Georgia called a Convention, adopted a new Constitution (or amended the old one), elected a legislature and state house officers. Congress, however, would

not recognize this state government and passed a Reconstruction Act, disfranchising the greater part of the best white citizens of the state, giving the ballot to the negroes and placing the state under military rule.

"General Rucker, being in command, moved the seat of government from Milledgeville to Atlanta, issued a proclamation, appointed registrars for each county to register all qualified voters under the Act, called for an election of all state and county officers as well as Congressman, the election to be held three days at county seats, under supervision of federal soldiers stationed at the polls. Jackson Jones (or big Jackson, as we called him), a large black negro was appointed chief registrar for Jones County. Big Jackson could read and write a little, had more than ordinary intelligence and was conservative and well-liked by the white citizens of the county. He carried on the work of registration with as little offense to the whites as could have been done. The negroes all 'relished it', as they called it, in fact, they were keen about it, as this was the first time they had ever participated in anything pertaining to elections.

"Election days came in due time with a detachment of federal soldiers stationed at the polls. This was commanded by a captain. As soon as they came to town they were taken in hand by the white citizens of the county and treated royally, being supplied with all luxuries and comforts to be had. Their captain put up with Capt. R. H. Bonner, who then lived in the Bowen house, opposite the Court House.

"The men were quartered in a small house owned by P. L. Clower not far from the Court House. Capt. R. W. Bonner and Col. Nat Glover for the Democrats, and Simon P. Juhan and Blanton Harde-man (both colored) and I think Big Jackson, were the managers of the election. When the polls were declared open federal soldiers were stationed at the door. General Gordon for the Republicans was candidate for governor. Judge W. T. McCullough, white, Democrat, for Legislature, and Jacob P. Hutchings (colored) for the Legislature. Other officers were also to be elected.

"The negroes were on hand and in force under the leadership of Jacob P. Hutchings and James Devereaux, who formed them in fours and marched to the polls crowding them to such an extent that no white man had a chance to get in between them. Devereaux stood at an entrance with the Republican tickets in his hand and gave each man a ticket as he entered. Jacob, with other negro leaders walked around and kept them in line. The town was full of whites who did

all they could to keep down excitement and who tried by every peaceful means and argument to break up the solid ranks of negroes being led by Devereaux and voted by him as if they were one solid man. This continued for one day without serious trouble. The same tactics were followed the next day—the negroes holding the door and doing the voting, and the white men standing off with no chance to vote. Finally, about eleven o'clock of the second day, Mr. Bill Bird got tired of waiting, he saw that there would be no chance for him to vote that day, so long as he submitted to the way the negroes were doing. He determined to force his way to the managers and deposit his ballot. Into the crowd of negroes on the door steps he went, demanding to be let in. One negro offered to carry him in and register him. He at once resented this and struck the negro with his fist. Then with the backing of a few other white men, they lit into the crowd with their sticks. A fight started in the twinkling of an eye, every white man showed up on the street with a gun or pistol and the negroes seeing this, broke like a flock of sheep, ran from the town frightened to death. None stayed, all went, not a gun or a pistol was fired, but the coolness of the leaders of the whites alone prevented a terrible catastrophe. Had one shot been fired the consequences would have been fatal to many negroes. The United States Officer hastily formed his soldiers in a line between the retreating negroes and charged up to the hall toward the whites. A good many negroes stopped at the negro church on the outskirts of the town, and word was sent to them by the whites to return and vote if they wished to, but they would not be allowed to form a line and take possession of the polls as they had done before. The negroes refused to come back and vote, and did not vote any more although the polls were open all that day and the next day. The whites all voted and the election was won by them. Gordon for Governor, McCullough for Representative, being elected. Judge McCullough took his seat in the House when the Legislature met, but Jake Hutchings contested his election and the Republicans being in the majority, ousted the Judge and seated Jake. This was the only time the old county of Jones was represented by a negro.

"The night after the negroes went from the polls, a large two-story house in the suburbs of town, known as the Hitch house, was fired and burned by negroes. It belonged to Dr. Barron. He was very active in helping to beat the negroes in the election, so they fired his house for revenge. Dr. Barron, however, did not live in the house. These were exciting and trying times and full well did the white

citizens of Jones County stand by each other and were determined that they would govern and control their homes and county. They showed firmness and courage far above the normal, and left a record that should be preserved by their descendants.

"There were some exciting times before this election; when the negroes would gather in the Court House for a political meeting. Incendiary talk and expressions would crop out. The white men were armed to the teeth, ready at any outbreak, to defend their homes and families. This was also the day of the negro Loyal League, and the white man's Ku Klux Klan. Well do I remember going to a Klan meeting in a hollow, a little west of the Methodist Church, one night. As we would glide along like ghosts and disappear, how frightened the negroes became. The negroes were coming in by twos and fours to attend a Loyal League meeting, but they soon spread the news to others of what they had seen, and there was no meeting for them that night. I will say that the leading negroes, such as Big Jackson, Jake Hutchings and Blanton Hardeman, were conservative and were liked by the white people, and to them is due much credit that there was no serious collision during these two years. But others, under the leadership of James Devereaux, who came from Savannah under the cloak of teaching school, but really to take charge of the negro vote in the county—were inclined to be ugly. The courage and determined front of the white people soon overcame his bad influence, and he finally left the county after being convinced that the whites would control it."

Martha was the waitress in the dining room. She was always noticeably neat and at meal times wore a freshly washed and ironed white apron and white turban on her head. She was a deaf mute, but for that was a splendid waitress. She watched closely everyone's plate and never permitted anyone to want for anything while at the table. She could be directed in her duties by merely a nod or a glance. Between meals she did the family mending and darning. She was the wife of Tom Johnson, a negro owned by a neighboring family. When her oldest boy, Jim, was born, she evidently feared that he too would be a deaf mute and when she found that he could hear by seeing him turn his eyes in the direction of a sound, she was very happy and would show him off to everyone by clapping

her hands above his head to see him turn his eyes upwards. Jim grew up to be a yard boy. It is the duty of yard boys to bring in wood for the fires in the winter and to see that fresh water was supplied from the well. In those days there being no ice available, the fresh cool water from the well was brought into the house every hour or two during the day. The yard boy was also available to go on an errand that did not take him far and to meet anyone arriving, to hitch the horse or take it to the barn if the stay was to be longer. Another son was Sol, whose nickname was "Slow Poke". Their third child was first named Alice, but when my sister was born her name was changed to Rosetta. Other of her children were named Dick, Caesar and Slatta.

Mumford. Uncle Mumford has been referred to already as the coachman. When sister could first remember him he seemed an old man. The carriage horses were never hitched up without Mumford being on the seat. On several occasions he drove my father all the way to New York and back in the days when railroads were less developed than now.

Big John and his wife, Parmelia (she was called Penny), had two children. This couple continued to live on the plantation and were hired by Mr. Wilson after the war. She was the wash woman on the plantation. She loved to go fishing and could always manage to get her washing done and out of the way by Friday night of each week so that she could spend Saturday fishing in mill ponds and nearby streams. She nearly always came back with a good-sized string of fish. In after years she used to come to Macon occasionally and would come to the house on Magnolia Street to see my mother. I remember on one such visit she was lamenting the "good old days befo de war" when she was so well provided for, compared with her present state when she had so little. She used often to say that in the old days she had so many clothes and so much bedding "Ah couldn't shet de lid of ma chist" but now her chest was always empty.

Frank was a tall, dignified negro who had charge of the mules and wagons on the plantation. He always was well dressed and whenever he went into town, as he often did with the teams, he always wore knee boots and an overcoat with a cape. Frank was a capable man and his judgment was relied upon, no horse or mule was bought until he had appraised its value. He and his wife had three children.

Ned was a bachelor. He was a good man and greatly respected. He used to take charge of the negro services on Sunday prayer meetings and would pray in such a loud voice that he could be heard all over the place. He was Penny's brother. He used to perform the marriage ceremony for the negroes. In those days negro marriages were not registered at the court house and no licenses were issued to them. However, they were recognized by the white people as well as the negroes. When a marriage took place between a couple living on different plantations, arrangements had to be made first as to who would live where, but the children of the couple always remained with the mother.

Nathan (Nace) and his wife, America. They had so many children that arrangements had to be made in their house for an upper story, where the children could sleep. When one of the younger boys was born, the couple seemed to have run out of names and America asked my grandfather to name him; the name that was given him was Linton Stevens. Other children, whose names I recall, were Clara and Catherine.

Little John was no relation of Big John from whom this name distinguished him because he was shorter. He was one of the plantation hands. My sister could remember thirty-six of the plantation negroes, but there are others whose names she could not remember.

Dianna (Dinah) was pastry cook for Cordelia Broaddus. She was such a fine cook and so faithful throughout her lifetime that Cordelia wanted Dinah's daguerreotype buried with her when she died. At the time of the latter's death, this

request was remembered and the daguerreotype was placed in Cordelia's casket.

Annette, a sister to Amelia. She belonged to Rufus Hutchings. She was a good woman and very much loved by all members of the family. She nursed all of his children and lived with the family in Macon for a long time after the war.

Asbury was a cabinet-maker and belonged to Elbert Hutchings. He was tall and lanky. He spent all of his time repairing and making furniture for the negro houses and for the white people. He was an excellent craftsman and some of the pieces he made from black walnut and cherry were very beautiful.

Eliza was Asbury's wife. She was a nurse for Annie and also was a good cook. She had one daughter who was an imbecile and who was also subject to epileptic fits. In one such attack as a child she had fallen into the fireplace and had been burned. Her face on one side was badly scarred. Eliza kept this unfortunate daughter constantly with her but could teach her very little. On account of the girl's affliction, she did not let her get out of sight. Ten years after the war Eliza came to Macon and cooked for my mother for a number of years, living in a house in the back yard on Magnolia Street, the afflicted daughter by that time a woman, lived with her.

The white women of the family were called by the negroes, "Missie", as long as they were unmarried or still young. Married women were called "Miss", and only the Christian name used—Miss Emmie, Miss Lucy—no matter what their ages were, except the eldest, the grandmother, the dowager, was distinguished as "Old Miss." They meant no disrespect, rather it was a tribute to her seniority and authority. Sometimes the white children borrowed this title, using it occasionally as a term of endearment, indicating that the negroes used it in that sense, too.

When asked why Southern people called negro men and women "Uncle" and "Aunt", the following reply was made by Mrs. Randolph Chiles:

"Gone are the old negro 'Uncles' and 'Aunts' of ante-bellum days. They had no surnames, except that of the families to whom they belonged. And only when they had grown old in service and years, was this prefix affectionately joined to their given names, as a token of respect. Only Southerners who lived during the Civil War and the years just following, can appreciate and understand these titles.

"We cannot build monuments too high, too broad, nor chisel too deep the records of those old negroes, to commemorate their faithfulness, obedience and devotion which earned for them these endearing titles.

"Down the aisles of time the memory of my 'old black mammy' will live, until we meet at the pearly gates where there will be no more wars and slavery."

APPENDIX

WYATT

The history of the Wyatt family in England is traced to and beyond the Norman Conquest. It was originally a Yorkshire family. In 1492 Sir Henry Wyatt purchased the property upon which Allington Castle is situated, and it has continued in the family until recent times. Sir Henry, during the reign of Richard III, took sides with the banished Henry of Richmond. He thus came under the suspicion of Richard III, who had him imprisoned and subjected to various forms of torture. The following story is related in the Wyatt Manuscript and is also referred to on the monument erected to the Wyatt family in Boxley church.

"Henry was imprisoned often (by Richard III), once in a cold and narrow tower where he had neither bed to lie on nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He would have died there had not God who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent a cat both to feed and warm him. He himself related the story. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him. He was glad of her, and laid her on his bosom to warm him. By making much of her he won her love. After this she would come every day and when she could get one, brought him a pigeon. He complained to the keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was that he dare not better it. When Sir Henry asked him if he would cook any food that he might provide, the man promised he would. He dressed from time to time such possessions as the cat provided for him. Sir Henry in his prosperity would ever make much of a cat, and perhaps you will never find a picture of him anywhere but with a cat beside him."

At the Mote near Maidstone there is a portrait representing Sir Henry in prison visited by his friend the cat who is dragging in a pigeon through the bars. When Richard III had been defeated and killed on Bosworth Field, one of the first acts of Henry of Richmond, now become Henry VII, was to liberate Henry Wyatt from prison, and to raise him to high honors at Court. He was made Knight of the Bath on the day of the Coronation. He was made a friend of the Privy Chamber, Master of the Jewel House, and Privy Counsellor; and was finally made one of the executors of the will of Henry VII. During the reign of Henry VIII he continued in high favor at the Court. At the marriage of King Henry VIII to Anne

Boleyn he was to take part in the ceremony as the Ewerer at the Royal Banquet. On account of his advanced age he delegated the duty to his son, Sir Thomas Wyatt. He died in 1537.

His son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, called the elder, was a well known English poet, and in an inscription at Oxford University is called: "The delight of the Muses and of mankind." He was sent on an embassy to Italy by Henry VIII, which he executed so successfully that he was afterwards in great favor at the Court. The next honor conferred upon him by the King was to be the latter's representative to meet the Ambassador of the Emperor Charles V upon his arrival in England. While on his way to Falmouth on this mission, he was attacked with fever and died at the early age of 39.

His son, Sir Thomas, the younger, headed an insurrection to prevent the marriage of Queen Mary with the Catholic Philip of Spain, because he had promised Henry VIII on his deathbed that he would protect his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth from contracting a foreign marriage. The insurrection failed and Sir Thomas was tried for treason and executed at the Tower of London in 1554. Queen Elizabeth restored the property of Allington Castle, which had been confiscated by Mary, to George Wyatt, the eldest son.

George Wyatt died in 1624 and was succeeded by his son Francis, who was knighted by James I, and was Governor of Virginia 1621-26, and again in 1638. His younger brother, Hawte, who was given the name of his maternal grandmother, came to Virginia with his brother in 1621.

NOTES

Samuel Griswold was born in Windsor, Connecticut, December 29, 1790. He married Lois Forbes and came, with his wife and infant son, to Clinton about 1814. He secured employment as clerk in one of the stores in the village and his wife, to assist him, secured work as a tailoress and so occupied her spare hours for several years.

Samuel was possessed of native shrewdness in business and a sterling character. It was not many years before he had saved money enough which, together with his good credit, enabled him to establish a factory for the manufacture of cotton gins. It was located on Bonner's Hill. When the railroad was built from Savannah to Macon, he quickly saw the advantage of having his factory on a railroad. He purchased a tract of land, established the village of Griswoldville, in Jones County, he located his plant there and enlarged its capacity. So successful was he in his business affairs that he soon accumulated a fortune. During the war his factory was leased to the Confederate Government for the manufacture of munitions and it was destroyed by Sherman in 1864.

The eighth child of Samuel and Lois Griswold was Ellen, who married Richard Wyatt Bonner.

Hamilton Bonner's homestead is still standing in Hancock County not far from the Putnam County line. It has long been unoccupied and stands at a point far from any highway and is in a dilapidated condition. It is on a farm owned at the present time by Mr. Benjamin O'Rear. The house is a story and a half with dormer windows on the front. The burying ground is a short distance from the house. In the enclosure, now overgrown with vines, are a number of graves, only one of which is marked. It is a box-like gravestone made of marble; on the top of this stone the name of 'Hamilton Bonner' can be made out. The erosion of time has obliterated most of the smaller letters but at the bottom can still be read an inscription "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Mr. Bonner was evidently a progressive planter. He was the first to import Brama cattle. His plantation originally consisted of 3,000 acres. On the place was a large carriage and wagon house, built in circular shape. Owing to its isolated location, his house has not been occupied for many years and is now in ruins so that it is unsafe to go into it, but still hanging to the rotting doors are solid brass locks and hinges.

There were lightning rods on the house and carriage house.

Hamilton and his wife came from North Carolina early in the 19th century, about 1803, on horseback. The family is well known in North Carolina, having come originally from Virginia, and settled in Washington, North Carolina, long before the Revolutionary War. The descendants of Hamilton Bonner are numerous in Georgia and are sometimes thought to be related to the family of Henry Bonner. They doubtless had a common ancestor in Jamestown or in England but the relationship cannot be determined.

CLINTON FEMALE SEMINARY

RATES

Board, except candles, and washing, scholastic year . . .	\$100.00
Tuition, including Languages and Sciences	32.00
Chemical Lectures	10.00
Music	50.00
Drawing and Painting	20.00
Use of Piano	6.00
Wood and servant hire in school room	4.00
	<hr/>
	\$222.00

REMARKS

The scholastic year will commence on the 2nd Monday of October, and terminate on Friday before the 2nd Monday in July following. The last three days of the scholastic year will be employed in a public examination of the pupils.

To prevent future controversy, and insure the peace and good order of the school, all persons who do not approve of it and its regulations, are requested not to patronize it, either by sending to school, or by boarding pupils.

Half payment will be required in advance, and we hope some exertion will be made to comply with this condition ; for delinquencies put us to much inconvenience and loss.

No pupil received for less time than the scholastic year, and no deduction of tuition for irregular attendance.

The school will be supplied with all necessary apparatus; and the Principal intends to avail himself of the ensuing vacation to visit some of the best Female Institutions in our country.

Attendance on Balls and Parties prohibited. Our aim will be to impart practical and substantial knowledge, and to inculcate those principles of integrity, and habits of industry, which will lay the foundation of future usefulness.

Thomas B. Slade,
Principal

Clinton, Georgia
May 12, 1837.

PATRONS AND PATRONESES

Whose Contributions made the publication of this book possible

- 1 MRS. P. T. ANDERSON, Shirley Hills, Macon, Ga. (Nell Griswold)
- 2 MRS. CHAS. W. LEONARD, Macon, Ga. (Alice Burr)
- 3 MR. LEON C. BROWN, Macon, Ga.
- 4 MISS ELLEN MAY BONNER, Macon, Ga.
- 5 PHILIP SIDNEY STEED, Macon, Ga.
- 6 MRS. B. H. WOODRUFF, Macon, Ga. (Annie Lou Steed)
- 7 MR. and MRS. FRANK STEED, Macon, Ga.
- 8 MISS CORNELIA HUTCHINGS STEED, Macon, Ga.
- 9 MRS. J. D. BELLAH, West Palm Beach, Fla. (Jessie Pratt)
- 10 MRS. JAS. H. NUNNALLY, Atlanta, Ga. (Cora Winship)
- 11 MRS. ERNEST WOODRUFF, Atlanta, Ga. (Emily Winship)
- 12 MRS. GEORGE WALTERS, Atlanta, Ga. (Frances Winship)
- 13 MRS. EDWARD A. WERNER, Atlanta, Ga. (Ethel Cook)
- 14 MRS. ROWE PRICE, Atlanta, Ga. (Fannie Bonner)
- 15 MR. JOHN WYATT BONNER, JR., Gray, Ga.
- 16 MRS. MILLER S. BELL, Milledgeville, Ga. (Leone Bonner)
- 17 MRS. G. A. LAWRENCE, Milledgeville, Ga. (Mary Lucetta Brown)
- 18 MISS MARTHA LUCETTA BROWN, Brown's Crossing, Ga.
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- 20 MRS. LEWIS E. CHEATHAM, St. Augustine, Fla. (Frances Hutchings)
- 21 MISS MARTHA INEZ HUTCHINGS, Sparta, Ga.
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- 25 MRS. ALICE HUTCHINGS JOHNSTON, Jacksonville, Fla.
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